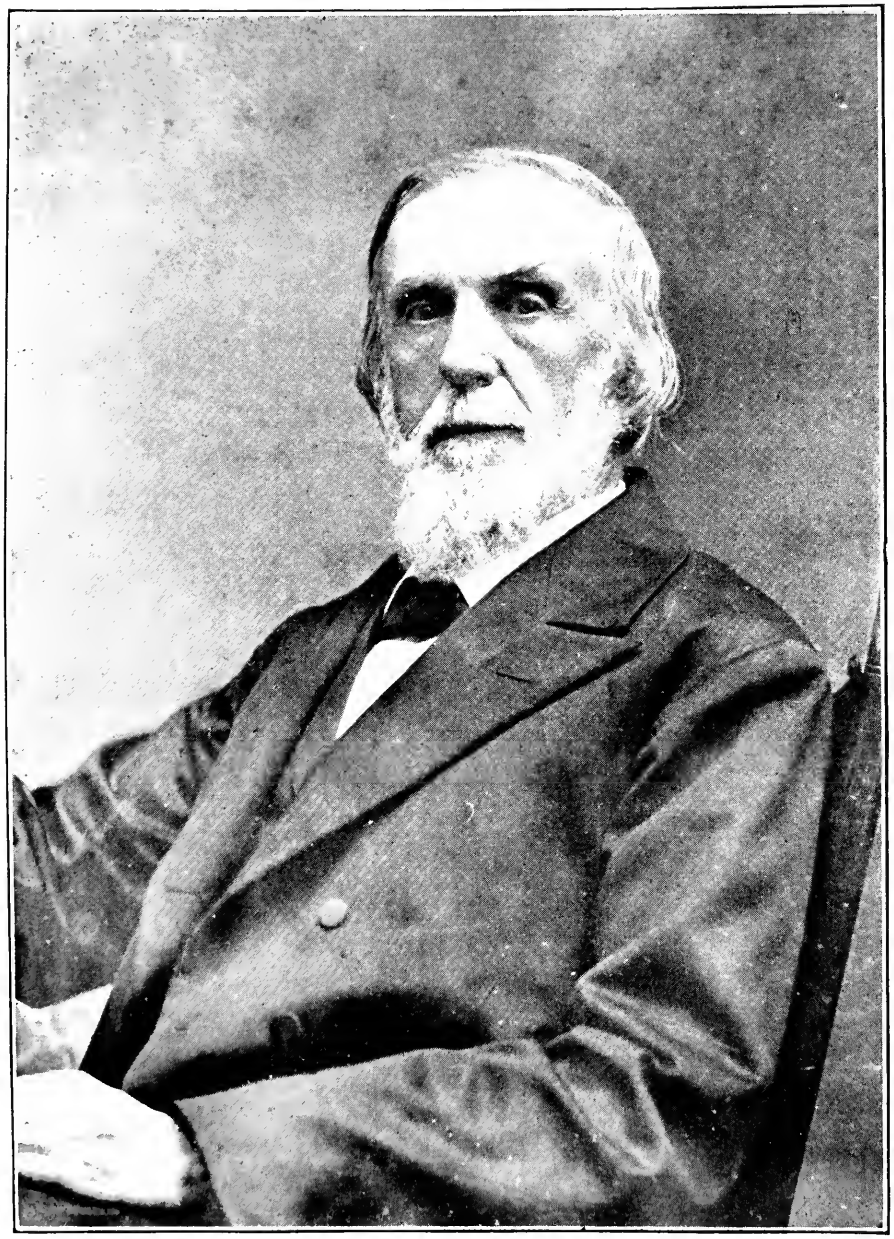

DR. JAMES H. CARLISLE.

ADDRESSES

OF

J. H. CARLISLE

1825-1909

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Edited by His Son

J. H. CARLISLE, JR.

Columbia, S. C.
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To the Students and Alumni of Wofford College, whom he loved so well, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

J. H. CARLISLE, JR.,
Spartanburg, S. C.

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GRADUATING VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, DECEMBER 2, 1844, AT THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

Sir: It is not intended on this occasion by encomiums idle and insincere, by adulation fulsome and unmeaning to attempt to add anything to the dignity of the office which you fill. Our State repays those who serve her faithfully with honors more enduring, rewards more substantial than any we can offer you here amid the pomp and circumstance of a Commencement day. She has, however, exhibited the high regard which she bears for the cause of learning by providing that the highest officer recognized by her laws should preside over the Board to which is committed the care of this institution. And it is but meet that a faithful discharge of the duties attendant upon that office should not pass without a feeble tribute on an occasion like this. We are proud, not only as students under your care, but as citizens, to bear testimony to the honorable zeal which has ever been manifested by Your Excellency, not only for this institution, but for the cause of learning in general. In your late message while recommending to the legislature a subject which lies near your heart you remarked that "Ignorance and free institutions cannot long co-exist." It would seem, sir, that you had taken this for your motto throughout your whole official career. You will soon resign your seat as the chief director of the affairs of this institution; this you may do leaving behind you an example which it will show wisdom in your successor to imitate. You will also then resign the chair of state to him whom the voice of the people may call to succeed you, this you may do with the reflection (than which I can conceive none more gratifying) that you have received, and receiving have not betrayed the confidence of your noble and generous State. (This for I. H. Hammond, Governor.)

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Members of the body which for more than forty years have watched over this institution with parental fondness. We have

no long catalogue of alumni reaching through several successive generations to produce and display in triumph before you. But if called on to produce proof that the care of the State had not been here bestowed wholly in vain we could most readily do this by a reference to your own body. In your midst, among those who make as well as those who administer the laws of the State, are many to whom she now exultingly points as her jewels who first here received that strength which they are now expending in her service. Many years have elapsed since you have been called on to legislate for war, this season of peace and quiet (may it long continue!) has been spent by you in adding to the wealth and dignity of the State, in developing her resources of mind and making her rich in all that "constitutes a state." If England's patriot bard was not mistaken, if it be true that "peace hath her victories no less renown than war," surely to scatter with a lavish hand the fruitful seeds of education, irradiate with the lamp of knowledge even the lower walks of life, to throw its cheering ray into every cottage door, this must be the noblest of all triumphs of peace. Having just enjoyed the means of education which are here so abundant we are prepared to appreciate and feel grateful for the liberality which has furnished them. We are prepared to wish you abundant success in your noble endeavor to render this institution an ornament and blessing to the State. May peace and harmony preside over your deliberations during this seemingly eventful period of our country's history. May the session, upon the important duties of which you have just entered, produce results of lasting benefit to the State.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:

To none of her citizens has our State committed a more important trust than to you. If there is one State in the Union which more than others should guard with care the discipline and training of her sons this is that State. For the *hearts* and minds of her people have made South Carolina whatever she is today. If she has been enabled to discharge her share of duties in the family of States to which she belongs with any degree of credit

to herself, if in every noble enterprise the post which she claims is no dishonorable one, not far behind the foremost, if throughout the Union her character is such that no one, high-minded and honorable as he may be, need blush to claim citizenship here; for this character she is indebted not to wealth or extent of territory, but to the intelligence, the patriotism of her sons. These have always been at once her wealth and her defense and she asks no other now. From the post assigned you it would seem the State expected you to become leaders and guides in the great work of reforming the intellectual condition of her people. This expectation has not been disappointed. The past conduct of the Board gives the best assurance that no means will be spared to disseminate intelligence, patriotism and virtue through our beloved State.

Respected Sir:

The exercises of this day close the relation which has so long existed between us as teachers and pupils. Others have already taken our places in your lecture room. The time has come when we must go forth and try what success we may meet with in endeavoring to put into practice those rules for the conduct of life which it has been your earnest endeavors to impress upon our minds. Allow us to return to you, and through you to those who are associated with you in the government of this institution, our thanks for the interest you have manifested in our behalf, in public and in private, in the study and in the lecture room, for the manner in which you have endeavored to beguile us on to the task of mental and moral discipline by mingling instructions with pleasure. We are called on to leave but not forget those with whom we have been associated here and from whom we have received faithful counsel. These, gentlemen, are no unmeaning words. It is no feigned emotion we exhibit on being called on to dissolve a relation which for more than three years has bound us together, a relation which while it has been profitable to one party, has been, we hope, pleasant and interesting to both. With their best wishes for your peace and prosperity individually and

as a body, Mr. President and gentlemen of the faculty, the members of the graduating class bid you FAREWELL. (Faculty: Dr. Henry, President. Dr. Hooper, Dr. Ellet, Dr. Lieber, Dr. J. H. Thornwell, Dr. Laborde, Mr. Twiss.)

Classmates:

I shall not attempt to detain you long by any unmeaning phrases conjured up to serve this occasion. It is true we have met for the last time as a class, this might suggest many reflections which it would be pleasant for us to indulge in together, but the lingering moments seem to warn us that our parting benedictions must be brief. This is not the time nor this the manner in which those feelings attendant upon the separation and dispersion of a class are to be exhibited by us, or, I fear, appreciated by others. It is only meant that here we snatch a hurried farewell, cast a lingering glance on familiar scenes and familiar faces; and then each must nerve himself for the task alloted him in life. It seems but yesterday since we met, formed each others acquaintance and commenced to run our race together. Since that time we together have passed through the labor, together shared the pleasures of a college life. The graduating day, so long looked for with mingled emotions by us all, has at length approached, has almost passed, we are prolonging it but for a moment to pronounce the word which, once spoken, severs us from each other forever. He who has been made the organ of the class on this occasion, instead of detaining you with his reflections, would prefer leaving you to your own. A few of us, gentlemen, may after a lapse of years meet and (as I can imagine some around me are doing now) review college associations, incidents and friendships, but as a class we may never all meet again. And the *meeting then*, even of those few who are privileged to meet, will be under circumstances very different from the *parting today*. I feel that the separation now to take place will between many of us be final and forever. I can only, classmates, with my heartfelt wishes to each of you for your success in life, bid you a *Long Farewell.*

JAS. H. CARLISLE.

THE CHARACTER OF SHELLY'S WRITINGS.

Graduation Speech December 2, 1844, at the South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C.

It often happens that the decision passed upon any celebrated writer by one generation is reversed by the next. Public opinion, however, after frequent vibration and continued wavering, at one time raising him above his proper place, again sinking him below it, is finally adjusted and points with precision to the niche in the temple of fame to which he is justly entitled. Shelly seems to be one of those concerning whose true character there is still some dispute. Many are now disposed to view him in a light very different from that in which he was viewed by his contemporaries. The discovery has recently been made that mankind have until now been strangely treating with cold neglect the memory of one to whom they are much indebted, that Shelly was indeed one of their greatest benefactors. At such a time when we are called on to join the triumphal procession which is to be marshaled in great pomp to disinter him from his unhonored grave and place upon his head almost a martyr's crown; when he is classed among those illustrious reformers of whom the world is not worthy, when the world is called on to make swift atonement for its long delay in rendering him justice, the question is surely a proper one, Why is the world under such great obligations to Shelly? If by his writings he sought to win his erring brethren back to virtue, if he rebuked the vices and ridiculed the follies of them, if with Dr. Johnson he labored to "give ardor to virtue and confidence to truth," he well deserves the place assigned him. But if we find him striving rather to mislead and bewilder than correct and instruct mankind, we may at least call for some abatement in the tribute which it is proposed to give him. It is true that he often alluded in feeling terms to the misery and woe which make up the sum of human existence. In this we need not question his sincerity. There is much to move us to sympathy in

our intercourse with the world. The shouts of those who are rejoicing reach our ears mingled with the groans of those who are suffering. The palace of the rich casts its shadow on the hovel of the poor. Before we have been long in the world we all find reason to exclaim with reference to its moral appearance as Franklin did with reference to its geological aspect, "Truly it is the wreck of a world we live in." Esepcially does it become those who are endowed with the tender sensibilities of genius

> "To mourn with sympathizing mind
> The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind."

This has been characteristic of those who feel within them the prompting of a spirit nobler and more ethereal than belongs to men of common mould. Even poor Burns, who could sing so sweetly of virtue, while he allured to vice, felt a desire that when "he swept his hand uncouthly o'er the string" of his rusty harp the simple strains might not just please the ears of his countrymen and then be forgotten. But he who would leave behind him a name dear to succeeding ages must go farther than this. If we find in Shelly no attempt to heal the woes of which he made such loud complaint then indeed all his rhapsodies and tears over the miseries of man will make little impression upon us. They will only remind us of some one who if he had power would strike out from the Heavens the Sun and then weep that the world was left in darkness. We believe you may rise from the perusal of his work with no virtuous principle strengthened, no firm resolve implanted, no noble aspirations imparted. To which of his writings would you go for support in those days of darkness and weariness which come upon all, when hope seems prostrate, your energies lifeless, your strength failing and for a moment the whole world tottering in its course? His writings tend only to kindle in the reader a morbid sensibility, a restless disposition, which leads him to mope about like Hamlet and complain that all things are flat, stale and unprofitable. And if he should become as deeply imbued with those sentiments as their unhappy author he would spend his whole life in the paroxysm

of a long, unquiet, fitful fever, he would bear with stoic pride the ills of life which were inevitable, but every blow of chastisement that he received would only exasperate him and lead him with daring presumption to look up and demand the reason why the blow was given. This disposition, morbid, peevish and restless, may be read at a glance even in the style of his poetry. To say nothing of those parts where he raves with all the incoherence of a tortured Sibyl, even in the more sober dreams of his imagination a wildness which tells plainly that the heart must have been fearfully diseased. Light, shade and shadow are mingled together in everlasting and bewildering confusion. His characters appear, act their part, and vanish like shadows. Creatures, which seem to partake something of the nature of both heaven and earth, yet belong to neither, are passing about on mysterious errands. The illusion vanishes and we are left oppressed with a vague conception of a vision, gorgeous and splendid, it is true, but vague, indistinct and baffling every attempt to analyze or comprehend it. This description, of course, applies not to all of his poetry. That he had within him much of the true poetic spirit we cannot deny. But does this render his doctrine the less dangerous? For example, he taught that infamous doctrine which abolishes the family, teaching men utterly to disregard, or at best but lightly esteem, that sacred institution which to us is the source of all that dignifies, adorns or embellishes life. Now, if he hurled this shaft against the purity and peace of society it will console us but little to learn that he threw it *skilfully* or even that the shaft was wreathed with flowers. He seemed to think that man by nature was pure and self-sufficient, by some means misery and confusion had been introduced in the world, but he still hoped that by some mysterious agency, of which he can give no rational account, human nature would again throw off its shackles and revel in all its primal glories. He acknowledged no superior being but *love*, some pervading spirit of good, to this abstraction he bowed with reverence and offered up heathen adoration. Over this cold and cheerless system he threw the charm of poetry, he robed his idol in rich apparel to charm its deluded worshippers.

Now, admitting for a moment (what it would be most difficult to prove) that these reveries are harmless, that men in our day may entertain them and be guiltless, still we cannot see of what service they can be in reforming the world. Do they dignify or ennoble human nature or better fit it to bear the burdens, share the conflicts or perform the duties of life? Had man nothing to do on earth, to bear or to suffer such dreams might be cherished, but our lots have not been cast in Arcadia. Here, we think, was Shelly's error. He looked upon the world only with a poet's eye. Nor is he alone in this. Alas! for the world we have had too many such reformers as Shelly. Too many have indulged in romantic dreams about the world and felt themselves at liberty to frame their own hypothesis concerning it and its destiny, its defects and their remedies. Too many have taken upon themselves the task of reforming the world, "purging it from every bond and stain." But how many of them have sadly failed in putting into practice their beautiful theories. They have often found new but sublime material to experiment on, and have been left to mourn that men will still continue to be *men*, to lament that the world will not lie passive in their hands and let them fashion it anew.

The countless theories which have been given to mankind have each its own peculiarities, but all perhaps have general points of agreement. They have all been founded on false views of man's *nature* and *destiny*, they have all been planned in great presumption, most of them are pernicious, all of them are useless. Adventurous architects have planned edifices which they declare will offer a safe retreat from all the beating storms to which we are now exposed, but they have placed them on an eminence inaccessible to man, and there they still remain with all their outward magnificence and beauty, but within cheerless, desolate and uninhabited.

With the private character of Shelly we have nothing to do. His writings he has given to mankind, they are in the world for weal or woe. Some are disposed to view them as a precious inheritance from a deeply injured man who "loved the world that

hated him" and labored for its good; others, however, are disposed to withhold from him the glorious title of the "world's reformer or benefactor," for they cannot say of him, what may be said of the true reformer, At his death, he left the world some better than he found it.

DANGERS OF A STUDENT'S LIFE.

ADDRESS MADE AT THE ACADEMY OF COKESBURY, S. C., JULY, 1854.

Labor is the destiny of man. This great institution of Providence hangs like a cloud over the whole human family. Though doubtless a blessing to man in his present condition, yet it is often a burden that bears upon him with crushing weight. It seems a painful allotment when the whole of every day is given to toil. He is surely to be pitied who rushes immediately from his couch to his labor, with no time to collect his mind or store it with precious thoughts which serve to cheat the day of some of its sultriness, no hour to spend with his little household or even to receive the morning salutation of his children. That, then, must be a severe destiny where the whole of life's short day is spent in wasting bodily toil. We pity the man who had to leave his childish toys before nature was tired of them and take up the burden which is to be the companion of his life. We know that some of the best men of our race have been nurtured in just such scenes as this, but they surely have a better lot who are permitted to glide gently into the cares of manhood, and in the full maturity of strength enter the field of the world and take their place among the reapers. That this is not a merely sentimental feeling, but one arising from the best sources of our nature is proved from the fact that in all Christian countries those who are able shelter the young and prepare them for the duties and discipline of life. It is kind, it is wise in the generation of men to say to the generation of children pressing forward into life with eagerness and curiosity. "Stand back, retire to yourselves, both body and mind need much preparation." And many an anxious laborer turns in thought to institutions like this and revolves such questions as these: "What are they doing? Do they know the preparation should be real and thorough? When the signal is given and, clothed in all the immunities of manhood, they rush into the field where we have wasted our strength will they come as idlers

to loiter or as fiends to ravage? Will they prize and perpetuate the good we have accomplished or, in the first hour of their new-found liberty, will they trample on all we have been toiling to secure?" There may be some to whom these questions have no meaning or interest, but there are many of the best and wisest of our race who revolve them with ceaseless anxiety. The number of these men was never greater than now. Never before, my young friends, did the heart of Christendom throb with more painful solicitation for you than now. Never did the thought that institutions of our country where the young assemble have precious things in keeping come home with more reality and power to hearts of the people.

Greeting you with pleasure, my young friends, as a part of the great brotherhood of American students, I invite you to spend the hour, over which you have kindly given me control, in reflecting on some of the dangers of the student's life. The situation of a student is a very peculiar one. He is removed from the restraints of childhood, yet not fully admitted into the entire freedom of manhood. His duties are regularly assigned and made obligatory upon him and yet within this is a margin wide enough to show what spirit governs him since he must be left more to his own conscience and sense of propriety than when at home or at the primary school. He has passed the stage of life in which he was considered only as one of a family and must now form a character as an individual. He has assumed part of his own destiny and is hastening to gather up the rest. He is escaping from the dominion of You *Must* and is gradually coming under control of You *Ought*. The community in which he lives, too, is peculiar. It is composed of those of the same age and engage in the same pursuits. The intercourse of those who compose it is one of affection and sentiment, not of interest. No business transactions are rendered necessary to tempt or distract or corrupt them. What a precious opportunity to encourage feelings of kindness, generosity, justice and truth, before they are called on to come in contact with the prosaic side of human nature,

> "To mingle in the low vain strife,
> That makes men mad."

But we propose to speak not of the pleasures or advantages, but of the dangers of a student's life. The *student is in danger of adopting wrong standards of duty.* That is a singular peculiarity of our nature which leads us to pay such deference to the opinion of others. Is this intended as nature's protest against an opinion of our own self-sufficiency? Is it our weak, fallen nature, instinctively throwing out its tendrils for something on which to lay hold? Is it intended as a check to that selfishness which would lead us to go on our path regardless of our brother, his opinion or his rights? The fact at least is certain that man loves to have his opinions or his acts endorsed by others. We do not propose to discuss this peculiarity of human nature; but merely to notice rapidly some of its effects on students. Let us state a very singular, but very well known fact which will bring us immediately to what we have to say. Many a man will contribute his share as one in a crowd to do that which he would tremble to think of doing alone. A crowd has frequently done an act of which every individual in the crowd disapproved. Why is this? Is any crime, murder, for instance, a mathematical quantity which can be divided and subdivided until each part is inappreciably small? Yes; it may in the public mind or public conscience, but it is not in the eye of reason or truth, 'tis not so above. It is not only false, it is absurd, to speak of a man as guilty of one-half or one-tenth or one-hundredth part of a crime. If you can suppose one human being, when innocent, to be deprived of life by a combination to which every dweller on earth had given his consent, then would every living man on our populous globe, every one of its 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants bear on his conscience in all its entireness and in all its enormity the awful sin of murder. Young men should be careful to fix in their minds the truth, that character is a personal, individual matter in its nature as well as in its punishment or reward. If a man had to say with regard to any act, "I did it," it would be with paleness or confusion of face. But let him say with regard to that same act, "We did it," and he will roll it thoughtlessly from his lips, not only without shame, but with exultation or pride. Young men

should remember that conscience in all its vocabulary has no such word as we. It deals not in that broad, comprehensive, vague, intangible word, but uses only the solemn personal, inalienable, incommunicable I. Students are in greater danger here than almost anywhere else. I have seen a young man who, left to himself, would attend with usual industry to the duties imposed by the institution, to which he had gone for improvement. Surrounded by a crowd, I have heard him make sport of all the demands of duty and claim credit even for evading the very duties he had gone there to perform. I have seen a young man who, left to himself, could observe as a gentleman should all the proprieties of life on the highway as well as in the drawing room. Surrounded with a crowd, I have have detected his voice when he was filling all the streets and the ears of modesty with his boisterous and vulgar merriment. I have seen a young man who, left to himself, could enter the sanctuary on a holy day and put on the externals of a worshipper. Surrounded with a crowd, I have heard him indulge his ill-timed mirth and disregard every feeling of sacredness and solemnity. He forgot the truth, which even poor Burns, though not a very strict moralist, could teach him, in those lines which every one knows but many, many young men forget, "An atheist laugh is a poor exchange for Deity offended." I know no rule of conduct for a student, next to those which are specifically religious, more important than this, regarding the blinding, bewildering, fascinating influence of crowds. Crowds never blush. Crowds never think. Young man, beware of crowds.

An eminent writer on education has noticed the singular fact that public opinion in colleges and schools frequently excuses gross neglect of the very duties which are the sole object of their association. Among soldiers, voluntary and habitual awkwardness or inexperience and neglect of duty will not secure the respect of either officers or men. It is so, too, in almost every other pursuit in life. .But in our institutions of learning public opinion justifies and will excuse gross and habitual negligence. Not only does this influence affect their estimate of their own

special duties, but students sometimes think their conventional rules can suspend or override the rules of propriety or even of morality. It is through deference to this feeling, that every student is expected to have on hand a constant supply of heroic adventures, hairbreadth escapes, frolics ('tis a name that palliates deeds of folly and of shame) and romantic achievements. It is surely not worth while to express in words the truth that this is not worth the ambition of a noble-minded young man. I pity the student who has no other reminiscences of an academic or college life than these. He is a melancholy proof that even education, with all its boasted powers, sometimes fails to correct the principles and elevate the tastes of a young man. I would ask you to call up the picture of a young man who has avoided this fatal and common error. Do you fancy him as peevishly shunning all company and straying by himself in joyless solitude? You are mistaken. Think of him as one in a merry band. There is not a step more elastic than his in all the throng. There is not an eye more clear to drink in the landscapes that fill all the horizon of a virtuous young man. The difference between him and the crowd becomes apparent only when they approach the line where right shades into wrong. There he stops and the stamp of his foot, as he takes his stand, is a signal to them all. They know what it means. Or they soon will know. They soon will know that they may as well ask the line of right and wrong to move out of his way, as ask him to move over it. Who can forbear to envy the feelings of such a man, when he stands on the threshold of life. He has written his name upon the memories of his instructors and associates. Whenever they read of nobleness of soul or generosity or invincible integrity of heart or life he will return to their memories as the embodiment of all these. Even those, who once ridiculed his preciseness feel bound to vindicate the excellence of his character, and pay to him the tribute which weakness of character must pay to virtue. They will be as much surprised to hear of him as a careless, inefficient man in any station to which society may call him, as to hear of his becoming a highway robber. If the State could be embodied

as poets and orators love to represent it, imagine such a young man approaching to ask permission to enroll himself as one of her sons. Receive me into your service. I bring no treasure in my hand. Not a foot of all your wide territory is mine. A small, but I hope well used, library and a scanty wardrobe are all the treasures I can bring. I had a small patrimony, but I spent it. Frown not, venerable Mother, I spent it not in indolence or reveling. But I have turned it, houses and lands and gold and silver, into the knowledge and virtue and truth. It was, we suppose, to such a man as this that Dr. Arnold referred when, pointing to a boy, he said to a friend by his side: "I could stand hat in hand to that young man." He has turned away from the vanities and trifles which ensnare so many, has arisen up to some exalted conception of the worth of life and, filled with the high and lofty impulse of virtue, has adopted the magnificent apostrophe of Wordsworth to Duty.

> "To humbler functions, awful Power!
> I call thee: I myself commend
> Unto thy guidance from this hour;
> Oh, let my weakness have an end!
> Give unto me, made lowly wise,
> The spirit of self-sacrifice;
> The confidence of reason give;
> And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live."

Can you turn aside from the contemplation of a scene like this to its contrast; a young man who has lived without rule, or what amounts to the same thing, has lived to please those around him? What are his thoughts when he stands on the threshold of life? I am entering into life; what life is, I do not know. What life is worth, I have not inquired. What life is worth I have not computed. I only know that some of the restraints which have hitherto pressed me are suddenly removed. I am entering into life. Woe to society if it entrusts any of its valuables to that young man. It would be easy to show that the rules of duty, as imposed by conscience, when compared with those imposed by a crowd, are clearer, have better sanctions

and are more consistent with our nature. I will, however, for one moment, show you their superiority in one single respect. They are unchangeable. I do not mean they will serve the students on the Thames as well as those on the Mississippi or Saluda, though this is true. Neither do I mean they will serve the next generation of students as well as this, though this is true. But the young man who adopts them will never have to change his rule of life. He may, and certainly he will, see every day new meanings and new applications of this rule, but he will never be ashamed of having followed the dictates of an enlightened sense of duty. Can *you say this in favor of any other rule?* It may not be in immediate relation to our subject, but we will not forbear a remark or two. This insatiate desire of applause from the crowd is not confined to colleges or schools. It is the most striking peculiarity of our age and country. It seems to one who is no politician that this question, "What do the people like?" is oftener revolved in the minds of our public men than this other, though a far nobler one, "What do the people need?" You have been, perhaps, at some excited meeting, where music and excitement had tuned in harmony the feelings of all, and witty and brilliant sayings became the order of the evening, and it was expected that every speech must be followed by instant applause, as punctually as the flash of the lightning is followed by the roar of the thunder. This is scarcely an exaggerated likeness of the times in which we live. What boisterous and vociferous declamation on the rights of the people. I think the change would not only be agreeable, but profitable, if we could have some instruction on the duties of the people. Human life is not made up of rights. It involves duties, too.

I know I am not wandering from the subject before us, and I hope it is not venturing beyond the proprieties of an occasion like this, to disclose to you the melantholy truth, the demagogue is abroad in the land. I tremble for this nation if the thousands who crowd her schools and colleges shall rush in her high places with habits formed to catch each passing breeze of popular favor. I fear that, much as we idolize Washington on holidays, we have

forgotten some of the most instructive pages in his life. The spectacle of the old hero victorious over all his foes, victorious even over himself, is so new, so inspiring, that we forget the youthful hero putting it on. Will the young men at least remember that as Washington did not live for applause, so he did not always secure it. On more than one important occasion he was left without it. We do not like the superficial way of accounting for, and disposing of, these passages in his life. It is frequently said they were but slanders and will soon be forgotten. I hope not. I would have these slanders immortal as his fame. If they were engraved on a marble and placed in the monument which the nation is now building to his memory, it would be the most instructive block in all that beautiful collection. It would be doing a service to this excited age if it could be brought to gather up the wisdom that is treasured up in his life. To turn from some of our great names to his is like escaping from one of our mountain streams that fills all the grove with its bubbling to some sea, beautifully clear yet unfathomably calm. Instant applause does not always follow duty. The path of duty, though sometimes smooth, and oftentimes steep, is always straight. Popular applause is a capricious little stream, sometimes murmuring sweetest music by its side and again darting abruptly off while the deceived and saddened traveler hears the melody of its waters dying away in the distance and is left to toil on his weary path with all silence to the ear and it may be all darkness to the eye.

It is perhaps not a new thought, but rather a division of the one we have been considering, to add the student is in danger of adopting wrong notions of dignity and independence of character. He is in danger of thinking all subjection to be degrading. He confounds independence with freedom from all restraint. This is but the origin, or it may be the result, of the loose views floating abroad in the popular mind, even in our favored country, with regard to liberty. How often is liberty confounded with lawlessness. This is to confound truth with falsehood, light with darkness. This feeling often finds outlet in some such

expression as this, "This is a country where every man can do as he pleases." A very great mistake. Ask the intelligent patriot why he pours forth his exulting song of thanksgiving, when he looks out upon his inheritance? It is because he feels the gentle pressure of this great country's hand upon his head and hears it say to all the twenty millions of its sons, "Do him no harm. Let his life, his reputation and his character be sacred in thy sight. A wrong done to him, in any of these respects, I will resent as a wrong done to me."

Lawlessness is not the safe or normal condition of man. Look at nature. Ask even dumb, inanimate nature. There are some questions which she knows not how to answer. Her oracles are dumb. There are others on which she speaks with no uncertain sound. What is all philosophy, all science, but a synopsis of the laws of nature? One of our own countrymen, at this moment, is engaged in studying with signal success and honor the laws that govern the winds that for ages have afforded proverbs of capriciousness and change. Science never had a bolder wing or keener eye than now. The astronomer of today sees worlds where the astronomer of yesterday saw only a thin vapor floating on the remotest edge of night. But never yet has the telescope brought tidings of one lawless world. The chemist has agents and apparatus of analysis unequaled before. He can put matter of almost any form in his crucible and divide it until the particles shall vanish and escape detection by the human eye, but never yet has the microscope of a chemist fallen on one lawless atom of matter. Will He, then, who binds by a sure law every leaf in the forests of the earth, every drop of water in the Pacific and every grain of sand in the Sahara, will He form a being that can act, stamp it with some resemblance to himself and speak to it those thrilling words, "Think and live forever," and then throw it from him and leave it to find perfection and happiness in wandering an unclaimed, unacknowledged vagrant?

Look around you, it is just as surely the will of the Creator that men should live together as that they should live at all. They cannot live together without order and law. The argument

is short but convincing. You cannot point to a single combination of human beings, from the largest empire to the smallest family, which does not attest the importance of law and order. Those who deny the authority or existence of the great Lawgiver still feel the want of laws among themselves. Those who throw off all laws, human and divine, must have laws, so they may act in concert against them. Two thieves who take the highway and turn their hand in violence against their fellows must have laws between themselves or they cannot work together. The man, whether young or old, who does not know that subjection to a great rule is his highest glory and obedience to right authority his true safety and most precious liberty, is ignorant of a most important truth.

Did you ever bring distinctly before your mind the thought, "How do we differ from the brutes in our yards?" It is not in the power of thought, though, that does place an impassable gulf between them and us. It is that we can do wrong or right and they can do neither. These awful words have no meaning when applied to them. It is neither right nor wrong in a dog to bark, or a serpent to bite any more than it is for a leaf to fall, or water to freeze. The student who recognizes nothing higher than college laws takes very defective views of his condition and duty. The student who thinks anything not positively forbidden by the laws of the institution is right, the student who is continually pressing against the barriers of just restraint is to be pitied. If an animal in your yard finds his wanderings checked by a wall, he first measures it with his eye to see if he can clear it, then walks to and fro around it to find a weak place or an opening. This may do for a beast. It should not be so with a man. The most powerful restraints should be within a man. He who is kept in the right path only by rigid rules planted all along is certainly very low in the scale of moral beings. These truths the student may forget. In his escape from the strict and sensible confinement of home and early childhood, he may indulge visions, that can scarcely be called thoughts, which are not only improper for a student, but would be so for a human being in any part of his career.

There are first the laws of duty in the highest sense, the deep and high and unchanging rules of morality, which man did not make and cannot alter. Special duties belong to special relations or positions in life, these belong to all men as men. They are above us wherever we go just as, wherever we travel over the variegated surface of the earth, though climate, scenes and landscapes vary, the same tranquil heavens shine above us.

The day after a student leaves an institution like this he will not be obliged to attend to the specific duties he does now, he will not be compelled, at the striking of a certain hour, to take up a certain study. He can omit these duties without blame, he must still obey, just as before, the immutable laws of wrong and right. Your instructors suspend for a few days the usual exercises of this institution; then you are not compelled to obey the specific duties of a student. The laws I am referring to give no vacation. The duties allow no holiday. Your instructors cannot suspend them, they must obey. Why should a student be exempt from obedience to these laws? I have already said that sometimes conventional rules of colleges are supposed to suspend them. It is a poor illustration here to say that your conventional rules have no more right to release you from these than the rules of your debating society can release you from obedience to the constitution of your State. To say that no crisis in academic or college life can make it right for you to disobey these laws, is only saying that it is never right to do wrong.

Take another code of laws, those which belong to our station in life. A student has, by the very act of becoming a student, assumed obligations to do certain duties. Will he, a student, try to evade those very duties, which characterize and constitute him a student? Imagine a young man expressing this in words, "I am a student, and yet I habitually and intentionally neglect some or all of the duties appropriate to that name."

Richard Cecil, as we learn from his life, had a singular custom. He had a shelf on his library for tried authors. He also said he had a shelf in his mind for tried principles. If after discussing some principle or rule of life and conduct, he found it based on

high and inviolable moral grounds, he laid it on the shelf. He took it for granted in all subsequent discussions. Students frequently err with respect to the code of duties, we are now discussing, by having nothing laid on the shelf. I have seen some students, young men of good and noble impulses, who never seem to have reached the point where they could say, "My duties as a student must be performed." They wake up every morning with this an open question. The ringing of the bell was to them a summons, not to enter upon the appropriate duty, but to enter upon the discussion of the question, "Shall this duty be performed?" If a young man will only call reason and conscience to a council, settle this matter solemnly and irrevocably, so that this conviction will rush upon him with the rapidity of an instinct and the force of a habit, he will find in it a force, a momentum to which he has been a stranger. It will cut, as with a scythe, all the thousand little questions of expediency, fashion or habit that grow so thickly all along a student's path. Along with these would it could forever do away with that feeling, which is so fruitful a source of evil habits in primary schools and which has even found its way into colleges, a feeling of antagonism to the authorities and a disposition to put down as clear gain everything which can by dexterous management be saved from their exaction. The common saying, that trifles give rise to important results, nowhere finds more striking proofs than in the records of schools and colleges. Trifles have ruined classes, generations of students and institutions. Trifles have deprived many a man of the privileges of an education. A few years ago, in one of our colleges, an interruption had occurred between the students of a class and a professor. It was one of those which a little good sense could easily have remedied. A class meeting was called. A member, by no means a leading one in talents or influence, rose and said, "Other classes have had their rebellions. I move we get up a rebellion." A rebellion was gotten up.

The student who practices his ingenuity in evading the wholesome restraints of his education will in all probability make a dangerous citizen. Take the reports of Horace Mann or any

other writer on education whose observations were directed to the schools fifteen or twenty years ago. You will be surprised to see how frequently and earnestly they call attention to the insubordination of students. Shut now the volume and take up a newspaper of the present day and see the comment. There is scarcely a large city in which any popular ring-leader cannot summon a mob before which human property and human life are defenceless things. Is there any connection between these two facts? I believe there is. Because the habits of misrule and lawlessness you encourage in each other as boys will turn and rend you as men.

Look again at another, and the only remaining, code of duties. I mean those of gentlemanly propriety. Those laws which are often and very happily called the minor morals, the observance of which enables a man to turn gracefully the angular points of life. Where is the student who would dare to put in words this thought: "I wish the laws requiring gentlemanly kindness and courtesy did not bear so heavily upon me, or that I could be excused from observing them?" I do not say that students are noted for violating these rules, it is enough for me to say that they are in especial danger of violating them. The fellow-feeling existing in our colleges is so vivid that it is very apt to beget a carelessness in this respect. It is as if the strength of a hundred arms were suddenly centered in one. You can imagine the exciting, exhilarating effect this would produce. This change has proved too sudden for the sobriety and magnanimity of some excellent young men whom I have known. I have seen a modest and cautious young man almost instantly assume on entering a college or a large boarding school a careless and bantering mood which, without doing much violence to the original, might be translated in some such language as this, "If any man will begin a quarrel with me I will be much obliged to him; if not I must begin one with him." Have you ever thought of the mortifying and serious fact, that scarcely a year passes without serious collisions between students and citizens? Within the last few months I believe four or five have occurred in more than one of

which blood was shed. There is another, which should suggest very serious reflections to us all. What is the history of American schools and colleges? Briefly this: When first it is proposed to locate one, many neighborhoods contend for the honor of receiving it, having, it may be, some vague extravagant expectation of good to result from its presence. Scarcely has the fortunate locality recovered from its exultation before some interruption occurs in the intercourse between the students and their neighbors, retaliation and exaggerations follow until the opinion entertained, and not unfrequently expressed, is simply this: "The institution is a nuisance both social and moral, but as it is profitable to the trade of our community it is well for us to tolerate and even to support it." Has it come to this? Are the ten thousand institutions, that so beautifully bestud our large empire valued only or chiefly because each one sets in motion a little current of trade which otherwise would not flow? My friends, these are but the meanest blessings which the genius of education shakes from her wings as she lights in your midst to dispense her richer and priceless gifts. These are but the crumbs that fall from her table when the liberality of the State, or a portion of the people, spreads it in your midst and invites your children to the banquet. American students must not be content to endure this state of things. This must be wiped away. If these prejudices are unjust, as in many cases I know they are, it will be the nobler task to outlive them. The students who will make their institution a welcome addition to their community, not simply because they improve its trade, but because they go in and out before that community, models of all that is pure in morals and blameless in manner, will have served their country. To be a member of that generation of students will be an honor which the noblest among you might covet and wear as a crown through life. "I would rather shake a prejudice than build a pyramid," said an Irish orator. I propose this prejudice to American students as something for them to remove.

The student is in danger of forgetting the power of habit over himself. You are aware that most men fail rather in practice

than in theory. There are not many men who have not before them a picture of a character which they intend some day to equal or surpass. But, dupe of tomorrow even from a child, the spot on which he intends to take his stand and meet the foe, in a decisive strife, is always just a little before. "There, when I gain that point I will be and do better. I will form better habits." And may I ask, what are you doing now? Are you waiting? No, you cannot do this. Make out a list of all the virtues which you intend to possess. Begin with truth and justice and go on through the long bright catalogue. You say you intend to form these habits. I say you are forming them now, or you are forming just their opposite. If some student could be induced to put in words these thoughts, would it not be something like this? "I intend, when a man, to associate with the good and wise, hence, and to prepare me for that, I mingle freely with men of a very different kind. I intend, when a man, to uphold the peace and purity of society, to obey every just demand made on me by my fellows. Hence I love now to embarrass and annoy those who have control over me. I intend, when a man, to make conscience and judgment the guide of life, hence I seldom consult them now but let inclination lead me on." Character is only a short expression to indicate the sum of all the habits of a man, physical, intellectual and moral. And these habits are forming every day. You can waste time or you can improve time, but you cannot keep time from speeding on, so you can give the influences that fall upon you a right or wrong direction, but you cannot keep them from having their effect on you. Everything deepens and strengthens the main purpose of life, whether that purpose be a trifling or a noble one. This explains what, at first view, seems a mystery. One student may, by a happy alchemy, turn to gold everything around him, he learns something from every one of his associates, so that in his character you might see in beautiful relief a copy of every virtue, every nobleness exhibited in all the company of his associates. And by his side, on the recitation bench, there may be another student who will pass through the same scenes, mingle with the same associates, be subjected to the

same external influences and merge from that crowd a walking epitome of all the vices and weaknesses with which he has ever come in contact. Such is life. Such is a student's life. How strangely complicated is the web of character we weave, and every act we perform, every word we speak, every passion or influence we indulge, every motive we obey, everything we meet that draws forth our love, or hatred, or that stirs, even to a ripple, the surface of our mysterious nature, adds a thread. Everything contributes to your education. The long silent struggle with your lesson, the collision of mind with mind in the recitation room, the animated, yet kind debate, in the society, the exuberant outburst of mirth when a class is dismissed, or a holiday announced, or enjoyed, the more quiet and yet, I think, more satisfying walk with a friend, the long night watch with a sick classmate, the letter or present from home, the night with solemn stillness, the day with its bustle and noise, company and solitude, man and nature, all contribute to educate you. When you know that some influences must affect your character, even your destiny, will you not make a selection, or will you thoughtlessly rush along them and let them give you an impulse, upward or downward, either to glory or to shame? The bands of steel are growing around you every hour and if you think you can, at a moment's warning, spring to your feet and shake them from you, you have not studied sufficiently the laws of your own wonderful being. You cannot lay aside the habits of your academic or college life as you would your student uniform or books. What a melancholy spectacle to see a young man awaking up to the claims that are on an intellectual and moral being after he has passed through his education. The beneficence of Providence, the kindness of friends conspired to place him in circumstances where he might enter life with advantage, he enters with terrible disadvantages. Those things which should have been as wings to him, are as weights bearing him down to the earth. His passions, accustomed to indulgence, pursue him mercilessly when he would gladly escape their reach. He summons up all of lofty and indignant rebuke he can command, and says to them Away! Leave me alone! I never

dreamed of making you the companions of my life. Away! Will they away at his bidding? I know of only one spectacle more melancholy in all the walks of men, than to see a young man thus trying to shake off the evil habits of a thoughtless student life, and this is to see a young man not trying to shake them off. It is a fearful risk, at any stage of life, for conscience to be away or negligent, it is especially so in youth. When the passions are taking the direction they will probably keep through life (and this probability increases every hour), when character which has hitherto been a shapeless mass, is assuming fixed and rigid forms, when it is just passing from fluid into the solid state, these mighty transformations should not be suffered to take place and conscience absent and asleep. A late writer has expressed some thoughts on the subject so forcibly that you will excuse a quotation:

"I have a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling humble, yet divine;
A lowly cottage to be filled
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair?
This noble house, this dwelling rare;
So small and modest, yet so great,
How shall I fill its chambers bare
With use, with ornament, with state?

"My God hath given the stone and clay,
'Tis I must fashion them aright;
'Tis I must mould them, day by day,
And make my labor my delight.
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure home, this holy dome,
Must be in all proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
And lodge with him who tenants it.

"No fairy bower this house must be,
To totter at each gale that starts;
But of substantial masonry,
Symmetrical in all its parts,
Fit in its strength to stand sublime
For seventy years of mortal time;
Defiant of the sun and rain,
And well attempered to the strain
In every cranny, nook and pane.

"I'll build so that if the blast
Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest, when its rage hath passed,
Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.
I'll build it so that travelers by
Shall view it with admiring eye
For its commodiousness and grace,
From on the ground straight to the sky
A meek, but goodly dwelling-place."

The student is in danger of forgetting the influence he exerts over others. A single illustration will bring this thought fully before us. Let us suppose two young men to meet as fellow students, one of whom is reverent in his language, the other profane. This specific vice is selected, not only because it well illustrates the power of mutual influence, but to draw special attention to it as one of the dangers to which young men are exposed. Because of swearing our land mourneth. Let these two young men begin their duties in the interesting relation of fellow students on Monday morning, and before Friday evening shall come to close the labors of the first week, a change will have passed over the moral character of both. It may be as silent, but it will be as sure as the beating of their pulses, it may be as imperceptible, but it will be as ceaseless as the coursing of the blood in their veins. The victim of this vice must become confirmed in this vice, or shaken from it in some degree. He must be awed by the power of virtue or he will become more virulent and gross in his attack on virtue. The other, too, undergoes a change. He may receive new and increased hatred and disgust at this unnatural sin, or he may on Tuesday be less shocked than on Monday, the next day he may begin to tolerate it, the next to hear it with indifference, the next to relish it in others and the next to imitate it himself, and the result is, before he has had time to learn a lesson of useful knowledge from his instructors, he has learned a lesson of vice from his associates, the result is, and this is a result I fear not uncommon in our public schools and colleges, that the name "at which all tremble in all worlds except our own" is taken thoughtlessly and profanely upon lips yet warm with a mother's parting kiss. Will not a student be

awed into thoughtfulness by the reflection, that of every vice and foible in his character, an indefinite number of copies may be taken. Does the thought never rush with appalling force upon his mind, "It may be hereafter, I shall meet some school acquaintance writhing in the coils of a habit which I created or indulged. He may show me the incurable wound in his heart or mind and say, this is a memento of my association with you." Remember, character is only a name for habits. Remember habits are created by repetition of single acts. There is one act in the series which fixes the habit, one rivet which secures the chain. Where that act is you do not know, if so, you might indulge with some impunity this side of that act. The oath you take, or encourage him to take, may be the one that was wanting to fasten upon him the habit of profanity and make him a blasphemer through life. The licentious conversation you indulge in with him, the impure jest which you relish may fix upon him the sorest burden that a human being can bear through life, a guilty conscience alone excepted. I mean a polluted imagination. The scene of dissipation, to which you invite him, may seal him up to a drunkard's fate. He may leave the room of mirth and revelling, around which your companionship has thrown a glory and a fascination, to reel through life and then by one frantic leap burst into the presence of Him who rules a kingdom of happiness and peace, which the drunkard shall never inherit. Your friend may be standing hesitating at the foot of one of those eminences which a young man must climb, before he can reach the broad and easy plain that slopes to ruin. If left to himself he will not climb it. Conscience will make a coward of him and, if no better motive come to his rescue, he may return to those who are wooing him back to a better fate. There he stands, poised on the very crisis of his destiny. Approach him, give him your arm to lean upon, and it will be a holiday task for him to climb that hill, by a series of easy bounds he can leap it and gain the plain beyond.

This influence, great everywhere, is nowhere greater than in our schools and colleges. The fellow-feeling is so strong that character is easily moulded. Will a thoughtful young man be careless

in this matter? Will he be reckless of the influence he exerts upon the institution to which he belongs? Think a moment; every student helps to form the character of his school, the school reacts upon all its members. Think of a large public school where generation after generation of students pass through, each one investing it with more venerable and virtuous associations. Think again of a school, if a school can exist, where generation after generation of students are triflers, not one leaving a name or act to elevate or quicken the aspirations of his successor. It's a privilege to be a member of an old public school. It is a privilege to contribute that which will add to its character and associations. Can a man be a trifler there? How far below the reach of manly impulses or generous aspirations must he be, who can pass, a trifler, through scenes like these. Where others have stored their minds with gold or precious gems, he gathers chaff. Where others have made themselves scholars or men, he makes himself an accomplished trifler. Were it not that, true to the instincts of an American bosom, he had carved his name in uncouth letters all over the premises, the next year's classes would never know that such a being had wasted a few precious years there. I confess, my object has been to allude to this, simply that I might address you in the language of congratulations and warning. The institution whose favor you enjoy is not of yesterday's growth. More generations than one have resorted here for purposes of instruction. I suppose every grove in this vicinity has its story of some young man who walked there, musing solemnly and thoughtfully on the aims of life. Every tree could tell its story of some young man who at its foot received strength to enter upon a life of piety and peace. It must be impossible for a young man to saunter lifelessly and aimlessly along the path, that once echoed to the manly step of Stephen Olin. I almost envy you young gentlemen the privilege of spending a few important and impressible years in a locality consecrated by some connection with his great name. I hope no young man will ever leave this institution until he has made himself familiar with his character. My young friends, when that hour comes upon you which comes

upon all students, when hope seems prostrate, all your energies lifeless, when you feel no strength to make one effort more for intellectual or moral improvement, when you feel like giving over the struggle and floating down the current, take his life in your hand, go alone or with a thoughtful friend to Tabernacle. Spend an hour there. See how sublime a thing a human life may be made when it is consecrated to high and holy aims. See how purposes and objects and thoughts and impulses that might expand and elevate an angel's mind can become the familiar tenants of a human heart once as low and degraded as yours or mine, and then come back to your duties. Fresh from such an enterprise, you will find it easy to brush trifles and triflers from your path and enter upon the pursuits of true wisdom, whose ways, whether trod by a giant's or an infant's step, are always pleasantness and whose paths are always peace.

The *student is in danger of forgetting home.* It is said, of one of the most distinguished presidents of a Northern college, that the first remedy he resorted to, in the case of a young man who he feared was falling into vicious or trifling habits, was a visit to his friends at home. Hard indeed is the heart which this would not tender. Who in the midst of such scenes does not resolve, "Not one of those shall ever sigh or blush for me." And yet the student may become so accustomed to the exciting studies or pleasures of a college life, that the quiet and peaceful scenes of home become insipid. Let him beware of this. Let him guard against a love of exciting and highly seasoned pleasure. "The lake of happiness," it has been beautifully said, "is fed by a thousand little streams." Affections rightly developed and directed constitute happiness. For this reason alone we may see that a student has no business with the gaming table, the drinking room or kindred pleasures. I waive the moral considerations. They are overpowering. I mean the student who indulges in them, makes not only a moral but an intellectual error, wrongs not only his heart and soul, but his mind. If he has not been laboring with his mind it is an abuse of terms to speak of recreation; if he has been laboring he needs not excitement but

soothing. The lighter walks of literature, the habitations of the poets, the quiet scenes of domestic life all lie open. Let him enter and feast, and his whole nature shall be refreshed. Many a young man has received the best part of his education at home during vacation. Never forget home. Never forget those who make up home. Have you a mother there? Is she at her fireside, and does she wait thy coming there? Does she watch thy vacant chair and wait that thrilling moment when he who left her arms a boy shall return to them a man? I beseech thee go to her as pure, as innocent of vice as when you left her. Let her eyes follow you in all your studies, in all your recreations. Never go where they would weep to follow thee. Let her voice, the sweetest music that your childhood knew, linger in your ears and close them to everything they should not hear. Or is she in the churchyard, and does she wait thy coming there? Then, more solemnly, I beseech thee, go not astray, pass thoughtfully, fearfully, prayerfully through the scenes of life. Keep yourself unspotted from the world. Suppose a mother could sift character. How long would her eyes linger on the outside to mark the features, on her son's return from college? Would they not, quicker than light, dart within the temple to see what changes had taken place there? And what a scene might meet the eye of many a mother! How would she shrink back from his offered embrace and think some fiend had assumed his form. Suppose, once more, she could not only see character, but could dissect it, could separate the good from the bad and trace back each to its origin. How solemn the colloquy as she asked about the influences which had left their impress. I see her begin the awful scrutiny. "How comes this stain upon my jewel I have watched as my own life?" "A friend did that. He was brilliant, fascinating, plausible. I dreamed not of harm." "And this? Has my boy determined to test for himself all I have said about the mocking of wine and the raging of strong drink?" "It was a social hour. The light that beamed from the wine-cup mingled its radiance with the light that beamed from beauty's eye. And wealth and beauty and fashion offered me the glass. I yielded." "And, more painful than all,

I see a stain in the central spot of your soul where it has been the labor of my life to plant one seed of immortal truth. I see an erasure here, where, after giving it ten thousand touches, I thought I could read the name of the Great Creator." "You had, mother, but the finger of a scoffer wiped it out." My young friends, is education worth this price?

The student is in danger of forgetting the claims of his country and age upon him. It seems to me that the most thoughtless reader of a country newspaper must have suggested to him the question, "What means this restlessness among the nations?" And the most experienced observer of the world's affairs can but echo it back, "What means it?" Is this the unusual bustle of Saturday evening soon to sink into that long and peaceful sabbath which our earth shall keep? Is what remains of this tempestuous state of human things but the working of a sea before a calm that rocks itself to rest? When questions like these are presented, human wisdom is but ignorance. "God is his own interpreter, and he shall make it plain." We may venture one remark. When these thronging revolutions shall have passed and men look upon them, not as they come, but as they go, it will be easy to him that understandeth. When they pass and are receding into history they will leave behind them this truth as a legacy to the nations: "Them that honor me I will honor." We believe every catastrophe in national history will find its explanation in this other truth: "It shall be well with the righteous." Our own country is speeding on to a destiny which shall be a fresh illustration of this great truth, or of the fearful warning contained therein. It shall not be well with the nation, the community or the individual that doeth not the right. I have been struck with the fact that some of our statesmen have confessed that higher moral cultivation is desirable, perhaps indispensable. It may be these are only the commonplace tributes to Christianity which every man is expected to make. But I must think it means more. It seems to me a most significant confession. It is, as if they said, "Religious people of every name, ministers, missionaries, Sunday school teachers, colporteurs, Bible and tract

distributors, come and help us, if you can, for we are at our wits' end. We thought to lead our people on to glorious destiny by the powers and forces of a splendid civilization. We thought to charm into the right by Magna Charta, the trial by jury and the ballot box. We never thought that human depravity would spoil our political schemes and theories, we thought to leave that for the theologians to quarrel over. We thought to control this mighty nation by human motives, and we have been able to keep up a very imperfect degree of national peace and happiness, but it cannot be done much longer. The nation is fast becoming unmanageable. The people in their revels are dashing against the barriers we reared, are shaking terribly the framework of society." I have not time, my young friends, to give you all the reasons, but the conviction is upon my mind, that the age of the world in which you will live will have no use for an ignorant, trifling man. It will have no post of honor to assign him, no laurel to bind around his brow. I present to you this motive as one that appeals to all that is noble and generous in your nature. For your country's sake, prepare yourselves to act the part of men. I mean not that you must waste your breath in holiday declamation about her glory. Of that we have had enough. Be the uncompromising foe to all her foes, and remember sin, vice and ignorance and undisciplined minds are her greatest foes, the only foes that cause a fear in our bosoms. I saw, not long since, on one sheet, the flags of all the nations of the earth. It was a beautiful and instructive picture. My eye ran restless over them all, it turned but for a moment on the Lion, the Crescent and the Cross, but rested with pride upon one, it was the flag that floats over the land of Washington. I felt in that hour that I loved everything that is the growth of her dear soil from the pine on her green mountains, the wild flower of her southern prarie, the rich foliage of her Pacific coast. In her magnificent forest there is one tree, not fairer in itself it may be, but fairer to our partial eye than all the rest. May heaven send perpetual youth, greenness and beauty on the Palmetto and all its sister trees. May the sun of righteousness bathe

it in a flood of purest light and then, whether in peaceful or tempestuous seasons, it "shall be as a tree planted by the rivers of water, it shall bring forth its fruit in its season, its leaf also shall not wither."

Young Gentlemen of Erosophic Society: For the kindness which you have exhibited in assigning me the task I have performed, I have no other return to offer than a sincere wish that each one of you may safely and profitably enjoy all the pleasures and avoid all the dangers of a student's life. My remarks have been mostly of a nature to make you fearful. Let me, before I close, impress upon you a few truths of a different kind. One truth has been expressed by a favorite writer in a form which I hope you will find it easy to remember. James Hamilton, of London, says: "Crowded as the world is, there is plenty of room in it for first rate men." This is true. Will you test its truth? You hear a great deal about the professions being crowded, and it may be so. But I know no profession or pursuit that is crowded with first rate men. Be a first rate man (a Christian is the highest style of man), and you will be led to some spot in life where you can be happy and useful, and life has nothing better to offer. Can a young man avoid all the dangers we have noticed? Entering life in a country where excitement rules the hour and where the air is filled with voices crying lo here or lo there, can he find a guide? "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?" Young men, I will leave you with thoughts revolving around this mighty question and its answer. "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

"His word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page.
This holy book will guide your youth
And well support your age."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT WOFFORD COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 27, 1855. .SUBJECT: "STUDY OF MATHEMATICS."

The same considerations which call for addresses of this kind indicate the nature of them, allowing very little discretion in the choice of topics. As circumstances do not seem to call for anything beyond a popular treatment of the subject assigned to this hour, nothing more than this will be attempted. Mathematical studies are useful and deserve a prominent place in every course of study for two reasons. The first is, they train the mind. If we begin with the humblest and yet in some sense the most important branch of mathematics, arithmetic, we find it well suited to discipline and strengthen the mind. At a very early age when we are unable to reason on any other subject we can clearly understand numbers and their combinations. We are met at once by a singular difference between arithmetic and another elementary branch, geometry. Geometry has all along been taught as a system of reasoning. Arithmetic has been broken into fragments and taught as isolated arbitary rules. The solution of this has been sought (and we think found) in this fact: We received from the ancients a system of geometry suited as a text-book which has kept its place in our academies and colleges without material alteration down to our own time. But the science of arithmetic found no Euclid. And unfortunately it was discovered that the results of reasoning could be separated from the reasoning and made comparatively useful. If we should abandon all rigorous system of reasoning and teach only the results of the propositions in geometry with the formulas derived from them the perversion would not be more complete than has taken place with regard to arithmetic. Actual results of this study as generally pursued furnish no index by which to estimate its real worth. Many a young man who has been "carried through" the arithmetic, to use a common and expressive phrase, when he enters the counting room finds he has all his

arithmetic to make for himself. Perhaps the first question finds him unfurnished. If he had met it in its proper place in the book with a written label on it telling him where to strike for the vulnerable part he could have done it. Many a summer's evening it has been his task to do them by the dozen. But this did not come in that way. It did not savor of any rule. It did not have a scholastic look about it. It came not as a regular artificial question, but started up suddenly in a business walk a real matter of fact calculation, and the interview was an embarrassing one. This does not show that arithmetic is useless, it only shows arithmetic was never taught. He was taught to do sums, a very easy and very worthless accomplishment, but never was taught to think. It is to be feared there are many teachers still who do not appreciate the instrument which arithmetic puts in their hand to awaken the minds of even the youngest students. Beginning, then, with the first efforts to reason, mathematics afford admirable subjects for mental training. One advantage they possess is they deal for the most part with real, tangible things whose relations can be easily grasped. The language, too, is clear and intelligible. Every word has a meaning and only one meaning. Take a class of boys or young men yet untrained and define any abstract word, government, man, society, virtue, for instance, and you cannot be sure that all have exactly the same idea. But define and exhibit a circle or triangle and every one will carry away all that you mean and nothing that you do not mean. Mathematical reasoning is not a peculiar or superior kind of reasoning. It is precisely the same with that we use in every-day life. Its superiority consists chiefly in this, the language cannot be misunderstood. The entrance of a clear, well-defined idea into any mind is an era in its history. Can well-connected trains of such ideas pass through without enlarging and strengthening it? Again, they are suited to all grades of intellect, because the reasoning advances by very short and easy processes. There is no *per saltum* reasoning in mathematics. The longest and most formidable proposition in geometry can be broken up into axioms. Indeed, all geometry is one long chain

of connected axioms. He who can step from the first to the second, can step from that to the end, if his patience does not fail him. He who finishes the multiplication table has entered a path which stretches immeasurably in the distance. He stops at last, when and wherever he stops, not because he has reached an impassable gulf, but because the spirit of slumber has come over him. Many look upon the genius of mathematics as an aerial being, sporting in the clouds, flitting about with a rapidity which mocks the speed of common men. This is not so. She can reach the clouds, it is true, or beyond them, but it is not by flying leaps but by patient traveling. She will return from her wildest flight from weighing a planet or watching its speed, to take the humblest plodder by the hand. To him who seizes her with confidence she answers as did the oracle to the ardent and impetuous Alexander, "Son, thou art invincible. All that I have is thine." It needs no genius to study mathematics. We mean not only to obtain enough for the demands of an ordinary business life, but enough to achieve creditably an academic or college course. Pascal could grasp with almost equal ease difficult problems and axioms. Another cannot be taught to count one hundred. The majority of our race will be found between these extremes, equally removed from both. If three students begin together a lesson consisting of several propositions one will finish the second while another is still struggling unsatified with the first, and another has passed triumphantly over all. This does not prove our assertion false. Along the chain of axioms one can run a furlong at a breath, another can only keep a common-place gait, and that for a short time without resting. He can go to the end if his patience does not fail him. Another advantage is the results admit no discussion or debate. He who doubts a mathematical truth exposes his own folly and excludes himself from the circles of rational beings. Perhaps most men in the progress to intellectual maturity pass through (or enter, some stay there for life,) a stage in which the mind just awaking to the consciousness of power doubts, cavils, and trifles with everything. Every proposition is challenged. Every question is an open one. The man in

this state must dig for himself to the foundation, if not, indeed, below it. He bustles about hither and thither through the fields of truth, a walking ubiquitous interrogation mark. It is well to have a study along which you can carry a class of flippant sceptics. In mathematics we have it. The mathematics have their mysteries, their riddles, their unsolved problems, but beginners do not often wander where these are found. Another advantage connected with the last is you can arrive at certainty. In teaching you can insist on certain accuracy, rigid, literal, perfect accuracy. Many studies which are not only necessary but indispensable have not this advantage. In some studies every lesson branches out indefinitely in all directions. He who has studied it with most patience and most success will be most unwilling to say I understand it thoroughly. But a lesson on mathematics, or a proposition in geometry, can be mastered as completely by the pupil as the teacher. The teacher will, of course, see relations and connections between it and others still lying below the horizon to his pupil, but the pupil can grasp the proposition as clearly, repose on its reasoning with as much satisfaction, as he can. Perhaps, after all, this is the characteristic of mathematical study as a means of intellectual discipline. You can insist on accuracy. You can show the student it is not enough for him to plausibly amuse or embarrass the antagonist which each lesson affords, but he must conquer or be conquered. This is to be not even a drawn battle. Every time he is called out in the recitation room he must bear himself handsomely and gallantly, but victoriously, or you can disarm him and drive him completely from the field. In a word, you can show him—and this is doing a student great service—you can show him there is no middle ground between knowing his lesson and not knowing it. You can banish almost entirely from the recitation room those most intolerable things, tolerable recitations. Your class will consist of various grades of mind, this may embarrass you as to the quantity of work you may expect, but not at all as to quality.

Putting these features together, in mathematics, then, we have

clear terms joined together in faultless, indisputable reasoning, this reasoning advancing by steps so short that any sound mind, however weak, can follow, to results precisely ascertained and easily verified, can you think of any feature wanting to constitute a perfect system of intellectual discipline? Mathematics lies apart from the interests, the passions or the prejudices of men, a field where all may take healthful exercise. No light falls on that field but that which Bacon calls dry light. The beings who frequent it are emotionless and passionless, but they are swift and strong. He who has conquered them oftenest will, other things being equal, most easily gain the mastery elsewhere. He will come with most advantage to the shocks and collisions of real life. Among the clear, cold propositions of mathematics a man may gather wisdom and skill which will not desert him when he comes to detect the sophisms that are current among men.

"The athlete nurtured for the Olympic game gains strength at least for life."

If you enter a recitation room and see a class every member of which has his attention awake and following some train of reasoning, challenging the reciter at every step for a reason for every step, you need not hesitate to pronounce that every one is acquiring a most valuable part of his education. And that, too, without waiting to inquire what pursuit or profession he may have in view. At this point we are furnished with a rebuke to that spirit abroad which would banish from schools and colleges every study not bearing, not only directly but instantly and palpably on the affairs of everyday life. We are not disposed or able to define precisely the limits and restraints within which this spirit should be indulged. There are some manifestations of it, however, which we believe entirely wrong and connected with the subject. It is a mistake (and yet a common one in our country schools) for boys to devote all their time to arithmetic in the expectation of being better prepared for business. Parents sometimes, seeing that business involves calculations, lay their plans of education as if the chief glory of man consisted in

adding up columns of figures. Some experience has led me to conclude that in most such cases the young gentleman would do better to go into business at once. We have very rarely seen a young man spend his time profitably in such cases. This can be traced up to higher grades of learning. In college too often, the student who expects to be an engineer will attend the mathematical lesson, but neglect some other. He who expects to be a physician will closely attend the chemical lectures, but neglect languages or mental and moral philosophy. As a very general rule this is all wrong. It is founded on views of education which are not only narrow, but false. It is a short-sighted, gross utilitarianism. It is worse, it is utilitarianism run mad. The phrase "preparing for a profession" often receives too narrow and degraded a meaning. Nothing would be gained by abolishing all higher studies in our colleges and turning them into huge workshops. The question proposed to every one in this stage of an education is not do you intend to be a merchant, a lawyer, a physician or a farmer. But do you intend to be a man, an athletic, well-developed, symmetrical man. You should not make your education a means to your profession, make that a means to an end. Your mind is not given you that you might make a good workman in this or that calling, but it was given you that you might accomplish high and holy purposes in life which can be best accomplished by taking this or that profession and, of course, trying to excell in it. If by preparation for business you mean an acquaintance with the details, the technicalities, the manipulations of any calling, neither the school nor the college can give it, and they ought not to promise or try to do so. But if you mean awakened and cultivated intellect which is strong to use any tool, if you mean power which can easily throw itself into any shape; if you mean strength which can easily be available in any direction, the school and college can give it. But not by anticipating, not by casting side glances at his future office and taking its dimensions.

Suppose a young man to pass through a course of training not essentially different from that pursued in most of our colleges.

The time arrives for him to lay aside the student garb. He walks out among his fellowmen and asks them to assign him a post in the world's broad field of battle, asks them to give him something to do. Do I hear the whisper, "What is the student fit for?" In his behalf I can indignantly retort and ask, "What is he not fit for?" Is there any post in society for which the ability to think, to think patiently and clearly, is not an excellent preparation? Cannot a mind that has been familiar with the best and wisest men, a mind accustomed to meet difficulty and just as accustomed to conquer, a mind that feeds on truth as its native element, a mind that has measured the awful sanctions of duty and has surrendered itself deliberately and irrevocably to them, can it not easily adjust itself to any post or rise to the exigencies of any station? Put such a young man anywhere, you cannot throw him into a place where a cultivated intellect will not make itself to be seen and felt. Put him in the pulpit if duty calls, put him in the office, put him in the workshop, put him to the plough, put him to sweep the streets and he will give the world assurance of a man.

There are reasons of different kinds why the course of education should include far beyond the boldest and grossest elements of utility and only as a very general rule they should be the same for all. It is well that we tarry together as long as we can in the common hall before each retires to his cell. We must soon go each to his own road in the vineyard; let us walk abreast as far as we may, filling our minds from the same intellectual and moral stores which will be a bond between us and the great brotherhood of man. We must very soon take each one the livery of his special calling, and looking at life and truth in a professional light it may be the florid red or the pale and sickly yellow which shall tinge everything, the heavens above, the earth beneath, man's nature, human life. Let us while we may bathe ourselves in the pure white light which blends so harmoniously all the rest.

The second reason why mathematics deserve a place in every course of study is they store the mind with useful knowledge.

When it is remembered that mathematics underlie most of the physical sciences it will be seen what a wide, indeed what a boundless field this division of our subject opens to us. We propose only to show by a few miscellaneous instances that the division which ignorance loves to draw between abstract and useful is apt to be unfair and erroneous, that even the higher and pure mathematics do good even in the narrow use of that term. We might decide this question at once by a simple reference to a very characteristic and rapidly increasing branch of modern literature. I refer to such books, Engineer's Text Book, Mechanic's Hand Book, Carpenter's Guide, and all that family of books. Take up any one and read it, you will not go many pages before your knowledge of mathematics will be put to the test. This is not because the authors of these books love to display their knowledge, but because they cannot explain the work which these men are called on to do without resorting to mathematics. What is abstract science? That which was abstract once is not so now. The chemist once discovered as an abstract fact, that the particles of water when heated to a certain point would separate and fly apart. Today we have the steam engine, which is simply that fact embodied. It seems a very abstract employment to watch the stars. What have we to do with them or they with us? Indeed, the world has perpetuated its sense of the uselessness of the employment in the word stargazing. But never did a ship cross the ocean that was not guided by stargazers. The motion of the stars as interpreted by science governs and controls all your ideas of time, all your engagements down to the ringing of your dinner bell. One hundred years ago Dr. Johnson, when he wished to speak of a man engaged in an employment confessedly and superlatively useless, spoke of him as watching the wind. He ranked him with one who would count the drops of rain. Lieutenant Maury has spent several years watching the wind and has by so doing increased the probabilities that a letter which you drop in the postoffice here will reach the other side of the ocean safely and speedily. It seems a very abstract employment to draw a triangle and study its angles and

its sides, but all astronomy and all navigation depend on that triangle. An eclipse of the sun comes on one people with all the suddenness of a catastrophe and spreads horror and dismay over all the darkened nation and man, erect, intelligent man, is as affrighted as the beasts in his yard. The same phenomenon was the subject of conversation in another country long before it happened. Every one could tell at what precise tick of the watch it would begin and end, and when it came ten thousand serious, intelligent faces were upturned to watch the sublimity of the scene, the schoolboy having prepared his smoked glass and the astronomer his telescope. This knowledge which seems to lift one nation so far above another was gained by as abstract an employment as the study of that triangle. Humbolt, when a young man, walked across the isthmus connecting North and South America. He labored for words to express his conviction of the benefits which would result to civilization if the ocean could be joined by a canal. Before Humbolt dies the same end is better attained. A few months since a party went as on a holiday excursion to witness the opening of a railroad. Abstract experiments on electricity have resulted in something more wonderful still. Messages from man to man are sent with almost the speed of the swift-winged arrows of light. Scarcely had the first wire been erected when some one asked why not extend one across the ocean. The question may have been intended as irony or jest. But Young America, scientific Young America, I mean, was struck with the thought. He has never contracted the habit of saying, "It cannot be done." And at this moment, having gradually extended wire from station to station until he has reached the farthest eastern point, there on the foot of ground which stretches out farthest in the Atlantic, there with a huge coil of wire on his arm stands Jonathan evidently calculating. He guesses he shall be able to throw it over if his neighbor will meet him on the other bank and fasten it to Dover's Cliff or Lands End. He means it for no feat of idle dexterity, he means by it to work an era in the history of science and of human welfare. The two worlds have been lying thousands of miles apart, an unsocial

ocean rolling between. If he brings them together so that the continents can talk together as a man to his friend he intends his first message shall be peace and good will from the new world to the old world. But railroads, though not so wonderful, are more distinctly the characteristic of our age. Have abstract sciences anything to do with them? How are railroads built, by science or by art? We might learn valuable lessons from the history of railroads, but we propose to make a more familiar use of them. What was the first indication you had in this community that a railroad was in progress to a village? Were you startled all at once by the rattling of spades and earth carts? No, science, abstract science, went before. A man with some strange-looking instrument came over the hills, took his notes, and as if to shock all your ideas of labor retired to the shade of a tree to go through some long mathematical calculations. Suppose the day, so anxiously expected, to have arrived. The road is finished. I will ask one simple, intelligent question. Who built that road? The President, the Engineer might present their different and apparently conflicting claims. And while you are trying to settle this dispute an army of laborers, black and white, throw up a forest of brawny arms and shout in a voice of thunder, "You are all wrong, we built that road." Who is right? Who did build the road? It is exactly correct to say they are all right. It took them all to build the road. And this is the truth we wish to establish. Art cannot say to science I have no need of you. The abstract is the Mother of the practical. The crowd jeered the scholar or philosopher as he started on his long path of speculation. But scarcely had he disappeared from one point of the horizon when he appears at another and lays some luxury or comfort of life at their feet. The chemist shut himself up to try some abstract experiments on flame. The miners without were loud and free in their complaints against the indolence and uselessness of his employment while they even destroy life and strength in the dreary mine. The door of the laboratory opens and Sir H. Day steps forth with a new lantern in his hand and presents it to his brethren and the lives of hundreds of them were saved. But

a few weeks since it was announced that a discovery had been made by which ships could find a direct course on the ocean with far less calculation than before. The mathematician in his study has sought and won the confidence of science. She beckoned him aside from the crowd and showed him a hidden treasure which the eye of the veteran sailor had failed to find. Judge Story says he heard Robert Fulton say that after he had surely achieved the invention of the steamboat he spent months in tedious calculations upon the resistance of fluids to perfect it. Was he not laboring as really, as directly for us when spending months in calculations involving the higher parts of pure mathematics as when with the mallet and chisel in hand he was shaping his timber and bathing it with the sweat of his brow?

Why did England excel in arts and rule the waves? Was it because her shipyards were full of workmen whose eyes were true and whose hands were skilful and strong? It was also because Newton, Davy and Cavendish were within laboratories. Addresses were delivered by able men in science at the close of the great exhibition on the results of the exhibition. Playfair said, it is worth the whole exhibition if we are only taught that we must cultivate science more industriously or other nations will excel us. Captain Washington repeats the sentiment in different words as applicable to the commercial interests. He says as steam advances we must give mathematical instructions to those who are to command steamships or we shall be left far astern in the race. We spoke of the folly in individual cases of neglecting those studies which seem to be a little removed from utility. If you extend and generalize your view this becomes a serious national evil. The cry is sometimes raised,

> "Down with the abstract sciences,
> They do no good."

The attempt is usually made to array art against science, the worker against the thinker. Art and science are not enemies, they are not even strangers. They are members of one household. Let the family dwell in peace. Art is the elder born of

two lovely sisters. At first she was the more precocious of the two, but now her steps are directed and supported by her younger but more intelligent sister science. But there is no morality in mathematics, it has been said. No. Neither is there any in the alphabet, the rules of grammar or the multiplication table, but they are all necessary and there is no immorality in them. We think the attempt is sometimes made to draw too well-defined a line between studies which are favorable to religious feelings and those which are not. If you wish to know the moral character of an intellectual man the question perhaps is not what does he study, but how does he study it. To some the Bible is a profane and infidel study because they do not read with reverence, with patience and docility. Others find food for their religious instincts and appetites in the most barren fields of nature or speculations. A French philosopher once stood on the height of science, looked with an intelligent eye on all the wonders of the heavens, the dread magnificence of the sky, and coldly and irreverently exclaimed, "The heavens declare the glory of Newton and Lablace." Another can find trace of wisdom and omnipotence in the eye and the wing of every insect. If the mathematics and allied sciences have no definite teaching on the subject of religion they certainly teach at least two truths which at least are friendly to it. They teach man his responsibility to a higher power. They suggest a lawgiver. Who can see nature lying passive at the feet of higher power and not think of a creator and preserver and governor? Science is but a short expression to indicate all the habits and laws of nature. There are a few pages in that history which records the achievement of the human mind more wonderful than that which records the triumph of modern astronomy. The discovery of a new planet thrilled the last generation. It is now a common occurrence. But with all its discoveries the telescope has never discovered one lawless world. The chemist with his microscope has never detected one refractory atom of matter. Will He who binds by a sure law every star in the sky, every grain of sand in the desert of Sahara, every leaf in the forest of the earth, every drop of water in the Pacific ocean, will he form

an intelligent being, stamp it with some resemblance to himself, speak to it that thrilling word which none but himself can fully understand, "Think and Live Forever," and then throw it from him and let it seek perfection and happiness in wandering away, an unclaimed, unacknowledged vagrant? If I seek to make water rise above its level without applying external force I lose my labor, and so throughout all the works of nature, nature is under law. My body is under law. The physiologist tells me so. I feel it. For when I have interfered with these I have suffered. The man of medical science has relieved me by applying to some other law. My mind is under law, the mental philosopher tells me so. I feel it. And when I disobey I suffer. When the teacher with the Bible in his hand approaches to tell me my moral nature is under law, is it the part of a Christian, is it the part of a philosopher, is it the part of a reasoning being, to scout the message? The world, the universe is under law. Perhaps a created mind cannot grasp a grander thought than that. It is the starting point of all philosophy, of all theology. It is the teaching of all science. Science knows that every law is but the name given to an impulse by the Omnipotent, that hand at which touch nature moves. Science knows that if nature could speak, her language would be none of those sickly sentimentalities put in her mouth by poets, but her first impulse of intelligent life would be to throw her eyes upward and her first utterance, "Speak, thy servant heareth."

Another lesson is the weakness of man. Is this a paradox to say science teaches the weakness of man? If you wish to find the clearest convictions of the depravity of our nature look for them in the bosom of the holiest man; so if you wish to find the clearest conviction of our weakness look into the mind of the wisest philosopher. As we extend our horizon we but increase the number of things we cannot understand. Take matter of any form, catechise it patiently and you will receive much information. Ask it, "What can you do?" "How will you be acted upon and act if I put you in this or that position?" "How can I make you useful?" To questions like these you will be given valuable

answers. But if you ask further, "What are you?" you touch upon a secret which Newton never could extort from the weakest atom of matter. Will not the student receive here a lesson which will serve him when he studies elsewhere? Man of science, are you about to reject the system which the Bible discloses, are you about to doubt even the existence of a great uncaused Creator because you cannot understand it? Why, if you have started out to understand things, why begin at the highest? Is that your method of study to begin with the highest part of a subject and study downward? Begin with the pebble or flower. Student of mathematics, are you about to reject these things? Write down for me about a dozen figures. Now, tell me what they mean. Give me some idea of the number expressed by those twelve figures. You cannot do it simply because your mind is too small to take it in. Alas, for you! Poor human nature! At one moment we strive to grasp the whole scheme and plan of that empire which stretches through all eternity, the next we try to comprehend a line of figures reaching once across a slate, baffled equally in both. The student of mathematics will have occasion as frequently as the student of any other science to remember that valuable remark of Arnold, "Before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty the mind, if in a healthy state, reposes as quietly as when in possession of an acquired truth." He will remember that it has been said with equal force and truth, "The unsolved problem of this life will be the axioms of the next." We could not consent that a brand should be placed on the mother of physical science as if immoral. Having repelled this unjust charge we gladly consent that they all, with all the other studies and sciences, do obeisance to that science, call it by what sacred or by what secular name you please, that science which teaches of the Creator and the creature and the relations between them. It is well that individuals should know precisely what it can do and what it cannot do. I have wants which science can supply, I have others more important which it cannot. It can post over land and ocean without rest to serve me, but I feel that there is something within me not made of matter, something above mat-

ter and its laws. If I am disappointed when I contrast the performance of this life with its promise, if I sigh for a peaceful and a sinless home, science has no word of comfort or instruction for me then. The astronomer knows no such world, if he did he could not tell me how to reach it. The chemist has no substance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away. The architects of earth know nothing of a house not made with hands. Science cannot purify the passions or guide the impulses of that tender thing the human heart; science cannot support or guide the immortal enemies of that startling thing the human mind; science cannot still the undying cry for sustenance which ever rises from that awful thing the human soul. Science can crowd the sick room with luxuries and comfort but dare not approach the bedside as a teacher to enlighten the mind of the sufferer. If he dies science can build him a tomb which ages will admire or worship. Science can analyze his dust as coldly and as precisely as if it were the dust from the streets. But with anxiety vibrating between hope and fear I ask, "Did you find the vital spark among those ashes, or has it gone out in the darkness forever?" Science is dumb. It is well for nations to know precisely what science can do and what it cannot do, lest they be disappointed.

Society is laboring under evils which the mathematician cannot cure. Men need many things besides railroads and machinery. The intellect is not the seat of many of the passions and impulses which bless or curse mankind, but the heart. In much that is spoken and written on the subject of education it seems to be taken for granted that a little more intellectual culture is all that is needed to secure or augment our public peace and prosperity. There is no more reason to fear that this great nation will ever perish or falter one moment in its course for lack of intellectual culture than there is to fear that at some future time it may happen that a majority of all the people will be idiots and there will not be sane men enough to take care of the rest. There is needed something to come with soothing and restraining power upon the public mind which now heaves with a wild and

fearful energy. There is needed a pure christianity to go about our excited people and lay her gentle hand upon their turbulent passions and make them grow tranquil at her touch. See the nations of Europe overtaken in a storm. While christianity, like her Divine Master once on the Galilean lake walks to and fro over the troubled waters, neglected. They cry out at her approach, "It is a spirit," and will not receive her. If they would but admit her how soon would every ship be at the desired haven and there would be a great calm. In our favored country no man can force his brother in this matter. It may suit the purposes of some politicians to conclude, therefore, all religions are alike good, leaving every sect to have its religion as every child must have its toy; they will go on sublimely indifferent to all and build up the nation's virtue and peace. But "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh" at such attempts to make a nation permanently happy or great. We pass this thought hurriedly to reach another which began the services of this day and may appropriately close them. That education which is not religious is not deficient in quantity only, it is wrong in kind. Religion is not a part which added to other parts make up a complete whole. It is an element which must pervade every part. It is not a postscript or appendix, which must be added to the book, it is a spirit which must characterize every page. It is not a benediction at the close. We cannot build up religious characters among the young as we build churches, hurry them up with the bustle and confusion of a profane building and then by laying the cornerstone with all the pomp of a religious rite hope to consecrate the pile. It is cheering to see how many minds are turned toward this great subject. Our own little commonwealth never before contained so many institutions of learning. We believe the field is not yet so crowded that the laborers must turn their weapons against each other. There is room for all. There is room for the State college who seems lately to have renewed her youth while celebrating her fiftieth anniversary. Fifty years hence when some old graduate of Wofford College shall lean on his staff to tell another generation about our beginning I hope

then the State college may be entering on the hundredth year of its existence with all the marks of age, except its weakness. There is room for all the institutions of those with a different name or faith. Every building reared by whatever hands that rises dedicated to the great work of religious instruction shall but draw from our hearts the fraternal benediction, "For our brethren and companions's sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee," and it will at once meet the wishes of Benjamin Wofford and fill our own ambitions if we can help them to furnish, what our age and country greatly need and must have, thoroughly educated, conscientious men. Let us all who touch the educational interest of our State at any point, whether at that school which is first in time and first in influence or the academy or college, let us all aim at this and then with the blessing of heaven whatever storms may sweep the forests of the earth the Palmetto shall stand a tree planted by the rivers of water.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF REIDVILLE ACADEMY, 1859.

The opening of an academy like this is an era in the history of any community. And it is well to mark it with some unusual ceremony. When we look forward to the results of this enterprise, when we think of the boys and girls who will here be quickened into intellectual life, when we think of the aspirations which will be awakened, when we reflect that these groves and streets, this building, will be stamped on the youthful memories of many who will go forth from this place to mingle in the world's broad field of battle, we feel that it is not a common occasion which brings us together. How shall we spend the hour on which, under such peculiar and interesting circumstances, we have entered? Shall we turn to the past and compare the abundant privileges which are around us with a state of things existing within the memory of some now present? Shall we indulge in a proper feeling of pride when we remember the prominent place which will perhaps be assigned our district in the present educational movement in our State? Shall we look to the future when all these efforts shall have had time to produce their national results, when our district will not only improve the material resources with which Providence, in "lavish kindness," has blessed it, but shall have brought forth from her humblest cottages jewels richer than all her gold and iron ores, and will have developed her resources of mind? Or shall we turn from all these inviting trains of thought to less inspiring, but it may be more profitable, subjects?

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, friends and patrons of this enterprise, do you wish this to be a good school? The pains you have taken, the expense you have incurred, the teachers you have selected indicate and warrant that high expectation. What is a good school? What things are necessary to constitute a good school? How may we know a good school? If any school is not

a good one, who is to blame? These are simple questions, but they are comprehensive and go to the root of the matter. We will not attempt to answer them formally, but will confine ourselves to one part of this subject. It is the impressive custom, in some branches of the church, when a new relation begins between a minister and his people, to deliver a solemn charge to both parties, showing the responsibilities resting on each. We may well, and without irreverence, be reminded of this custom on an occasion like this. The relation between a teacher and his pupils and patrons is second only to that between a minister and his hearers, in its wide and far-reaching results. Without claiming any authority, you will allow me to offer a few thoughts going to show the responsibility you incur by having an enterprise like this in your midst. There will not be as much order in the remarks to follow, as a little more leisure in this preparation would have insured, but they will all, I hope, have more or less connection with this subject.

THE NECESSITY OF CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE COMMUNITY AND PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

It has passed into a maxim in education, "As is the teacher so is the school." This is as true as most maxims. But there is another side to this truth. May we not say, "As are the parents, as is this community, so is the school?" We may notice at once a common, but, we must think, a mistaken excuse offered by many, "We cannot get a good school." Now, it is possible for a man of unusual intelligence, here and there, to be in a community which cannot sympathize with him, who may with truth utter this complaint. But when the complaint is general it is mistaken. As a general rule it may be said to every community, your school is just as good as you wish or can appreciate. Several things are necessary, on the part of parents, to make a good school. There must be some proper sense of the nature and importance of education. Children are born in ignorance and need instruction, they are depraved and need control, these may be said to constitute the whole of education, and in both of these respects parents should

have an enlightened estimate of its great importance. As regards instruction, the studies proper to be pursued, it would be out of place to say much. If we indulge in general remarks that is unprofitable, if we go into details, we become uninteresting to most of the audience. We can notice, however, some mistakes made on this subject. It is a mistake to take too narrow a view of usefulness in studies. For example, a parent intends to put his son into a store. He concludes that all the education he needs is to write a good hand and understand arithmetic. Because a knowledge of figures is useful, he goes to work as though the chief end of man consisted in adding up columns of figures. If your theory is correct, my friend, you need scarcely send your boy to school at all. Any clever Yankee will invent you a calculating machine for the price of one year's tuition. Give your son one of these and armed and equipped with that, he will enter into life an educated man. The question you should ask in the earlier stages of education is not, do you intend your son shall be a merchant, lawyer or planter, but do you wish him to be a man, a well-developed, symmetrical man? This narrow view is founded on the mistaken opinion that education is intended chiefly to insure success in life, meaning success in making money. You may frequently hear a parent say, "I have had a hard time in life; my boy shall fare better. I intend to educate him." It may seem to be going too far to find fault with this expression or the feeling which prompts it. We do not, in every case. But it may betray a total misconception of the whole matter. Suppose, soon after a boy or young man enters on his educational course, a good situation offers (and it is a suggestive fact that a good situation means a lucrative one), would not the temptation be too strong for many a parent? Would he not be willing to cut short the process and push him into life with an unfurnished mind, on the ground implied, and perhaps expressed, that as his only object was to secure a good situation, if the situation can be procured without education, there is a clear gain of time and money? Higher views than these must be taken, surely we will not have to travel very far along this line of thought until we reach the

emphatic declaration, " 'Tis not the whole of life to live," or this inspired maxim, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Another mistake is, many seem to think education will have some mysterious influence in purifying individuals, communities or nations, that an increase of intellectual culture will necessarily be an increase of individual purity or happiness. Did you ever know a man become a dangerous or useless member of society purely for want of intellectual culture? Or extend the question. You have read history, did you ever meet, in the cemetery of nations, with a tombstone containing this inscription: "Here lies the remains of a nation that perished for lack of intellectual culture"? Never. Have you any fear that this great nation will perish thus? You may as well fear that, at some future time, a majority of all our population will be idiots and there will not be sane men enough to take care of the rest. But parents, avoiding these and kindred mistakes, must understand the nature of education and feel its importance and feel and exhibit an interest in it. How can this interest be displayed? As you display an interest in anything else. You may occasionally meet parents who, when the teacher visits them or something else calls on them for a set exhibition of these feelings, will sorrowfully say, "It is strange, our boy does not take to his books." Now, we might whisper, It would be strange, indeed, if your boy did take to his books. Do you expect a casual and formal expression dropping from your lips will have more weight than the whole tone and complexion of your daily life and the general spirit and genius of your house? Will a man expect to gather when he has not sowed?

The press may groan beneath a burden of books, pamphlets and addresses on education, and yet the public mind is not stirred to its depths. Our people do not yield their sympathies and energies to this as they do to inferior causes. Let us seek a few proofs and illustrations of this. We may first call upon those whose positions and duties place them where they have the best opportunity to judge. Where is the teacher who has not to complain that he has not the sympathy and co-operation of the

community, as he needs and desires them? Where is the teacher who has not felt that he and his work are alike forgotten in the din and bustle of daily life and trade? There is in every community, on any one day, a great amount of awakened solicitude, a great many distinct feelings of interest and anxiety. How much of that solicitude, how many of those feelings relate to the schools, the teachers, the educational enterprises and efforts in their midst? Where is the teacher who has not felt that he would gladly raise his voice in the streets, or public square even, if he might only arrest attention and cry, "Ho, friends, stop a moment. I have something to say to you. If you had given me a dog to train, a favorite colt to break for you, you would show some interest in the experiment. But I have your children and you leave me alone. There is little or no intelligent or sympathizing co-operation between us." Compare for a moment, my friend, the triumphs and defeats, the excitement of the daily life of a teacher, with that of a man in the business walks of life. The one has something striking, something palpable to aim at, some speculation, some plan to accomplish, and closes the day of effort flushed with triumph if he has been able to increase his credit or resources. The teacher has no such object or hopes to cheer him on. He labors to arrest the attention of this boy, to repress this vice in that one, and to awaken to a sense of responsibility a third. Day and night it may be that he is haunted by the presence of some wayward pupil while the question still recurs, "What can I do to save that boy?" The father of that boy lives and moves in a totally distinct world of anxiety and effort, closes the day with triumph as he sees the success of some favorite plan, and rises refreshed in body and in mind and goes forth again to the arena where man jostles his fellows in the crowded race for money or for fame. The teacher, languid and hopeless, goes to wear out energy and health spending his strength on a clay-cold soil, that killeth every seed. The teacher often is tempted to envy the laborer, the citizen whom he passes on his way to his allotted task. "You go to work upon matter, which, though dumb and sluggish, is never untractable or refrac-

tory; I go to work upon mind, wayward, capricious, yet immortal mind." How often does one, in passing the schoolhouse reflect, "There is a work doing here"? There is perhaps a general suspicion that school examinations are more showy than solid. We allude to this, not for the purpose of either affirming or denying the justice of it. Suppose it entirely true. Is there not a cause? Cannot teachers, like other men, adjust themselves to the demands of society around them? Will they not learn, like other trades, to furnish the kind and quality of wares which their customers demand? May it not be, that highly seasoned fancy dishes are necessary to create a short-lived fictitious appetite in the absence of a healthy one?

A simple experiment might throw some light on the real interest existing, in any community, on this subject. Let it be understood that for one week, or even one day, the citizens would be expected to attend while their boys were faithfully carried over the plainest useful branches of education. Would the crowd and the interest correspond to the importance of the occasion? Might not an examination like that, or a plain address on education, be substituted for the Riot Act in dispersing a crowd?

But, not teachers only, their houses may be called on to give testimony here. In plain language, the schoolhouses of the land show, that, though education has taken its place among those subjects which are complimented on anniversary occasions, yet it has not a deep hold on the practical, earnest sympathies of our people. If I could call up before you these temples of Apollo as they are found, at the cross roads, in the old fields, pine groves, the chinquepin thickets, they would prove this without my feeble help. Horace Mann once said he wished it possible to preserve some specimens of our schoolhouses to instruct posterity. And what a collection of educational fossils they would make! Who has not some vivid remembrances of a wet day or a cold day in a country schoolhouse? Are there not communities, even now, where the hand of elegance and taste has retouched everything but the schoolhouse? Does not the traveler yet, after passing well-kept farms where the houses, the kitchen and even the

stables show progress and refinement, does he not yet meet a nondescript building which, by a very satisfactory rule of logic, as it is probably unfit for any other purpose, he concludes must be a schoolhouse, situated on some bleak, barren, sunstruck old field, where no sensible farmer would build his calfpen. And here your children spend the most tender and impressive years of life; here they come, to have their morals and manners refined and improved. Look at the facilities and apparatus with which our schoolhouses are furnished and judge whether our people rightly appreciate this subject. Take a single case. How many of them have even a map of the State? Has any attempt been made to furnish a history or a map of our State? The new map may be said to be out of reach of common schools from its price, but why is it that the old map is stored among book-sellers anxious to sell them at one dollar, and cannot even get that, while commissioners, trustees and parents are satisfied to let their children be without? Is it fanciful to trace one or two of our national traits of character to the bare, uninviting, uncomfortable style of our schoolhouses where the children spend the years when tastes and habits are formed? At the risk of being thought extreme or fanciful you will permit me to suggest this as one cause of two general defects in our character. The one is a want of general sympathizing love of nature, or to express it in a phrase of the times, the want of the esthetic element. Our people seem fond of visiting fine scenery and landscapes, but do they not go, in many cases, from some other cause than a warm and appreciative love of the beautiful? A lively French writer says: "Were I emperor, I would have the alarm bell rung every night as a signal for my people to go out and look at the stars." Even this desperate remedy would fail here. Our people, too generally, pass the season of youthful susceptibility and tenderness in scenes not calculated to win them to a love of the natural world. The common explanation is, that we are business like and practical, we have not time. Is not a better reason, we have not this feeling or passion to indulge? Another common, almost universal, trait of character may have its origin here. We mean a wanton love

of mischief, the wilful destruction of public and private property. The public buildings and public ways, the schoolhouses and churches will explain my meaning. Nations of Europe, for which, on set occasions, we express a great deal of sympathy and pity, can teach us a lesson of refinement, bluster and boast as we may. We are a nation of whittlers and scribblers. An intelligent traveler, blindfolded and set down in America, could tell where he is. See what our country Young America has done. Filled a continent with proofs of skill, energy and power until it almost quivers and palpitates with intelligence and life. He is now attempting to join the oceans. Young America can do all this, yet he can't keep from whittling. "Alas! the human mind is at fault."

Is not another proof of our want of interest found in the popular estimate placed on our literary institutions? Are they not often valued chiefly for the current of trade which eddies around each one? Is not this found the most effective argument to use in creating an interest, a spirit of benevolence to compete for the location of one? A very legitimate ground of value, but surely not the highest. These are only the meaner blessings which the genius of education shakes from her wings as she lights upon you to dispense her riches and priceless gifts. These are but the crumbs that fall from the table as she spreads it among you and invites your children to the banquet. But a more convincing proof is found in the estimate popularly placed on teaching, as a profession, and this is precisely indicated by the eagerness or reluctance with which young men enter it. Is it, continued, an avenue to wealth and position? Do young men of cultivated minds, when deciding on the claims and inducements of the different paths in life which invite them, do they seriously take this into consideration and does it require a careful calculation to decide where the preponderating advantage lies? Twenty years, ten years ago, could you have found a dozen men, of liberal education, who had made this the profession of their choice, not to eke out a scanty salary earned in another calling, not because failing in all other business they had resorted to this Botany Bay

of other professions; but because it offered the inducement whether of emolument or distinction for which they were willing to labor? Do you not, even now for a moment, involuntarily feel and perhaps express surprise, when in answer to the common question, "How long do you intend to teach?" a young man answers, "For life." Why do so many young men of promise enter it for a few years with a spirit and design which, freely expressed in words, would say, "Wait! I do not count this part of my active life. This is only a prosaic introduction to the heroic history of my life. This is only a stoop preparatory to the spring which I intend to make towards the prizes that life offers?" Why is changing from this to a profession so often considered as from a lower to a higher form of service? Why is it that you, even yet, find traces everywhere on the surface of society of the old opinion that while some intellect, some moral earnestness, some manly texture of character are needed to make a man succeed in any other liberal pursuit, it requires the smallest amount of all these to make a schoolmaster? Good, easy man, he only needs a little patience to make him just the drudge his menial offices require? Suppose, if you can, that it is common for young men to study law for a few years and then enter the profession of medicine, would you not consider it a curious and capricious distinction? Whenever our people become thoroughly impressed with the importance of their educational enterprises, they will not be satisfied with the immature and uninstructed, however sincere and animated, efforts of the young. They will add to the vigor and energy of youth the calm strength of manhood and the experience of age. They will call from all the walks of life, whatever of intellectual ability, whatever of moral strength, whatever of grace or dignity or power can be found, and shutting them all up in the colleges or schools of the land, bid them find there their most enlarged ambitions filled, their highest aspirations quickened, their intensest exertion whether of mind or heart tasked, by the grandeur and magnificence of the work set before them. They will not be willing to trust to weak or ignorant hands the perilous material of youth, which may be fashioned

into vessels of honor and beauty, or, which a rash or careless touch may mar or indent forever. Some one has here quoted the singular and suggestive fact that in all our literature there is scarcely a well-drawn character of a teacher. No writer of fiction has drawn the picture of a teacher as a man of commanding influence or character. Have you met such a one? Have they not all, from Domini Sampson to Ichabod Crane, something low or ludicrous? We mention this with no feeling of disappointment or mortification. The profession, which has furnished a real Thomas Arnold, may afford to bear this slight from writers of tales and novels. And yet, the teacher is in danger of yielding to low and unworthy views of his calling and its results. When in mature life some classmate or early associate rushes past him and astonishes him with the splendor of his establishment in life, the grandeur of his business schemes and plans, he is tempted to think he has spent the elasticity and freshness of youth and early manhood for low and ignoble ends, that he has wasted an amount of energy and thought and toil which, directed in another channel, might have won him fame or fortune. Moments like these stamp the character, give it tone and complexion for life. Let the teacher at such a moment call back his vagrant thoughts, wishes and impulses and recur to the elementary principles. Let him make one more attempt to grasp thoroughly the ever fresh, ever recurring problem. What is the meaning and worth of life? When is life a failure? Let him read Mrs. Barbauld's "Essay on Inconsistencies in Human Expectations." Let him read the life of Thomas Arnold. Let him go to the spot where Dr. Waddel lived and labored, giving to every young man who came under him an impulse and direction for life. Let him take, as his sure preventative against all heartlessness and despair, that sublime sentiment, "If I one soul impress, I have not lived in vain." There is one calling, but only one, which abounds in more lofty motives, more fruitful and undying incitements to duty than this. The teacher, who has consecrated himself to this high ministry, must yield very far to despondency before he can forget them all. Does his heart sink to reflect that history may forget to take his

name in trust, that neither Cranford, Powers nor Mills will perpetuate his memory by a monument? What of that? The gay traveler, or excitement seeker, will never ask his resting place. But, in after years, some old pupil, subdued, chastened by the stern discipline of experience, will turn aside from the thoroughfare of life and clear away the weeds a little space until he finds it and, the impressions of his youth coming over him, he will there consecrate himself to high and holier aims in life and the seed dropped by the hand that moulders beneath shall spring up and bring forth its appointed harvest. Isn't that a moment for which kings might wish to die? Why could not a man sleep as sweetly there as in Westminster Abbey?

But it will be sad and discouraging if we can go farther and find that what interest is excited in the community is not always rightly, or may we not say intelligently, directed. Just as if in war there is some important post to be gained which could be secured by the united strength of all our forces, and yet we are made sorry to find only a part engaged and even of this part some are wasting time and strength in wayside, profitless adventures. It might be unjust to apply to our country the severe remark of a foreigner, who says of his nation, "The very noise made about education shows that we have it not, as it is only lost articles that are cried about the streets." But there is too much vagueness in the excitement on this subject. You might, perhaps, embarrass many a father who is loud and sincere in his clamor for the education of his family, by the simple question, "Will you tell me exactly what you mean by educating your children?"

Thus far we have chiefly spoken of the interest which parents should take in school where children are *instructed*, but it is a place where children are *controlled*, and thus deserves the most serious and constant attention of parents. Tupper, in one line, crowds a great deal of important truth on the subject of education. Speaking to a father, about his son, he says, "Teach him courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee unanswering obedience." Is obedience a character of the home discipline of

our time? If so, whence come these troops of undisciplined boys who crowd our schools and colleges, who mistake flippancy for manliness and wild insubordination for spirit? How comes it to pass that the same qualifications are now required, or supposed to be required, to make a good teacher that are required to make a good police officer? Why is it that our young people so often carry, to the last stage of educational life, the school-boy notion with which they begin it, that all power exerted over them is necessarily opposed to them and that the only manly attitude for them is one of antagonism to it? Let us not forget, in all this bustle about education, one truth. It has been said that Providence, in bringing human beings into the world, does not place them in schools, but in families. I understand that to mean that school, efficient as it is, is at last only man's device. The family is God's great ordinance and institution and cannot, must not, be supplanted. The school cannot take its place, cannot do its work. If used as a help to home discipline they may be a blessing, if as a substitute for it they may be a curse. This matter can be illustrated by a reference to Sabbath schools. It is a historical fact that may have escaped the notice of some of you, that when they were first proposed many good men, even ministers, opposed them on the very ground that if benevolent persons undertook to give gratuitous religious instructions to children parents would relax their efforts at home. Does not the result show that they understood human nature well? Are not too many parents placing an unwarranted reliance on these agencies and relaxing efforts at home, expecting that, as they hear so much about their influence, they will, somehow or other, charm their children into the path of virtue or piety, forgetting that in the unfriendly climate of the world, the fruits of piety and truth do not grow up somehow or other, incidentally, spontaneously, but, so far as human instrumentalities are concerned, as the result of toil and prayer? The state, the churches and communities may sow institutions of learning broadcast over the land, they may build and endow a college or academy on every hilltop and, unless parents meet the untransferable obligations

imposed on them, those who expect a gracious regenerating influence to flow from the schools will meet with disappointment. How much of the ado and excitement about education, beginning with the manual labor system down to the last phase of the educational movement, is owing to an effort to atone for and remedy a felt and confessed deficiency in home government I will not attempt to determine. It is as much your duty, as a parent, to make your child obey you as it is to obey your Creator yourself. The Creator, in wisdom and kindness, has clustered us together in families and has made provision for each to be governed. We are in danger of carrying our boasted political doctrine of republicanism into departments of human duty, where they cannot be introduced without violating one great precept of the Lawgiver whose laws are often violated by individuals and communities, but never with impunity. Woe to the family governed, or rather misgoverned, as a democracy or republic. Every breakfast table in the land should have an autocrat sitting at each end of it. If this be understood as a strained or exaggerated statement of an unimportant point, or as an advocate of bloody severity or tyranny, it is entirely misunderstood. Look, for a moment, at an illustration going to show that kindness and vigor are not inconsistent. Mr. Rarey, an American, has a wonderful skill in training horses. Among others, one was pointed out to him, Cruiser by name, on whom the boldest ostler had never succeeded in putting a saddle. Mr. Rarey went into his stable, with a few privileged friends, and soon he and Cruiser came out, apparently on the most intimate terms. He could sit on his back beating a drum, could play with his dangerous heels and fondle him as a lap dog. What is the matter? Has Cruiser lost his senses? No, Cruiser has found his senses. And while we cannot tell the details of his system, we can hardly err in giving the following outline. Cruiser was given to understand that, if he was willing in good faith and without the slightest reservation, to confess (first privately, before a few friends, and then publicly) that Mr. Rarey was his superior and lawgiver, friendly relations might exist between them. But if not, there was trouble

ahead. I may have introduced this illustration somewhat too lightly for the subject and the occasion, but it is instructive. If you prefer, the instructions can be given in another shape by borrowing and accommodating a figure which has been used elsewhere. You may put as soft a glove as you please upon the iron hand of power, but let all concerned know and feel the iron hand is there. A parent once, placing his son, an only child and delicate, too, with a teacher, gave him some account of him as an indulged and playful boy, "But," said he, "I govern him with my finger." The teacher did not find him an abject, broken-spirited, unhappy boy, but a cheerful, merry pupil. And yet he showed that he was accustomed to prompt, cheerful obedience.

Neither the family nor school should be a place of sadness or gloom, but it must be a place where one will reign supreme and where unanswering and unquestioning obedience is cheerfully rendered, for the very reason that it is not obtrusively and formally demanded. That point, being clearly and beyond all possibility of mistake understood, these relations allow a wide field for the play of kindness and all the amenities of life. This subject, unfortunately, has come to be treated as a subject for ridicule or satire, but this is only another proof of how far we have drifted in the wrong direction. We frequently hear the remark made with regard to a parent, "He will suffer for his negligence in bringing up his children," but we often forget that society will suffer too. We too often look upon it is a domestic blunder instead of viewing it as a grave public evil. The transition, from being an undisciplined son to becoming an unruly and dangerous citizen, is easy and natural. A feeble, inefficient father cannot be a good citizen. He is nurturing, in his disorderly home, the very seeds of all anarchy and insubordination. He is allowing to grow up, around his turbulent fireside, those who will not only be allowed in the just compensation of a watchful Providence to tear the scepter from his feeble hands and trample his crown under their feet, but will rush out to shake terribly the framework of society. In the graphic sketch, which inspiration gives of the perilous times which shall mark the latter days, disobedience to parents is prominent.

What does this mean? Nothing? Was that an unmeaning stroke of Paul's masterly pen? All the educational institutions of society, beginning with the family, which is first in time and influence, are happily adapted to prepare the young for the privileges and amenities of manhood and citizenship, if we avail ourselves of them, to teach thoroughly the great lesson of supremacy of duty and obedience. Next to the truth which reveals to your child his own immortality, tell him that truth. Let his earliest instructions be turned mechanically around it, until his refined intellect can grasp it. Let it become imbedded among the most sacred principles of his nature. Let it grow with his growth. Let it be written as with a pen of iron upon the public mind of our country, if not too late, that obedience to law is man's highest privilege, intelligent, cheerful submission to just authority his noblest prerogative. Our country has much to fear from the opposite spirit, whether it exists modified and restrained among the educated classes, or finds its natural and legitimate development among the lower classes, who raise their terrific cry for liberty when they mean only bread and freedom from all restraint. We might show, too, the importance of the lesson to individual happiness. It is perhaps on this, as a trembling pivot, that the destiny of every human being turns. Shall I rule myself or obey the will of another? It seems an humble beginning when a child learns to tremble at a father's frown or obey the uplifted finger of a mother. But it is the first lesson which Providence intended him to learn and one which he may practice, in its manifold applications, through life. Let him learn submission then, and he will be prepared to listen to the utterances from that Throne which is the source of all authority and reverently say, "Speak, thy servant heareth."

This is a point, then, on which the teacher in the schoolhouse and the parent at home should give forth no divided or uncertain sound. No hasty partial statement should lead the parent into a harsh criticism on any regulation or act of the teacher. Even with reference to the teacher's superiors, those at whose will he holds his office, your intelligent board of trustees will unite in

the declaration made by a distinguished teacher in England, "Gentlemen, dismiss me if you please, but don't interfere with me."

Many teachers have sent a circular letter to patrons emphasizing the following points:

"Importance of punctual attendance.

"Encourage pupils to obey rules of the school.

"Encourage children to regard order and to do right.

"Manifest an interest in the studies of your children," etc.

If, in view of all these requirements we make of parents, one should bring up the old excuse, "We have not time to attend to all this," we could only repeat the old answer, "You must take time." Or will you prefer to take the position that the Creator has clothed you with the inalienable, untransferable obligations of a parent and yet withheld from you the means of discharging them? A parent should feel this to be his life work. Nor is poverty any excuse for not attending to it, but rather an additional reason for doing so. There are living proofs of the truth that no parent need despair of giving his child the best education the country can afford, if he only is determined to give and his son to receive it. Everett says that it is as foolish and short-sighted as being too poor to "spare seed corn." But, even if you cannot give him what is called an education, you need not send out an ignorant and undisciplined son. Teach him the great lesson of submission to divine and human law, teach him so that when the trying hour comes you can say to society, "Take him, he will be as faithful to you as he has been to me." And if you have nothing to give him but your vellum family Bible and your blessing, that will do. Society will find use for your boy. Society will give him work to do. If we could tell to what extent the parents and patrons of these schools feel the importance of these things, we could tell, in advance, what difficulty or what help these teachers will find before them. Taking for granted that these neat and commodious buildings are an indication of the public opinion of this neighborhood, our friends may surely expect largely all the sympathy and co-operation of whatever

kind they may need. They will, of course, feel the anxious cares, the moments of dejection and despondency which all who labor for others must feel. When the pomp and circumstance of the day shall have passed and the common daily toil, the regularly recurring duties of the school commence, they will feel hours of languor and of oppressive cares. But may I not pledge to them from you the active interest which a Christian community must feel in the education of the young?

Let me ask you, pupils, the plain, simple question, Do you wish this to be a good school? Whether your teachers, trustees and parents can make it a good school without your help I will not say. I will say, however, they can make it more easily with your help. The boys, even our country ones, are fond of talking about their rights. Yes, you all have rights. You all have the right to be kept from ruining yourselves. When young, you asked for a razor. There are many things as dangerous as that which you are ignorant of. You have the right to be kept from them. You have the right to the help of your parents in controlling your natural temper and feelings. But there are some things which, though you are young American white boys, you have no right to at all. You have no right to cause your father one anxious hour. You have no right to make your mother blush or shed one tear more for you. Your teachers will make rules. Obey them. Never ask whether Mr. Reid or Mr. Dennis is looking at you. That makes no difference. And then there are laws which your teacher did not make and cannot alter. They cannot excuse you, because they have to obey them as well as you. Of course you will try to obey these. Let all the neighbors around be able to say that the pupils here are quiet, truthful and orderly. Let everything around, let these very walls, remaining from year to year in their present cleanliness, bear witness that this is the home of thoughtfulness, innocence and purity. Let all the patrons and friends of these schools see clearly that their liberality and care are well bestowed. In a word, let your days here be spent in cheerful, happy industry. Let no day write anything against you, as a boy or girl, which it will make you blush as a

man or woman to think of or remember. A few years will hurry you out into life. You will occasionally meet each other as men. You will be glad to stop for a moment and clasp the hand of an old classmate. Live and act so that none but pleasant recollections will rush up from the memory when you meet hereafter, even when you wear gray hairs, one who can say, "We were schoolmates together at Reidville."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE PRESTON AND CALHOUN SOCIETIES ON JULY 11TH, 1860.

The subject is "*Some of the characteristics of the present age as illustrated by the progress of Astronomy during the last few years.*"

To some of you it may be only a development or even a repetition of what has already been suggested in the recitation room. To others it may not be entirely without interest or profit to have some very familiar tendencies of the age illustrated by references to a study which the avocations of daily life, the exactions of business, have kept them from pursuing.

1. *It is an age of restless activity of mind.* This trite remark can be proved as clearly by the current history of astronomy as by any other department of human effort. There was a time when the same textbook and even the same edition would serve successive classes or generations. But it is so no longer. The number of planets discovered during the college course of this graduating class is more than twice as great as the whole number of primary planets known at the end of the eighteenth century. On the last day of the last century only seven primary planets were known. On the first night in the present century (as if to signalize this as the century of astronomical discovery) one more was discovered. Soon several others were added, and then came a rest for many years. In 1845 the spirit of discovery awoke again and scarcely a year has passed since then without the addition of several, nine in less than a year. Within the last four years, seventeen have been discovered. This one fact will prove the assertion with which we began. True, all these planets are small, but they are as really satellites of our sun as the earth or jupiter. They do not glare on us from the skies so as to force themselves on our careless gaze. They lie among the hidden paths of the heavenly fields and require the closest scrutiny to draw them from their secret haunts. To this may be added facts of a

more general nature. We are more familiar with scientific expeditions than ever before. Some are avowedly astronomical, as the Chili expedition, undertaken to throw light on an important numerical quantity (Suns Pard'x) in astronomy, which being increased or diminished alters proportionately the estimated distances of all the planets from the sun, and has been quoted without change from one astronomical work to another since 1769. An opportunity similar to that which furnished it then, will not occur for several years to come. Our scientific men proposed it to congress as something worthy of our new and growing country. The result has not changed materially this important item in all astronomical calculations, but it has confirmed it by a new and independent train of investigation. There are other expeditions which, though not exclusively astronomical, have contributed directly and indirectly to the science. The Japan expedition (which is just beginning to bear fruit in the remarkable visit of the Japanese embassy) was chiefly commercial in its character, but a most peculiar and interesting contribution to astronomy was made by one of the party. In the rolls of the Smithsonian Reports, as well as in the annual course of lectures under the same direction, there is abundant proof that varied and exciting as are the subjects which occupy the minds of our people, the oldest science is neither exhausted nor forgotten.

(2) *It is an age when subjects are thoroughly examined.* We do not mean to provoke a discussion with those who mourn over the superficial knowledge of the times. There may be more superficial knowledge than ever before. There is also more knowledge which is not superficial but thorough and profound. Many illustrations could be given of this. The discovery of Neptune, '46, will readily occur to all as an event which could not have happened in an age pre-eminently superficial. For several years suspicions had been entertained that an undiscovered world lay beyond the orbit of Uranus. The foundation for these suspicions may be stated in very simple language. Stripped of scientific dignity and precision it is about this. Uranus did not come up to the schedule time. He was tardy. He did not travel as fast

as the books and calculations all said he ought to travel. When questioned about it he could only answer in a very confused and unsatisfactory manner that he was waylaid and hindered at some part of his journey. The suspicion arose that some new or unknown world was near enough at some part of the course to impede his progress by the all-pervading law of attraction. The problem then was, such effects being observed, what causes are competent to produce them? Or, in other words, what is the size, weight, orbit and present position of a world which would produce such effects as we see are produced on another neighboring world as large as Uranus is known to be? We can all see this is a difficult problem, how difficult none of us know, but the knowledge and boldness of the age were up to the demands of the occasion. Two astronomers, one in France and one in England, unknown to each other, attempted it, and both, with some qualifications, may be said to have succeeded. The French astronomer wrote to a friend in Germany substantially thus, "You are better situated just now than I am, try it; turn your telescope to such a quarter of the heaven and you will probably find a planet." Wednesday, 23d September, 1846, he did so and there within less than one degree was a new planet almost exactly the size of the calculated and predicted one. The same triumph of scientific discovery has just been repeated, though under circumstances less startling and picturesque, at the other extreme of our system. Mercury has been detected in some irregular movements not fully explained by any known cause. The same suggestion was thrown out about another planet, and a few months ago a French physician announced the discovery of a new interior planet. Another illustration will serve to show the extreme refinement and accuracy of modern science. A question which astronomers have been revolving with a degree of anxiety and interest which we cannot appreciate is, "How far is it to the stars?" A simple question truly, and one which has occurerd to many a child when viewing the skies at night, but if answered at all it has only been in our day. The difficulty does not consist in the fact that we cannot reach them, and carry the surveyor's chain or meas-

uring rod all over the intervening space. Elementary mathematics can teach us to measure an object precisely without this. Suppose we wish to measure the distance to the church on the neighboring hill. We simply measure a line, of any convenient length and direction, and at each end we measure the angle contained between that line and an imaginary line drawn to the church. With these data, one side and two angles, we can calculate either one or both of these imaginary lines. Suppose, now, the church to be removed thrice the distance, ten times the distance, one hundred times the distance, this makes no difference, the only difficulty which arises is when the church is so far removed that our measured line bears no appreciable ratio to its distance, it then forms what the books call an ill-conditioned triangle. Suppose, for example, you lay down a foot rule and measure the angle at each end of the church, that would be an ill-conditioned triangle and would require very accurate measurement to avoid gross error. Now, this is precisely the way, and the only way, by which distances of the heavenly bodies are measured. So it is very obvious that to find the exact length of a line which you can *not* literally measure, you must throw it into some known relation to a line which you *can* thus measure. Now, in the case of the nearest heavenly bodies, the moon and planets, there is no difficulty. The known line is the diameter of the globe in round numbers 8,000 miles. Two persons on opposite sides of the earth take observations and furnish data. But try the nearest fixed star and even with this, the triangle, of which one side is the distance of the star and the other the diameter of the world, becomes enormously, I had almost said ludicrously, disproportionated—ill-conditioned. But there is another resource left us. We are now in a position in space distant from that we occupied in space six months ago by the diameter of the earth's orbit 190 millions of miles. This immense line may be assumed as the base. The astronomer can take his measurements at one end and quietly wait until he and his world are carried to the other end. But even that line makes too ill-conditioned a triangle, it cannot be easily measured. It is about as ill-conditioned as if

you should close one eye and view an object about five miles distant, without moving your head and then close that eye and opening the other view the same object and attempt to measure the displacement of the object when thus viewed; that is to say, the distance between your eyes is as large when compared to five miles as this base line of 190 millions is when compared to the nearest star which will shine on you tonight. And yet the distances of ten or twelve stars have been measured with a very close approximation to truth. They are generally expressed in the time which light, speeding in with the terrific velocity with which it is known to move, would take to travel. For example, it would take light three or four years to travel from the nearest fixed star to the earth. Go out tonight and look up at the North Star, the queer sailor star, as it will throw its mild light o'er land and ocean to guide the mariner and traveler tonight. And as you watch, remember that the ray of light which entering your eye enables you to see it, left the distant world before your birth. Some one said years ago, "If the eye when it fixes its gaze upon the vault of heaven could see in fancy a causeway arched across the void and bordered in long series with the hills and plains of an earthly journey—repeated ten thousand and ten thousand times until ages were spent in the pilgrimage, then would he who possessed such a power of vision, hide himself in caverns rather than venture to look up to the terrible magnitude of the starry skies, thus set out in parts before him." One other instance may be given. Mercury, being nearer the sun than our earth is, sometimes comes immediately between us and that luminary. Two hundred years ago even, this phenomenon was recognized as a rare and interesting event, and all the resources of the science of that day were taxed to predict its return. They could not do so nearer than five days. One hundred years later the prediction came within as many hours. In 1846 Professor Michell went through the calculation of one expected that year and the prediction was true with an error of sixteen seconds, one-fourth of a minute. The great comet so memorable in the history of Charles V three centuries ago is now due. From defects in the best obser-

vation possible then, his orbit can only be approximately predicted. We believe no first-rate astronomer has ventured to predict it nearer than August, 1858, with a possible margin of two years either way. This time has almost expired. We may confidently say that when it does come it will be saluted and catechised as never stranger was before.

(3) *This is an age when mechanical skill and scientific culture are combined to an unusual extent*, the hands as well as minds of men are educated to a degree of precision almost incredible. Time was when the astronomer was compelled to grind his own glasses and divide his own instrument because he was in advance of the mechanic arts. It is not so now to any great extent. At the Crystal Palace in New York a few years since was an humble instrument called Whitworth's measuring instrument. It was intended to measure, and in the opinion of competent and critical judges did measure, the one millionth of an inch. One serious difficulty in mathematical education is the fatal facility with which we speak of numbers, without any intelligent effort to grasp their meaning. Few men have any conception of a million, and, of course, few can approach any conception of an inch divided into a million parts. Let us seek the help of a simple illustration or two. One million inches make something over fifteen miles. Now, imagine a line fifteen miles long. At one end of it place a line one inch long. When we speak of a line one-millionth of an inch long we speak of a line as much shorter than the inch line as it is shorter than the fifteen-mile line. Or, again, the thinnest sheet of printing paper is more than 2,000 times $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$ inch in thickness.

You have met the famous saying of Brougham that all the apparatus of the English government, queen, parliament, army, navy and all were intended only to shut up twelve men in a jury box. With less exaggeration it may be said that all the triumphs of astronomy, all the array of instruments in Greenwich observatory are intended to measure exceedingly small spaces of distance and portions of time. And to this exquisite problem the brute creation unconsciously contributed. The astronomer needs an

exceedingly fine thread to mark the precise middle line of the field of his view The finest silk thread when placed under the high magnifying powers of a telescope, becomes too gross and coarse in appearance. That which man in all his pride of intellect and cunning of hand cannot make, a thread sufficiently fine and yet uniform and strong, is made by the contemptible spider. A spider web is the favorite resource of the astronomer for purposes of delicate measurements. The problem to measure exceedingly minute portions of time will be noticed presently.

(4) *It is an age pre-eminently of practical utility.* And it will excite no surprise to see this joined with a preceeding feature. Not only *may* the higher scientific culture be joined to the greatest and most direct utility, but these *must* be united. The highest result of science is indissolubly joined with the comforts or necessities of daily life. Agassiz some time ago in an address used this language: "Whenever in my researches I reach a stage when my labors may be taken up and made *useful*, I make it a rule to stop, as I know there will be no lack of laborers on that part of the field." Then spoke the man of science, whatever may be thought of the modesty of the remark. It is not so much this or that part of astronomy which illustrates this view, but the very existence of the sciences is a proof. When Newton undertook to give system to the science he was indebted to the seemingly idle and useless speculations of the ancient philosophers about the figures which can be cut from a cane. We may, remembering this, apply to astronomy the remark which has been made referring to chemistry as related to the dreaming of the Alchymist, "She is the wise daughter of a foolish mother." Some one showed Epecurius a sun-dial as an illustration of the utility of mathematics. "Admirable invention," said the sneering and shallow philosopher, "not to miss the hour of dinner." Now, even to have our uniform hour of dining is no contemptible or trifling achievement. The citizens of New York, for a year or two, have been discussing the importance, in a business, social and commercial point of view, of having a precise and uniform standard of time. Six weeks ago they inaugurated, or rather

furnished to astronomers the means to enable *them* to inaugurate the plan of a time ball. As a few minutes before 12 each day a large ball, six feet in diameter, is elevated to the top of a high pole on the custom house. Precisely at 12, as determined by the nicest measurement of the most accurate instrument in the hands of skilful observers, it drops, and by this signal the inhabitants of the city and vessels in the harbor adjust their time pieces. Imagine a bustling New York merchant who says, "There is no use in telescopes, observatories and astronomers. Just give me a noon ball to set my watch by, that is all I want." But the astronomers and observatories and telescopes are all necessary to the punctual falling of the ball. And so there are men nearer than New York who feel, if they do not say, "What is the use of all this apparatus and all these instruments and observatories in the world? An almanac that cost me a few cents is all I want." Whatever your almanac may have cost you it cost the human race far more than that. The Chaldean shepherds had to watch the evening star as it threw its mild luster over their sleeping flocks, the biulders of the pyramids had to watch with baffled curiosity the stars as in the world's youth they shed their fresh light on the placid Nile or the barren sands. Thales and Pythagorus and Archimedes and Euclid and Hipparchus have to shut themselves up from the curious and dilatory circles of their active mundane countrymen and spend long years in painful study or travel. The Arabian in the middle ages had to steal an hour from his wild rapture and gaze on the mysterious dance of the planets. Copernicus had to reconstruct the entire system of astronomy, and labor, upheld only by that self-sustaining energy which genius furnishes in its loneliness. Tycho Brahe, in his observatory on a rock in the Northern ocean, had to amass his volumes of observation, undisturbed by all the revolutions which shook Europe beneath him. Galileo had to stand on his watch-tower and lift his tube which opened to him visions of loveliness and grandeur which had greeted no human before, on which he gazed till

"Blasted with excess of light,
He closed his eyes in endless night."

Kepler had to live through his wild and strange career as an astronomer persecuted and ridiculed, yet struggling in all the eagerness and intensity of a personal quarrel with Mars, to bind the eccentric and perfidious enemy in algebraic fetters. Newton had to gird up the powers of his mighty intellect and lead where but few in any one generation will ever follow him. Halley and Bradley and others had to retire to their observatories and spend their lives in silence, forgotten by their busy contemporaries who were gaining wealth and fame in the fields of labor. La Place and La Grange had to push their way through crowded and apparently conflicting ranks of algebraic formulas. All these and more had to live and labor before you could buy your almanac at any price. Until a few years since, every ship that left our shores had to be furnished with an English Nautical Almanac. But about 1855 our government published the first and they are now issued regularly. The American Almanac for several years, in addition to many things intended for the general reader and student, gave also some items intended to be used in observatories and on shipboard. The publishers expressed their regret that for all these they were indebted to English sources. In the Almanac for 1860, for the first time, these are omitted and the reason assigned. There is no necessity now to continue them as our countrymen have a first-class Almanac of their own. And now the American sailor with Bowditch or Maury's work as his textbook, with the American Nautical Almanac on his table, with the sextant improved, if not invented, by an American, in his hand, and the lightning rod of Franklin protecting him, in the floating palace which American skill guided by American science has furnished, its keel laid with the heart of Southern oak, its mast of Northern pine, he "muses the Monarch of her peopled deck" equal to any emergency.

(5) *It is an age in which the union between the different sciences is more manifest than ever before.* Almost every year furnishes some new illustration of the interchange of kind offices between this harmonious family. The two greatest and most original discoveries of the present day in astronomical science are

proofs of this, the one depending on a combination between the mysterious agent electricity and astronomy, the other showing an important contribution to the same science by the Daguerrian instrument. Until within the last few years the most successful way by which as astronomer could make sufficiently accurate observation on the stars was as follows. It may be necessary to remind some present that the telescopes which magnify the size, or rather diminish the apparent distance of the stars, also magnify the apparent motion. To the naked eye the stars seem to keep their fixed position almost for hours. But in the telescope, to adopt a singlar but expressive figure from Dr. Gardner, they seem like "golden bugs crawling along the sky with visible celerity." The astronomer wishes to note the exact instant when one passes over his head. He points his telescope upward, the central line being marked by the spider web technically called the wire. And to insure greater accuracy it was necessary to have several others on each side of this central one so that, by noting the passage over several an average result may be reached more likely to be correct than any single observation. The process was exceedingly intricate and involved a painful tax on mind and sense. When the star approached the field of view the astronomer, glancing at his clock, notices the hour and minutes, and catching up the seconds continues to repeat them audibly coincident with the ticking of the clock as he gazes through the telescope, his ear intent to catch the second, and eye on star, mind alert. Suppose when he repeats 7 the star is one side of a wire, and when he repeats 8 it in on the other. He then mentally divides the whole space passed over in this second into tenths and then estimates the number of these on each side of the wire and there an approach was made to even tenths of a second. But as you may see even from this hurried description the tax on the nervous system was very great. Now, electricity has relieved the astronomer of a great part of this painful effort. By a mechanical contrivance, which we cannot describe here, a connection was formed between a common observatory clock and a battery, so that at every vibration, a circuit may be *made* or

broken, suppose it to be made, then by means of a magnet instantaneously formed, a dot may be made by an iron pen. We will quote one paragraph from Mitchell to recall a remark made a moment ago. He was seeking a thread to connect the pendulum with his machinery. "I found it next to impossible to get any material which would answer the purpose. So delicate had the wire to be that a single fiber or filament of silk, a single human hair, as fine as ever graced the head of a beautious maiden, was all too coarse for this purpose. It had not the requisite spring for such a delicate movement. At length I went again to my old friend the spider and asked him to aid me in the dilemma. I spun from him a web, which for three long years in every second of time was expanded and contracted and performed the mighty service of uniting literally the heavens with the earth."

But suppose the connection formed, the clock vibrating seconds and at each vibration causing a dot to be made on a band of white paper, which unwinds regularly as in Morses' telegraph, an inch a second, time onto paper. You have only to suppose one other contrivance by which this circuit may be formed at any moment, even between the vibrations, and the astronomer may take his seat. He is not required to watch the seconds and keep their record, the machinery does that. He has only to watch the instant when the star is on the wire and touch a key, the record is instantaneously made. There on the paper (which he can measure any time afterwards) are the uniform dots an inch between them the dots to tell in what part of the second the phenomenon occurred. Time converted into space. He had only to measure with appropriate instrument the fraction of an inch on the paper, and he has the fractions of a second, so hundredths of a second are used every day in a working observatory. It required peculiar skill to note the passage of a star over five or seven wires and that could be done only for a short while, as the tension was too severe to be continued. Now the wires may be increased to twenty if desired and the observations continued almost indefinitely. Professor Mitchell says if one cannot measure below the tenth of a second, and drive our errors out of

the tenths into the hundredths, possibly into the thousandths, we may as well stop observing, for we have already rough data enough. "Electric clocks furnish time for a city or kingdom." The other original discovery of the last few years consists in the application of photography to astronomical purposes. Attempts were early made to obtain pictures of sun and moon eclipses and these were to some extent valuable. But quite recently another application of the Daguerrean invention has been attempted with a very remarkable degree of success. A very numerous and important class of heavenly bodies are double stars, some to the naked eye and many more to the telescope. It has been considered of very great interest to astronomy to measure the angular distances between them. This delicate and important problem has been very greatly aided by fixing their images on a sensitive plate which preserves the permanent record to be consulted and remeasured as often as may be desired. The great superiority of this method consists in the rapidity with which observations can be taken and their correctness, compared to the older methods. Many observations even hundreds can be taken at once as well as a single one, and their work night after night or weeks or months may be condensed into a few seconds. And it is estimated that one observation taken thus is worth, for correctness and precision, three taken in the usual method. This method has been successfully applied to stars of the fifth magnitude. If it can be extended to smaller stars, the field of rich and useful results will be almost indefinitely expanded. This depends on the degree of sensitiveness to which the Daguerrean plate can be carried. Here, then, is a most striking instance of a dependence between arts and sciences apparently unconnected. Any decided improvement now in preparing sensitive plates in the laboratory or Daguerrean room, would instantly enlarge the whole field of astronomical research.

It is an age in which the tendency of science to unite men and nations is more manifest than at any previous time. We say this *tendency* of science to what extent this union *has* already *taken place* is quite another question, it may be prevented by other

causes, such as the intense competitions among modern nations for commerce and empire.

Not a number of the Smithsonian Reports which does not return thanks to some steamship or railroad company for the free passage of men or instruments or to some country of Europe for offering free passage through the custom house of books or packages intended for scientific associations. Two little items from the newspapers of the present year will illustrate the same remark. One is an invitation from the Spanish "Royal Observer" to the nations of the earth who may wish to visit Spain for the purpose of observing the eclipse predicted in this month which passes almost centrally on that country. Fifty-four years ago an eclipse, of which this is the third return, took place. The nations of Southern Europe were at war. It was very soon after that the English army had in haste and retreat to bury a beloved commander without time to prepare a useless coffin, laying him in an enemy's soil with only his martial cloak around him. Now Spain invites the nations of the earth to visit her soil for a different object, to raise their astronomical breastwork on her olive-crowned hills and together push their conquest among the stars. The English minister resident at Washington has given public permission to our officers stationed along the sources of the Missouri to pass over into the British possessions for the same purpose. That is precisely the same line across which the Lion and the Eagle were exchanging glances. The stalwart young giant of the west was rambling along over his wide domains and it was said passed over the line, perhaps he was studying the stars too intently then, to notice an invisible line on the earth at his feet. The Lion told him, "I am monarch here." The absent-minded young hero, for he really did not mean any harm, was not unwilling to settle the difficulty peacably, claiming only the right to declare most positively, that if he did want to extend his walk in that direction all the monarchs in Europe could not hinder him. That cloud has passed and now the bold Englishman sends his invitation. "There is a fine spot on my plantation to observe a remarkable phenomenon, I will share my standpoint

with you, come let us study it together, I will not take any revenue from a brother philosopher." Almost every year, especially in our country, are munificent bequests made by individuals to science. Many present can remember when there was not an observatory worthy the name in all our nation. Now, in addition to several first-class ones which compare with any in the world, there is a score of private ones. A lady in Albany, Blandina Dudley, has given at different times more than $76,000 to an observatory. A few days ago the papers announced a present to Yale College of a valuable spot for the erection of one.

The study of astronomy is becoming more popular. The demand for textbooks is increasing. The newspapers publish more astronomical items, showing an increasing circle of intelligent readers. The publication of almanacs has grown to be a distinct and large branch of literature. We have spoken of those of higher pretensions, we allude now to the more popular ones. The different denominations make this the vehicle of disseminating interesting statistics to their people. These are worth to any christian family ten-fold their cost, if only to supplant the coarse and vulgarizing comic almanacs of our childhood. And shrewd business men have availed themselves of the American custom of every man having his almanac to cry their wares along with the music of the spheres. The almanac now serves purposes of which Newton and Halley never dreamed. The same page will now tell you exactly at what moment Jupiter rises or sets, and where Peter's Vegetable pills can be bought from the only authorized agent. And yet by a strange contrariety of effect, the very diffusion of astronomical helps prevents many from knowing anything about astronomy. It is so easy to refer to the almanac and learn the age or place of the moon we do not watch it ourselves. It is so easy to consult the watch or clock we have ceased to notice the sun or stars. It is not uncommon (though it surely should be) to find boys in intelligent families, who have finished their academic course, who do not know the North star. A lively French writer says, "Were I the ruler of an empire I would have the alarm bell rung every night as a signal for my

people to get out and look at the stars." Even that desperate remedy would fail in a great measure here.

So startling are the announcements of astronomy few could even possibly receive them as true, but for the indisputable fact that predictions founded on them are verified by the result. There is something sublime even in the common prediction of an eclipse. Have you ever tried to realize the scene? It is often a fascinating but useless employment to form pictures of things as they do *not* exist. But this is the more difficult and useful task of imagining things as they *do exist.* Suppose we could suspend at will the mysterious force by which the earth chains us to its surface, and leave it, until we were so distant that we could see the earth at a glance as a round globe, rushing on with rapid but noiseless flight. As it turns successively this side and that to the sun it is bathed in light, and its teeming millions wake up and spend the hours in the stir and bustle of active life and sink again to sleep and dreams. Near it is a small attendant world, which does obeisance to it by revolving around it in their onward march. Each of these, of course, is light on the side nearest the great sun, and in the opposite direction each casts its shadow of many thousand miles in length. As we watch this beautiful and wonderful mechanism the moon seems to be passing directly between the earth and sun. We almost tremble to see its shadow threaten to fall on the luminous side of the larger world. But it does lie right in its path. A sombre shade, a twilight gloom, gradually spreads and darkens until it rests like a funeral pall on a large part of the surface of the earth. It reaches a crowded island, or a populous nation. The startled inhabitants look up with a feeling of insecurity and dread. Monarchs and people, warriors and maidens, parent and child are alike helpless in the general consternation. In dumb despair or joining with the beasts of the field in frantic cries, they spend the few but tardy moments which measure the duration of this unnatural darkness. And with what thrilling and tumultuous joy do they greet the first direct ray which glides from the retreating moon and kisses the earth again, the joyful messenger

from heaven to assure them nature has returned to her usual course. The shadow reaches another and neighboring province. The inhabitants there, men of like passions with the others, with kindred endowments and capacities, are not startled. They are subdued into thoughtfulness or even seriousness as is meet, but not surprised. They expected it, they could tell, and did tell before hand, when it would come, they had even marked its course. "The total eclipse will first strike the earth in the Pacific Ocean off the mouth of the Columbia River. It will cross Washington Territory in a direction nearly E. N. E., pass through Hudson Bay, crossing over the Atlantic Ocean; it will incline south, striking the coast of Spain south of Bay of Biscay; crossing Spain in S. E. direction, it will strike the coast of Africa in Algeria, and passing along its northern shore leave the earth in Nubia near the Red Sea."

Such was the course they had marked out for it, and many had gone tedious and perilous journeys not to avoid it, but to plant themselves in its path to study it minutely. And did those small, frail beings, who could not be seen half a dozen miles from earth, no one of whom had ever seen one thousandeth part of the earth's surface at once, weigh and measure the earth, detect its secret motion, and count the number of miles it dashed along its trackless pathway every second, and foresee at what tick of the watch the earth would plunge into the dark shadow which lay hundreds of thousands of miles distant when they made the calculations? "What a piece of workmanship is man." And yet what a strange combination of ignorance and wisdom. He who can tell all these wonders and go through all the toil and expense to study an eclipse cannot tell one hour beforehand whether some flying clouds may pass over his head and render all his preparation entirely useless. He who can tell the position of Mars or Jupiter or the moon one hundred years hence cannot tell when hailstorm or tornado will leave a town in ruin, whether an untimely frost this fall may not blast the hopes of the husbandman and threaten the nations with famine and poverty,

cannot even tell what will be the condition of his own body tomorrow.

Young Gentlemen of the Preston and Calhoun Societies: I gladly embrace an opportunity to express, thus publicly, the estimate we place on your societies as parts of our intellectual apparatus and furniture. We have seen their good results. We hope, and confidently expect to see them in an increasing degree, now that you have both passed through the dangers incident to a new organization, now that both have a comparatively large proportion of your membership, trained by several years of experience to excite and guide your intellectual life, now that you have all begun, it may be presumed, to study that lesson which Americans should begin early and continue learning all through life—the difference between freedom and lawlessness, whether in debate or personal intercourse with others.

You bear two honored names. To both of which death and history have now set their seals. See to it that no relative, no friend, no countryman ever has cause to blush at the association of his name with you as a society or as individuals.

I see the Palmetto upon the breast of the admirer of Calhoun. Let him remember that to wear that historic symbol is at once a privilege and a responsibility. Whether it floats over the field of battle the sign of hope and triumph high, or whether it sparkles on the bosom of the thoughtful student his chosen badge of literary knighthood, it pledges him who adopts it, in the one cause or the other, to something elevated, generous, noble.

The follower of Preston has embodied the high resolutions, the lofty purposes, the pure aspiration which stir his young bosom in the wreath and crown. Let him remember that these come only when the race has been finished, the battle manfully fought.

May the one rest at last beneath the tree of life, and the other gain the wreath which is imperishable, the crown which fadeth not away.

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER 21ST, 1870.

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You will never, gentlemen, secure, as your anniversary orator, that "faultless monster," a schoolmaster of several years standing, who has no hobby. Yet, you will expect him to practice some self-denial. He will certainly abuse your kindness, if he avails himself of this position, only to cry his own wares, or to advertise his own favorite haunts in the wide field of educational theories. At our first meeting, instead of trying to give any detailed or specific helps to the younger members of our body, you will perhaps allow me to take a wider range, and fill up the hour with

SOME OF THE MISTAKES WHICH A YOUNG TEACHER MAY MAKE.

He may overrate his professional influence. Coming to his work fresh from books, misled by vague and extravagant eulogies on education; trained, perhaps, to feel a scorn for the practical side of life, he may naturally exaggerate the worth and power of intellectual culture. He may forget the obvious truth, that what a man *knows*, is one thing, while what he *is*, is quite another. Let him look through history, and in all the cemeteries of nations, he will not find a single tombstone with this inscription: "Here lie the remains of a nation which perished solely through lack of intellectual culture." Or, closing the printed volume, let him walk thoughtfully among his fellowmen. He will rarely find one who (to use a simple but expressive phrase) goes to ruin, simply because he does not know any better. If he will even hurriedly review the usual studies which enter into the academic course, he will make the same discovery. Grammar teaches the pupil to speak and write correctly, but words of unkindness, or impurity, or falsehood, may flow in grammatical precision from his lips. Geometry can show him many useful properties of lines

and curves, but he may still wander widely from the curve of beauty in manners, or the line of duty in morals. Laden with all that mathematics can give him, he may plunge by the "curve of swiftest descent" to ruin. Even in moral science, there is, unfortunately, no necessary connection between theory and practice. All the maxims which Bishop Butler knew, may be safely lodged, not only in the memory but in the understanding, of the student. And yet they may be just as external to his real character, just as uninfluential, as they would be, if, printed in a book and worn in his breastpocket. Young Teachers, be warned and guarded at this point. Give your pupil a key to Davies' Arithmetic, and call him a mathematician if you will. Or give him a translation of Horace, and call him a linguist. But do not commit the equal blunder, and greater crime against society, to excite and train his intellect alone, and call him a fully-educated man.

But the young teacher may even overrate his own *individual* power and influence. This, brethren, as you know, is one of the "easily besetting sins" of our profession. Our scholars cannot answer us back. We meet in daily life only those inferior to us, in wisdom, experience and strength. We are subjected, in no small degree, to the danger besetting the ruler who has uncontradicted power. The popular idea of a schoolmaster, as embodied in many a ludicrous page of fiction, shows him to us, as a dogmatic, self-confident man, who cannot bring himself to utter the four simple words, "*I do not know.*" He is a great man on little things, and a little man on great things. He is autocrat (despot, perhaps,) over his little subjects, for five days in the week, and a cipher among grown men through Saturday, Sunday and vacations. He is an angular, "unlovable man," or perhaps the idea of manhood even, scarcely is necessary to the popular conception. He is a punctually working machine, constructed to secure certain results, to insure, for instance, that no verb ventures out without a well-mated nominative, etc.

THE YOUNG TEACHER MAY UNDERRATE HIS OFFICE AND INFLUENCE.

He may sink his round of duties into a mere bread-getting trade. His aims and achievements may be as entirely mechanical and characterless, as if he spent his time showing boys how to tie and untie curious knots in a string. And the popular estimate of his duties and office may confirm him in this mistake. A close observer has said that women have been too much flattered, and too little respected. Perhaps the same remark may be applied to teachers. Several easily-applied tests will detect, in any community, a want of earnestness in the popular theoretical estimate of the teacher's office. Men are tolerated in it by public sympathy and support, who would not be tolerated elsewhere. It has long been (and still is to too great a degree) the Botony Bay of other professions and trades. How readily it suggests itself to those who, by the practical criterion of success, are pronounced unfit to continue in other professions! Even the broken-down *debauchee*, who could not be entrusted with a pair of carriage-horses to take care of, has found *friends* who felt they were doing a benevolent act in getting a country school for him! When his very presence is a ceaseless training to the pupils in coarseness, vulgarity, and vice! Again, the want of sympathy from parents and citizens may help to lead the young teacher into this mistake. He sometimes feels an impulse, as he walks the crowded street, to raise his voice in a desperate effort to secure attention—"Ho, friends! Stop a moment, I have something to say to you. If you had given me a dog to train, or a favorite colt to break for you, you would show some interest in the experiment. But I have your children, and you leave me alone."

But the teacher must struggle against the natural and disheartening effect of all this. It may be fatal to all healthy, cheerful energy, or may even bring him down from the region of earnest, manly complaint or expostulation, to that of perpetual grumbling, or even whining. There are dangers besetting him, over which he has more direct control:

HE MAY FAIL TO CARRY ON HIS OWN IMPROVEMENT.

He may be satisfied if he carelessly (not to say insincerely) urges others to a love of learning, while his own is at fault. He may indolently stand still, except when on rare occasions a venturesome "big boy" comes at his heels, and makes him move a little forward or sidewise, as the case may be. His life may be spent with a book in his hand, and yet he may have no love, original or acquired, for it. He may, literally, in his intellectual travels, illustrate Robert Hall's "perpetual motion without progress." His original stock of knowledge may have been large or small (these terms being wholly relative), but it may lack the vital element of growth. In geography, he may still look on all the region west of the Mississippi as a vast "desert inhabited by roving tribes of Indians and buffaloes." And his knowledge in other branches may be in fit proportion to this. His knowledge and character may want that generous air or flavor, which can come only from widening views of the proportions of truth. He may look around with satisfaction, or even complacency, at the small circle of light, when he should be gazing with awe and quickened aspirations, into the larger surrounding circle of darkness. Some teachers, thus, never become experienced in their daily round of duties. Experience, in any valuable sense, is not a physical or chronological attribute. It is not measured or conferred, by beats of the pendulum, or by lapse of time. It comes from the kind, and amount of earnestness, sympathy, and life, which we throw into our common successes and failures. Without this, gray hairs may find the inexperienced veteran still "dropping his bucket into empty wells."

But this improvement does not only consist in mental growth. It implies growth in character as well. Bacon somewhere says, the man who does not take pains to improve his character, is like the laborer who never stops to whet his scythe.

My brother teacher, is this the reason why you and I have spent many a fruitless day in the schoolroom, feebly swinging around our dulled and blunted scythes, trampling down a field white for the harvest, yet gathering few sheaves for all our toil?

The teacher must struggle against many enfeebling and unfortunate surroundings in this respect. In some points of view our position is not favorable to the cultivation of a broad, symmetrical character. We have not the needful pressure and discipline which comes from attrition and collision with men. We live in a theoretical world. We do not necessarily touch life in its palpable results. We are apt to be flattered by seeming successes, while we take no warning from real failures. We need then to keep alive the growth and freshness of our minds, by frequent inroads into new pastures. And that other part of our nature which is not merely intellectual, will be greatly benefited by habitual, unprofessional intercourse with some real want or interest of society. Dr. Arnold dreaded the possibility of his trying to quench the thirst of his pupils from a stagnant pool, instead of a flowing spring! The teacher is expected to finish the education of successive classes, and boy generations, but his own must be still incomplete. It is an endless experiment, an unsatisfied aspiration. He must, to the last, guard against mechanically urging others up a pathway, which has proved too barren or steep, to entice or retain his own footsteps. Let him beware of solemnly exacting growth, system, fidelity, in his schoolroom, while stagnation, confusion, and anarchy reign in his own bosom.

THE TEACHER IS IN DANGER OF TRUSTING TOO MUCH TO THE MACHINERY OF EDUCATION.

The term machinery is often applied to the apparatus and helps which are resorted to for the purpose of extending the efficiency of educational plans. Thus used, the term is convenient and useful, but dangerous. A school furnished with all needful appliances—house, teacher, trustees, furniture, and apparatus—is not a loaded cannon, which a child, or a coward, can discharge with as much efficiency as a giant. It is rather an arrow, which, however keen and well feathered, can have no force which did not, in some shape, slumber in the arm that sent it. All educational schemes must be worked by living force. And perhaps this cannot be done without an earnest and real, even painful, expen-

diture of effort. Let the following, taken from several earnest thinkers and workers of our day, be suggestive:

"The common expression, 'the *luxury* of doing good,' is founded on a mistake."

"Whoever would remedy misery must himself suffer."

"To touch the substantial miseries of degenerate man, is to come within the infection of infinite sorrow."

Robertson, of Brighton, was mortified when his hearers condescended to praise him. He said, "Here am I, spending my heart's blood to be the religious teacher of this people, and they praise me as a pleasant speaker!"

And Ruskin seems to approach the same great truth from a different direction, when he says, "We continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the mischief of a cross was its weight—as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be crucified on!"

Do these utterances offend or startle any teacher? Why should they? Unless we are trying to rise into this region of effort and achievement, our daily business is a commonplace trade, a sleight of hand, as unmeaning as if we were drilling monkeys or training parrots.

THE TEACHER IS IN DANGER OF BEING MISLED BY HIS OWN ASSOCIATIONS AND PREJUDICES IN HIS WORK.

The relative claims of the scientific and classical courses have been fully discussed of late. Perhaps every candid man, who has been able to keep abreast with these discussions, will admit that his original opinion (whatever it may have been) has been somewhat modified, even if it has been confirmed in the main. No attempt will be made now to give an opinion, or to sum up the arguments on both sides. Up to a certain point (but on the precise location of that point turns the whole controversy), you need not inquire what trade or calling your pupil intends to follow. He ought to be educated not simply or chiefly because he intends to be a farmer, lawyer, or statesman, but because he is a human being, with capacities and powers, with inlets of joy, with possibilities of effort and action which no trade or calling can satisfy

or exhaust. An educated mind is not (or should not be) an implement fitted to this shop or that office. It is a power which can be readily thrown into any required shape. And yet it is much easier here to see a part than the whole. It is very easy to declaim against utilitarianism, but who will advocate a system which has no utility in it? Or, is any utility found in it, only an incidental and tolerated appendage, not entering at all into its merit or substance? Is an education to have no reference whatever to the probability that the subject will live in America, Africa, or Jupiter? or whether he will probably live on air, manna, or bread earned in some honest calling? On the other hand, is the whole ground covered—are the highest demands of his nature met—when you have trained him to be a skillful day-laborer? But there is no intention to go farther in this direction. Perhaps, in most cases, this question is practically decided by the age or resources of the pupil or the views of his parent, before the case reaches us. And perhaps, when not on avowedly controversial ground, all will freely admit that our education should be as thorough, as real and life-like, as possible. A student may have "finished geology," and yet not know the name or qualities of the rock on which he puts his foot to step from the recitation room. He may calculate an eclipse, and yet never gaze with intelligence at the star or planet which shines in his window every evening. He may have recited his history lessons perfectly, and yet any little freak of public opinion, as displayed in a village election, may take him completely by surprise. As was said of an English statesman, he may know man, yet be wholly ignorant of men.

We just wish to go far enough here to impress upon the teacher one caution. Let him not rest satisfied to think that his course of studies is "eminently practical," or "admirably fitted to prepare pupils for business or life." To accomplish this, the style and spirit of your teaching are of more significance than the list of studies on your circular. The *Digamma*, in the hands of one teacher, may be more suggestive and more practical, in every worthy sense, than the steam engine in another.

Many years ago, an American boy of thirteen, one evening after dark, slipped a pair of spectacles from his uncle's pocket, and with boyish fun put them on, and went in the yard to look upward. *That look made him an astronomer.* He was near-sighted without knowing it, and until that moment the skies had always appeared in a confused glare of light. But the brilliant, well-defined points, which then met his eye, kindled a spirit which bore him through failing health, until, dying at twenty-two, he left a name still quoted with honor in the records of astronomy. Your theoretical programme of studies in your school may be faultless, but has your pupil, by your help, ever swept around that clear, decisive, transforming gaze, which, as in a moment, may turn the aimless "getter of lessons" into the earnest, thirsty seeker after knowledge? if so, it is not a question of prime importance to which particular point in the horizon his eyes were directed at the moment. Let it be the etymology of a Greek verb, which flashes light into his mind, or a mathematical formula, starting up as a thing of life before his eyes, a star above him, a rock or flower beneath him, or a sudden glance into the mysteries within him.

If the leading educators of Christendom could agree with unanimity on a course of studies, as absolutely the best, or perfect, it would still be a work of time and toil and patience, with its help, to train the unobserving, impulsive boy, into a large-hearted, open-minded, clear-headed, keen-eyed, ready-handed, sure-footed man!

THE YOUNG TEACHER MAY FAIL IN PATIENCE.

Many persons seem to have a low and even false conception of this trait. Some even consider it a cheap, commonplace, or contemptible virtue, if that combination of words is at all allowable. Its etymology might teach them better. *Patience* is born in *suffering*. It does not mean or suggest a stagnant, Dead Sea of character, without waves, or currents, or depths. It implies strong powers and impulses, in earnest tension, but under quick control. An appeal to the exercise of patience is not a call to lay aside manhood and strength, but a summons to the completest display

of both. Have patience, then, with yourself; not with any avowed vices or cherished weaknesses, but with your repeated failures, in the ceaseless and still renewed struggle after something higher and more satisfying in life. Have patience with your school. Your wish and purpose will far outrun your performances. The school actual, on Friday evening, will fall sadly below the school ideal of Monday morning. Have patience with your country. It has not yet passed the first stage of national growth, answering to the period of early life in individuals, when physical passions are strong and clamorous, while moral impulses are weak or fitful. Have patience with your Christendom, burdened, anxious, weary Chistendom. Have patience with your race, your wayward, forgetful, slow-learning race. Have patience (the remark is not irreverent) with your Maker, the Infinite Ruler of the universe. "Our noisy years," or centuries, are "but moments" in the slow unfolding of His stupendous plans.

In your most thoughtful moments, you will not be able to attain to any worthy conceptions of the society, or the scenes in which your present pupils will be agents or sufferers. To fell these forests, or clothe these worn-out Atlantic slopes with new verdure, to tunnel these mountains, to bridge these rivers, and lay a telegraphic cable on every ocean bed; these, and tasks like these, with which poets and orators have made us familiar, will be the lightest problems which will meet the next generation. And these will most surely be done. Wants and demands like these insure their own fulfillment. There is no more cause for a serious fear that these will be left undone, than there is to fear that the next generation of men will lose a great amount of money from inability to calculate interest on notes, or that they will lose a great amount of time while hunting about for New York and San Francisco, with too little geographical knowledge to find them easily. But there are other and far more formidable questions they must meet—questions which have been standing over for decision or solution for ages, gathering new complications with every year, "questions the ages break against in vain." Christendom, with many chronic ills so often slightly healed, is getting

more and more restless, as a "strong man in his agony." The standard of physical comforts is rising more rapidly than the ability of unaided labor to procure them, bread becoming dearer and "human life cheaper" with every passing generation, the lines between grades and classes practically becoming more sharply drawn, crowds of empty-handed men rushing into life demanding food, clothing, shelter, and privileges, often clamorous for *rights*, but with a feeble sense of *right*. From the Crystal Palace of Paris, a few years since, a polyglot assemblage sent up a hymn of thanksgiving in recognition of the universal brotherhood of man. On that spot tonight, old men, pale women, and little children are suffering the horrors of a siege. Just in the midst of great designs for the advance of science and social improvement of our race, "war stamps his red foot, and nations feel the shock!"

Lessons of history, gathered from the wrecks of perished empires, and quoted with equal fluency by schoolboys and sages, as undisputed maxims, have been received, applauded, and forgotten, just when the historic moment struck when they ought to be applied. Must it be always so? Will the disheartening maxim, "Experience is a light in the rear of a ship," be forever true? Must the vessel which carries all the precious stores, gathered in two thousand eventful years of Christian civilization and history, be forever entering into new seas, its stern lighted up with an appalling glare on shoals and breakers behind, while its prow cuts an impenetrable cloud?

"They tell us, in the dreaming school,
  Of power from its dominion hurled;
When high and low with juster rule
  Shall share the altered world.

"Alas! since time itself began,
  That fable hath but fooled the hour!
Each age that ripens power in man,
  But subjects man to power."

Thus wrote Bulwer, the young poet. Will Bulwer, the aged statesman, tinge the lines with a more hopeful hue?

A traveler in Europe, a few years ago, said to a citizen, "There are only two subjects worth one hour's discussion—religion and politics—and your lips are sealed on both." There are important points connected with these vast subjects which cannot with propriety or profit be introduced here. Yet these far-reaching questions touch vitally our daily duties and employments in the schoolroom, and a few remarks may be given to each.

Every one of our pupils is a responsible being. If that is true in any weighty or worthy sense, it points to a great fact in his history, and must color our intercourse with him. He is responsible to whom? To history, posterity, or society? These judges are too weak, capricious, or remote to restrain him. Is he responsible to himself, or any part of himself? Then he, the same person, is judge, lawgiver, witness, culprit, and executioner, all in one! That feature of education which treats of this responsibility (you may call it moral, ethical, or religious) is not an additional postcript, or supplementary chapter to the book, it is the style in which it is written. It is not an additional limb to the body—it is the life-blood. The education which entirely wants this feature is not only defective in degree, it is wrong in kind. It not only fails to gain a much desired point, but it reaches in the wrong direction. Among the solemn forms of law which are frequently degraded by familiarity, is the emphatic reminder, which our country utters to every evil-doer arraigned at her bar—"Not having the fear of God before thine eyes." Will the future historian of the Decline and Fall of the Great American Republic ever have occasion to quote this?

The word politics, in its better and historic sense, means the welfare of the state. To this no good citizen can be indifferent. There are periods in history, when the impulse is strong which urges a man to say, petulantly or desperately, "Let the country go to ruin, if it will let me alone." It may serve to answer, "It will not go to ruin and leave you alone. It will drag you with it." The following, quoted from a New York periodical, met my eyes, while preparing these pages:

"To a young man, who expects to live and die an American, there are some aspects of our present condition that had better be studied on bright days and under cheerful circumstances. Plunder is legalized with a facility that is encouraging to schemers. Marriage bonds are legally sundered with little cost to the promoter of the separation. Ordinary crime is a mere passing incident of city life, of which no one who knows the town makes much account, and murder is reduced to the minimum of risk to the ruffian. The reign of law is a good phrase in science and history, but it is a thing of memory. We live in an interregnum. Some sneer, some are indigant, some are discouraged, some are very sorry, some are unspeakably bitter, some discuss and meditate swift remedies. A man of good character and average sobriety stated to friends, the other day, his willingness to act on a committee to hang a judge, and he named his man."

Now, you may take either view of such statements, and they are instructive and suggestive to us as citizens and teachers. Suppose them to be wholly false or largely exaggerated.

Then they show the fearful extent to which the natural and common fault of intense and indiscriminate partisan accusation may go. This is one fatal effect of party zeal and rage. It leads to the use of habitually strong language, where there is no corresponding conviction or sentiment in the mind. It thus demoralizes our daily language, stripping it of all sincerity or emphasis. And this must, by a sure and not tardy law, corrupt our estimates of acts and men, and palpable corruption in individual, social, and public life will follow. It has always been too common in free countries for parties to toss back and forth the grossest charges, when, perhaps, in neither, is there any real feeling of sadness or sympathy with a suffering country. If the gravest evils, which have been threatened or denounced by one party on the other in this country for eighty years, should, in their literal extent, fall on an ill-fated generation, they will, most probably, take by surprise the very men with whom it had been a life-long, commonplace habit to predict them.

But let us take the other possible explanation of such state-

ments, which now form, unhappily, so large a portion of our current literature. Let us suppose they are not substantially exaggerated, but may represent, not unfairly, the condition of any portion of our country. They seem to show that a most unpleasant fact, often forgotten conveniently, or explained away, must soon be taken for granted, and provided for by parents, teachers, and law-makers, that is, *human depravity.*

Even now you may often find in the correspondence and free communications of the wisest and least excitable statesmen of the leading nations of the earth, an undertone of seriousness, or even sadness. You will not err greatly if you understand it as a simple, frank appeal for help and light. "Teachers of every class and kind, ministers, come and help us if you can. The truth is, our fellow-man has sadly disappointed us. We thought with the ballot-box, trial by jury, and *habeas corpus*, he could take care of himself. We thought human depravity was an abstract question for theologians to quarrel over. We never dreamed that *it* would come in to spoil our fine political theories. But the truth is, human nature is fast becoming unmanageable. Come and help us if you can, for we are at our wits' end."

Those who, thirty years hence, will correct, perpetuate, or intensify the evils supposed to exist in these representations, are now on the benches of your schools. Any evil passion which will then fearfully shake the frame-work of society, is now slumbering in a schoolboy.

> "Harness it down with iron bands,
> Be sure of your curb and rein!"

Every pupil now untaught, or badly taught, adds one to fearful improbabilities against us. Remember that while education (if you will sufficiently enlarge and dignify the term) may save us from untold evils, eulogies on education never can. You cannot, of course, by anticipation or rehearsal, take your pupils through the crises and duties awaiting them, but you may do much to impart or strengthen the spirit, which will fit them for the future. They may live hereafter in a land of outward plenty.

So teach them that they will not mistake plenty for prosperity, a voluminous census report for an inventory of happiness, the means of good living, for good living itself. Your pupil may live in an hour of sadness in his country's history. Let him know and exhibit, that there is nothing in common with the deep, sincere sorrow of the disappointed lover of his nation and race, and an outbreak of vulgar passion or mortification. Let him know that to the patriot,

> Grief should be like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
> Confirming, strengthening, cleansing, making free,
> Strong to consume small troubles!

His life may be spent in a majority. Let him be so taught that he may avoid the dangers of uncontrolled power. If the desired prize of victory either by the ballot-box or the battlefield, is allotted to him, let him seek earnestly the rarer gift, the wisdom to know how far to press it. Let him rise to the elevation where he may say to his weaker antagonist, "I have disarmed you by force, I will conquer you by just and fair treatment."

Or he may, in opinions, be in a minority. Let him know the privileges and responsibilities of his position there. Let him be able to say, "I cannot fawn, or cringe, or flatter. I will not mock, or curse, or revile. My maturist views of man and government, of history and society, must be completely reversed, before I can expect a just or stable government, with the measures you propose. But I will trample under foot the base suggestion to madly hasten the ills which, I fear, are imminent. I may be a disappointed, even a wronged and outraged man. But I am not, therefore, a reckless, frenzied man, willing to bury society in ruins, if I may but crush others with myself."

He can learn to oppose, not in a personal, passionate spirit, but his opposition must be calm, strong, sincere, well-defined. And even if he lives in a historical crisis, where his country finds neither "strength in her arm, nor mercy in her woe," there remains to him, then, the last, and perhaps the noblest triumph of patriotism. Let him stand, calm in his own integrity, and "gaze on successful tyranny with an undazzled eye."

Let us teach the pupil by precept and example, if it may be, o be exacting on himself, yet lenient to others, pure, yet tolerant. For, one thing is certain. All shades and phases of opinions will e represented among our forty millions of citizens. Those who prefer a wide gauge on the railroads, and those who prefer the narrow gauge: the advocates of free trade, and the supporters of a tariff: the firm believer in universal suffrage, the believer in a modified suffrage, or in no suffrage: the conscientious upholder of the divine right of monarchs, the equally conscientious defender of the divine right of magistrates or masses: those who think it may be proper, after a while, to take on some ballast, when we have spread all our sails, and those who think "all sail and no ballast" is the very perfection of government, or that, by a happy compensation in political mechanics, the sails *are* the ballast: those to whom the year is one long Fourth of July, and those disposed to take more prosaic views of national duties and dangers: the young man who cannot be made to feel a fear, and the old man who can scarcely be induced to indulge a hope: all these must live together here. And they must do this without poisoning the well-springs of society, or bringing on a state of anarchy and lawlessness, where every man gazes defiantly or suspiciously in the face of his fellow. CAN THIS BE DONE? Are there moral forces, active or slumbering, in our modern society, sufficient to carry it safely through the strain now upon it? That question, in some form, meets the thoughtful observer of life every hour in the day! "He may be unwise who is sanguine, but he is unmanly, unpatriotic, and unchristian, who despairs."

Let it be our constant aim, that every day spent in the recitation room may tend to furnish those results which the Prussian king demanded from his university—"FRUITS, GENTLEMEN, FRUITS IN THE SOUNDNESS OF MEN."

NOTE: See "Regrets of an Old Teacher."

ADDRESS MADE BEFORE THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, MACON, GA., 1875.

Subject: "Let Your Life be Quiet," and "Let Your Quiet Life Leave Its Memorials."

If you think of the word quiet as opposed to outward trouble, the maxim will seem strange or affected. It amounts to about this: Let your life be free from external troubles or alarms. Let your eyes see no painful sights. Let your ears hear no disturbing sounds. You may as reasonably hold out your text-book, and withdrawing your hand from it say, "Do not fall; stay quietly where I leave you." In any sense like this the maxim is unreasonable. You found it hard to study college lessons, on that day when the firebells of Macon were ringing, or when a crowded procession was filling your streets. Now, the firebell of America, of Chistendom, is ringing all the while. A ceaseless, unbroken procession of life is hurrying past you without a pause. When your college course began, Central Europe was a vast war camp. The last few months of that course found the leading statesmen of Europe in anxious debate. The clouds of war are returning after the rain of fire. In vain, then, at the age of the world, when Christendom is tossing about restlessly as a sick man, when all the nations are perpetually in a strife which shall be greatest, in vain, may we say to any one entering life, "Let your life be quiet." While a quiet life in this sense may well be an object of aspiration or prayer, it cannot be the basis of a resolution. "I will lead a quiet life." This outward quietness we can only class with comfort and ease, contented to let them come or go, as heaven shall bid them. Quietness of spirit, however, is very different from quietness of surroundings. Quietness in its deeper sense, is not like the absence of outward troubles. It is an inward possession or state. It is not the mark of passive spirit. It is not something negative. It is not a tame, characterless temper. It is not the absence of energy. It is energy in its highest exercise.

t is not the lull or repose, or sleep of our highest powers, it is
ıeir sustained and harmonious tension. When reading those
ıarvelous sentences which form the opening of the Sermon on
ıe Mount, have you noticed that nearly all of those virtues and
races belong to that class which we often consider as passive or
egative? Have you noticed that all these beatitudes may be
'orn by a schoolgirl, or an invalid, or a tenant of the poorhouse?
'his should rebuke and correct the mistake commonly made, of
ıpposing these passive virtues or forces to be cheap and common-
lace. "Let your life be quiet," that does not mean, let it be
assive, languid, barren in aspirations or achievements. Indeed,
ne of the most direct ways to lead a quiet life, will be to lead
n intellectual life. This does not mean that you must continue
› get daily lessons, though college graduates may profitably con-
ınue these, more generally than they are supposed to do. A
ecent writer says, "The essence of an intellectual life does not
eside in extent of science, or in perfection of expression, but in
constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts,
nd this preference may be the habit of a mind, which has not
ny very considerable amount of information." Again he says,
It is the continual exercise of a firmly noble choice between the
ırge truth and the lesser, between that which is perfectly just
nd that which falls a little short of justice." You see from these
xtracts that the intellectual life does not consist in large or
abitual intercourse with books. Handling books, whether in the
'ay of reading them or writing them, is not necessarily more
ıtellectual employment than handling bricks. Intellectual life
: an atmosphere which can be poured around the most common
ısks or implements of daily duties. A young lady may be
nployed as intellectually in her round of home duties as her
rother who is handling the books of any one of the so-called
arned professions. This intellectual life may be said to consist
ı taking wise, calm, thoughtful views of life and history of
uman nature of your friends and your enemies, of your success
nd your failures. It consists in not being led away with pas-
onate first thoughts. It consists, farther, in having some per-

sonal ownership over your own thoughts. Let them not be simply notions or repetitions of other people's thoughts. The plagiarist of other men's ideas or sentences is justly condemned. But there is a plagiarism of other people's opinions, which is just as fatal to individuality of character. A man may say a thing, not because he distinctly believes it on the one hand, or is deliberately insincere on the other, but because he knows, he feels he is expected to say it, and he yields to the vague pressure. A late writer speaks of a certain class of persons, who go through an operation, which they are pleased to call, facetiously, perhaps, "making up their minds." Now this is a phrase which some persons have no right to use. There are currents and influences in our day which are not very favorable to an intellectual life. The daily newspapers, for example, you will find to be at once your greatest help and hindrance. We do not allude to the time which the newspapers consume, but the rapid, offhand, extemporaneous way in which a reader of the daily papers rushes through the trifling little operation just alluded to. It is alarming to think of the extent, variety and gravity of the questions which he must hurry over in his morning paper, perhaps while waiting for his coffee to cool on the breakfast table. Bismarck's policy, the complicated politics of central Europe, the Pope's health and wisdom, Gladstone's last stroke, to say nothing of scores of questions nearer home, all must be received, and opinions reached, and mind made up on each. Now, it is possible for a reader to have an intelligent opinion on all these matters, but the average reader will most probably rush to the opinion and leave out the intelligence which should enter into it. You will carry from this place the alphabet of this intellectual life. It will be your painful work to form these letters into syllables, then syllables into words, then words into sentences, and sentences into paragraphs, and at last as the years roll on, the paragraphs may grow into a wise theory of life, of human life, its relations and surroundings, its connections and issues. Can you follow patiently this unattractive life, and see the haste and show and hear the loud but hollow laughter of those who never aspired to follow wisdom, or if they were forced, under

the drill of teachers and schools within her gates, soon left them for congenial crowds and enjoyments? You will pour contempt on that diploma, if your life is earthly, or material even, in its highest aim and scope. A little pamphlet "Religion in Common Life" has been widely circulated over our country. What you need is daily help in solving a problem second only in importance to the one suggested by that title, to bring intellect to bear on the events of common life. Aim in your measure at the plain living and high thinking which Wordsworth praised. Bring your trained mind at once to bear on the objects and events which daily life offers to your study. The pebble in your yard will invite you to study geology. The birds which please, and the insects which annoy and alarm you are a part of the great museum of natural history daily opened to incurious eyes. Any one of these common objects may invite you to start on the path of endless discoveries. The spring branch followed out will lead you to the ocean. Not long since I drank for the first time at a spring which flows scarcely a hundred yards from my door-step. From the town in which I live, we have several views of the mountains. A few years since, a friend past middle life told me, he was born in sight of those peaks, had lived all his life in sight of them, and yet had never been on one, or near to one of them. These physical facts only symbolize intellectual experiences. Springs of truth have been flowing within easy reach of our well-trodden daily path, and yet they have flowed in vain. We have never prolonged or varied our accustomed walk, to gain their waters. Truths vital and enriching girdle our horizon, which were pointed out to our curious eyes, by early teachers, perhaps by parents, yet they are on the edge of our horizon still. We have never toiled up their sides, staff in hand. You will allow a distinct suggestion at this point. There is great advantage in having at hand some object which engrosses spare moments of time and effort. James Hamilton says, "Happy is the man who has a Magnum opus on hand. Be it an Excursion poem, or a Southey's Portugal or a Neander's Church History, to the fond projector there is no end of congenial occupation, and, provided

he never completes it, there will be no end to the blissful illusion." It would be easy to fill up an hour with quotations from the builders of great works in literature in proof of this remark. We give only a few of those in easy reach. Bishop Horne's simple and noble words on finishing his Commentary on the Psalms in 1776 may well begin the list. "And now could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading the following exposition, which he has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labor. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose fresh as the morning to his task, the silence of the night invited him to pursue it, and he can truly say that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last, for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent on these meditations upon the songs of Zion he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved swiftly along, for while thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet." Cowper, in 1782, writes: "I feel an invincible aversion to employment which I am constrained to fly to as my only remedy against something worse." The young author of the Course of Time, in 1826, writes, "Although some nights I was on the border of fever, I rose every morning equally fresh, and with all the impatience of a lover hasted to my study." And there is that memorable passage from Gibbon, which he who has read oftenest will be most ready to hear again. Speaking of the conclusion of his great work he says, "It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of 11 and 12, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a covered walk of Acacia trees, which commanded a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was

serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." And now, in immediate connection with this, let us read the pleasant words of our countryman, Dr. Allebone of Philadelphia, on closing his great work, "A Critical History of English Literature and British and American Authors, living and deceased, from the earliest accounts to the middle of the 19th century." The first volume appeared December, 1858, the second in March, 1870, the third in 1871. The author pleasantly writes to a friend, "On Tuesday last, May 29th, 1866, at 3:27 p. m., I wrote the last line of the last page of the Dictionary projected by me in 1850, and which I commenced preparing for the press in 1853. In humble imitation of my illustrious predecessor, I then took several turns in the garden, and walked around Rittenhouse square. I had no lake, there Gibbon had me, but my satisfaction was reflected in the countenance of my invaluable amanuensis, an excellent wife, and there I had Gibbon."

This list you can extend indefinitely at your leisure. The technical expression "a great work" may be used with a wide latitude of meaning. There are great works of all sizes. When a schoolboy begins a trap, or a girl to dress a new doll, a young lady to prepare for commencement or a party, an engineer to build a railroad, a statesman to change or destroy an institution of his country, each of these has a great work, which draws by a strange attraction, portions of time which would otherwise go to waste. Suppose at once, before your commencement flowers wither, you select some subject to be studied, or some great book to be read and reread. Suppose you resolve never to be without a great work. This will help you in living an intellectual life, in the sense in which we use it as one means of leading a quiet life. But

life has not only problems to be studied, it has also burdens to be borne. To lead a quiet life it is not necessary to be detached from the living world around you.

Listen to the description of an intellectual woman recently deceased. "She moved with the lightest step where she moved over the loftiest ground. Her feet were beautiful on the mountain tops of ideal thoughts. She was one of those whose thoughts are growing while they speak, and who never speak to surprise. Her intellectual fervor was not that which runs over in excitement; a quietude belonged to it, and it was ever modulated by a womanly instinct of reserve and dignity. She never thought for effect or cared to have the last word in discussion, or found it difficult to conceive how others would differ from her conclusions. She was more a woman than those who had not a tenth part of her intellectual energy. The seriousness and the softness of her nature raised her above vanity and its contortions."

Happiness depends more on affection rightly placed than on intellectual powers rightly trained. We touch life too mechanically. We pass our fellows in the selfishness and haste of modern life, as the heavily laden dray horses pass each other in your streets. It would discourage and surprise us, if we could realize how vaguely, and with how little intelligence or feeling, many persons hear or use such words as our generation, our race, society. Arthur Helps says it is want of imagination which makes some persons so quarrelsome. They cannot place themselves in thought in the position of their antagonists. Let us charitably hope that it is only a want of imagination, when men speak and write so easily, so flippantly, on the topics which these words suggest, with so little distinctness in their mental pictures. A little girl reads in Aesop's Fables about a fight between animals. At the same moment her father is reading his newspaper, which tells him that several hundred Germans or Frenchmen have been killed in a recent battle. The girl shows some sympathy, some mental uneasiness. The man shows none, for he feels none whatever. She reads a fable as a true history. He reads a fresh page of bloody history as a fable. The sentence

which tells him that the French have killed a few hundred Germans excites him no more than the sentence in an adjoining column of the same paper which tells him that a farmer in the Northwest has killed a few hundred grasshoppers. To a man of this average type of thought and feeling, the phrases, "our race," "our fellowmen," are as lifeless and unexciting as the phrases "our planets," "our milky-way." But beside an inability to enter fully into the meaning of such terms, there is often found, as the result of public or private griefs and trials, a positive aversion to all the sympathies which bind us to our race. The poetic man may not insincerely sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness. The practical man in his disappointment may think life would be more tolerable in any other country or in any other age. He was no weak, sentimental dreamer who, living in a distracted land, threw upon the angry winds around him this passionate burst of poetry:

"O! that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest.
So then would I wander far off and remain in the wilderness,
I would hasten my escape from the windy storms and tempest."

He who said this in his haste, was a resolute man, who was often made to feel that he had work to do, for which he required other outfit than the wings of a dove, and nobly did the warrior, the statesman, the poet and the man fulfill his mission. You will be often assailed by this temptation in its grosser or its more insinuating forms. A few months ago a farmer came to our town with his cotton and sold it. He had a bank check in his hand when he met a friend. The conversation turned to some subject of current interest, when the farmer said with emphasis, "I sometimes feel like running away to some savage island." "Captain," said his friend, "when you start, you will leave your bank check behind you, of course; you will not need that among savages." The farmer had not thought of that. Perhaps a savage island would be quite a tolerable place of abode, if we could carry there at once all the protections and delights of our civilization (a good supply of checks on non-suspending banks included), and none

of its evils. But you may rest assured, he who shrinks from the fight which that civilization imposes, would prove, if the experiment could be tested, a blundering, inefficient, discontented savage. Perhaps in our times, to an unusual degree, men are moved by repulsions and antipathies, and stand apart from their fellowmen. It is an appropriate time for the warm and boundless sympathies of woman to counteract the fierce strifes and competitions of men and hold society together. Let a distinct suggestion be offered again. At once when you go home, and look around for the work which is waiting for you as an educated woman, select some special work of benevolence or mercy, and identify yourself with it. That community must be fortunate which does not furnish some sufferer, who may link you immediately to the great suffering world around you. The brotherhood of man is absolutely dependent on another doctrine of still higher import, which is fiercely assailed just now, the Fatherhood of God. If that foundation be destroyed what can we do? "Our Father who art in Heaven!" There is not a man in this assembly who did not first hear that sublime truth from a woman's lips. How high the privilege, how solemn the responsibility of keeping alive in the hearts of successive generations this divine truth, which, when heart and flesh are failing, springs up in immortal youth. The command "Let your life be quiet" is bitter mockery if spoken to one who dreams or believes or hopes or fears that all this fair universe was blindly developed from an orphaned particle of matter. There may be recklessness or stupidity or despair, but there can be no quietness in her who stands in the path along which physical laws fiercely sweep in their unintelligent, uncontrollable course.

There died recently in Scotland a remarkable man who in his young manhood had struggled with skepticism. Referring to that period of his life, he said, "I literally danced and shouted for joy, on the bank of the river, when I made the clear discovery that there is a personal God, though I then thought that he might damn me!" Very few of us have earned the right to criticise this startling assertion of a thoughtful man, who would prefer

to be damned by a personal God than to be crushed in the endless revels of blind physical laws. The Christian poet sings in a confident strain, the security of the sparrow on the mountain pine, rocked by wintery winds. Young woman, you are of more value than many sparrows. If all the winds of Christendom were warring around your home, you may lead a quiet life. In the twilight of our earth's history there is seen a commanding character, who won this simple but sublime eulogy. Being called by his Maker "he went out, not knowing whither he went." As a purely physical fact, without reference to any religious light thrown on it, this is true in some very important respects, of every one of us. Take, for example, the elementary truth you have learned, the motion of the earth. The world is hurried along its pathway, with a speed which leaves the cannon ball lagging behind, in its flight. To hasten or retard, to guard or to guide the flight, a convention of astronomers would be as powerless as a convention of schoolboys. No courier has gone before to see that our way is clear, but while I am repeating these words we are all hurried along, not knowing whither we go. The country parson says he has at times desired to realize for an instant the motion of the earth. The desire is rash and foolish. No human mind could bear the revolution. If granted for one moment, the next moment would find our world dashing onward, with its teeming millions prostrate on its surface, all of them wild maniacs. And in other senses we hurry on, not knowing whither we go. The troubled current of history bears us on, we know not whither. The storms of war sweep over our pathway, we cannot tell whence they come, nor whither they go. And the cold, hardened man, who has long ceased to ask or hope for any religious light on life, he who has not for years shed a tear for himself, cannot see without emotion his children, just arriving at manhood or womanhood, pushing out into the current of life not knowing whither they go. My young friends, every door is shut but one. A personal faith and reliance on a personal God, a thankful acceptance of all his divinely generous offer of help and guidance, this is all that is left us. And what more could we dare to ask,

or hope, or conceive? And here the maxim which has so long detained us, "Let your life be quiet," may find its appropriate limit. "When He giveth quietness, who, then, can make trouble?"

The other maxim is this, "Let your quiet life leave its memorials." But what memorials can a gentle, private woman leave behind her when she passes away unnoticed from life? We may perhaps gain something in the way of definite suggestions by classifying these memorials, as left by her tongue, pen, purse, influence.

Let your *tongue* leave its memorials. A Christian woman may do much with this wonderful and characteristic endowment of speech. As we have no intention to treat this subject humorously our discussion must be very brief. Perhaps most persons, who have reached middle life, will select this as the point of a Christian character which has most baffled them in their own experience, and has most disappointed them in others. The wise combination of grace, purity and instruction in conversation is a rare attainment. A living critic says, "In England the small talk is heavy like water; in France it is light as air." What it is in America he does not tell us. It is only intended here, without note or comment, to ask your earnest attention to this prime department of your character and influence. Perhaps you may find some stimulus in a recent statement in English newspapers how good may be done with the tongue in other ways than in ordinary conversation. A few young ladies in one of the large cities of Scotland, wishing to find some womanly work, agreed to go out, two together, and visit the sick of their sex, especially the aged and the poor, and sing a hymn. Will not some of the sweet voices often heard in this chapel hereafter be heard by the bedside where "Rock of Ages" or "Nearer to Thee" or "There is a Fountain" carries comfort and hope to the stricken heart? Can you leave a richer memorial in a room of suffering? Any memorial left by the *pen* must, of course, either be private letters written to friends, or articles written for the press. We refer more especially to the former. There is here a field of usefulness which many of your sex overlook or neglect. It is your duty and

privilege to keep up with some regularity correspondence with congenial spirits, and, as occasion offers, special letters to others, when in affliction, for example, or passing through a crisis of any kind in life. You excel in letter writing. This is not said to flatter, but to humble and stimulate you. "I like to get letters from any one at home," said a college student, "but I am especially glad to get one from Sister Maggie. She tells me so many little things I want to know. She tells me where every hen's nest is." Read Cowper's letters, which are perhaps the best we can show, and then humbly, deliberately and persistently devote your pen, not to the purpose of flattery, folly or gossip, but to please and edify all to whom you can properly have access, in this way of doing good. You can be in many places at once through the wonderful magic of your pen, and you can prolong and perpetuate what the tongue can only utter in a perishable form. And when occasions offer, you still widen this influence by writing for the press. No one can look intelligently over our newspaper literature without seeing how largely it is indebted to women. Any endowments which you may have may here be devoted to the "Glory of God and the relief of men's estate." An English lady, a few years since, had her sympathies turned towards the sailors. She occasionally wrote a letter to a few whom she had met at the hospitals when they were sick. When trying to prolong her influence over them by letters, she found a wider field of usefulness than she had imagined. Her correspondence became so extensive she could not write to all who requested it. It occurred to her to write a circular letter and have it printed. And now she sends out on the first of each month a little pamphlet to each of her many correspondents, and these blue tracts, as they are called, are circulated literally by thousands and scores of thousands. And many an English sailor away from home reads with moist eyes as he sits on deck this plain personal appeal of an English lady who, leading a quiet life, multiplies her memorials on every side. This is a good instance of the rapid and indefinite growth, often granted to the humble, earnest laborer who seeks for something to do in the

world's ripe harvest fields. Under the familiar word *purse* we may include all that you may do by money, benevolently and judiciously spent. The right use and value of money is something which cannot be well taught in college, and, therefore, many wise men and women never learn this elementary lesson. For $3.00 you may buy a religious newspaper, which will come to you weekly with messages from the great world without. Then, that amount of money is not to be despised. There is a little volume which is stirring our age as no other book ever can move it, provoking and yet defying its criticisms, laying an immovable obstacle in the path of bad men, and an infinite help to every one who wishes to think deeply or to live purely. For 10 cents you can buy a copy of this work and carry it in your pocket, until by frequent reading, in season and out of season, you can become familiar with its wonderful disclosures and demands. Then, that trifling sum is not to be despised. For 3 cents you can give your classmate, when far away, a proof that you have not forgotten her. Neither the reiterated cry of hard times, nor the insincere plea of poverty, can excuse any one from helping with tongue and pen and purse to carry on the conquest of religion. I once heard an earnest man say, with perhaps pardonable exaggeration, "There is blessing or curse, there is heaven or hell in money." In these days when without a moment's notice to the owners fortunes take wings and fly away, the special caution may be given to your sex to hold themselves in readiness, to use a fortune humbly and wisely, or to resign it contentedly. Besides these specific channels of usefulness there is still another. A quiet life may be radiant with influence. The word is sometimes used in a narrow, technical sense, to mean that strange fascination or magneticism which is granted to some. Whatley said he had no influence in this sense. All that he accomplished was owing to intellectual vigor or some other palpable quality, and not to personal influence. It is difficult to define this strange effect, though all of us have felt its power. Few men, and not all women possess it. Perhaps it cannot be sought directly. Yet it may be that something can be done indirectly. If any one trait

can be said to be inseperably linked with this influence, it is unselfishness, or as some prefer to express it, disinterestedness. This can be increased in any case where it is deficient. The sum is this, if you have this mysterious gift, let it not move you to vanity or pride. If you have it not, let this not move you to despair. There is a wider sense in which the term may be used to mean all that can be done, by giving time, sympathy or a good example. It may be well to remind you in these days of manifold associations and organizations that the great law of personal responsibility is ever around us. John Hall asks, "Who ever saw a tear in the eye of a committee?" Let us remember that to the bar of conscience, to say nothing of another and more solemn tribunal, we come not in merry troops, not in confederate bands, not organized in societies or churches, but alone, in awful, incommunicable, untransferrable, individuality. The question, "What should our church, our society, our committee do?" is very important. But there is another which must not be forgotten, "What wilt thou have *me* to do?" On some one of you will, in all probability, rest the responsibility of continuing or disbanding some useful christian machinery in a retired country neighborhood. It will rest with you to say whether by fitful, desultory, random struggles or by uniform and sustained power some benevolent or religious movement shall be conducted. You left the neighborhood a few years ago an aimless schoolgirl. You go back now an educated woman. Is the community to know any difference between your departure and your return? Look at our cities as they greedily call for fresh troops of country boys and young men, drawing them in by scores and hundreds, to grind them up, so much muscle and brain, to feed the remorseless machinery of city life! Is it a small question whether they come with fibre and texture of manly and christian character, or with only some negative qualities strong only in the absence of all temptation? The religious character of a congregation or community will scarcely rise above that of the women composing it. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." You have now reached the blessed stage of life, when from a receiver of healthy and edu-

cating influences you may rise to a giver. May I not say without irreverence, "freely you have received, freely give?" There is one especial result of female education which may, perhaps without impropriety, be emphasized by one who has never spent a day in the education of girls or young ladies. I mean the instant and ceaseless effect, on a whole household, which follows from sending back an educated daughter. A son, when educated, most probably goes to another community to start his life work. His life current is in most cases distinct from the main family stream, which may run on just as if he had never been educated. He may even feel lifted up, though shame to him if he does, above the plain, simple life of the parents who, with the labor of their own hands, gave him his outfit into life. But if not, it is not probable that any marked influence will follow on the family history. Not so when you send a refined, educated older sister into an uncultured household. Younger brothers and sisters feel the impulse of her presence. You educate the entire household to an important extent. Nor does it stop here. You may often see a college graduate who, as a father, seems to care little for the culture of his children. Have you ever met an educated woman who is willing to be the mother of ignorant children? A very thoughtful English writer has a remarkable passage, to which you will all give special attention. He attempts to state definitely the points in which women are superior to men. The list should arrest your notice, as you are publicly committed to be conspicuously superior to us in each of the qualities mentioned. The writer alluded to makes one of his characters say to a lady, "You are superior to men in quiet endurance, in niceness of demeanor, in proprieties of all kinds, in delicate perceptions of all kinds, especially of character, in domestic prudence, in constancy, and what is greatest of all, in not allowing your affections or your administration to be dulled or diminished by familiarity."

Young ladies, one of the crying evils of our day is the habit of unfair or distorted quotations. I cannot honestly stop just here, for the same writer goes on to mention some traits in which you are not superior to us. Just listen while I read these sentences

slowly, and see for yourselves what you might have been but for the education here received and the diploma now in your hand, which, of course, pledges you to rise far above such weaknesses as are here pointed out: "You are inferior," says this bold writer, "to us, in the sense of justice, in daring, in originality and generally in greatness. You have minor defects, too. You are not so pleasant to one another as men are. The art of nagging, and of being generally disagreeable, when you choose, are yours in perfection. Decidedly you are more unforgiving than we are."

Young ladies, can you give any good reason why each one of you should not be held responsible for leaving memorials in each one of the points now specified—tongue, pen, purse and influence? It is not a question of modesty or diffidence. It is a question of responsibility. It has been taken for granted that you will be active. There are some of the loveliest of your sex who are shut up in rooms of suffering. In place of extended theory, look at one example of this kind. Dr. Thomas Arnold, writing to a friend, gives this account of his own sister: "I must conclude with a more delightful subject, my most dear and blessed sister. I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power, and of love and of sound mind-intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martrydom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself—thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress—about the making of a doll's cap for a child—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless, enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish —inheriting the earth to the very fullness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture—and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear, or impatience or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work."

Thus even a life darkened by great accepted sorrow may leave its memorials.

Young Ladies of the Graduating Class, very many and varied

are the interests and sympathies now excited in the breast of those present as they look upon you today. Anxious parents are here, your professors look upon you for the last time as a class, your religious teachers enter with full hearts into the emotions of the hour. They have been present on many former occasions, but this has still an interest all its own. The stranger who stands here today for the first time, representing thousands who know your mother through her many daughters, is glad in their name to utter a fervent benediction. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." Your institution has the venerableness of age with none of its weakness. The genius of this place is fitted to arrest the thoughtless girl, and change her into an earnest, aspiring student. For every generous act you have performed during your college course, for every lady-like refinement and grace you have here displayed, for every influence which radiating from you remains behind you, to win your successors to the pursuit of high christian womanhood, for every contribution which you have made, individually or as a class, to all the intellectual or religious endowment of this institution, I thank you. You have been gathering, I hope assiduously gathering, every accomplishment and grace which places like this can furnish. Now go home and pour them all out as a grateful thank-offering on the dear old hearth-stone of your childhood. You have been running about, with all the freshness and alacrity of youth, through the forest and the field, in search of every rare flower. Now go home with your trophies, and dress the household gods of home. Your education is not intended chiefly to astonish or attract the stranger, but (may I use the simple and sacred image?) "to give light to all that are in the house." Happy is the household, warmed and cheered and lighted by an educated sister or daughter. Go then, each to her appointed post, and let her affections cling to the station in which duty places her. Go to rock the cradle of reposing age, to pillow that anxious head on which these eventful years are shedding untimely snow. Go to throw a sister's magic love around that young brother. Go to bear your daily burden, whatever it may be, and to take your

place, an educated woman's place, in the great work which your sex has to do in these days of restlessness and strife. Be ashamed of this institution if you will, tear away the seal and signatures from those diplomas, be ashamed of your classmates or roommate, be ashamed of her whose features and name you wear, who is now waiting impatiently to welcome you home to the arms which protected your infancy, be ashamed of any or all of these, but, young women, Christian young women, never for one miserable guilty moment admit the temptation to be ashamed of Him who redeemed you.

Many years hence may the fitting epitaph be written for each one of the class of 1875, "How quiet was her life, and yet how precious, how enduring are its memorials."

ADDRESS OF JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL. D., FRATERNAL DELEGATE FROM THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, TO GENERAL CONFERENCE OF M. E. CHURCH, HELD IN CINCINNATI, MAY, 1880.

Mr. President, Fathers, and Brethren: A few weeks ago a sick man rode into the depot of a Southern city. Calling for one of his own faith, he introduced himself as a dying Methodist preacher from the North. He was kindly received, and had such attentions as he needed. This incident was scarcely worthy of all the notice taken of it by the newspapers North and South. It would mortify us to learn that any one was surprised at the reception given to a strange brother. It is very certain that a minister from the South, crossing the line into your border, under similar circumstances, would receive precisely similar treatment. To the dying Christian all the kindness shown was of little value. If he had been met with coldness, with positive rudeness and insult even, supposing that possible in a Christian land, he would still have died in peace. It is the living who need kindness, recognition, and confidence.

It is an era in the history of both parties when one million human beings speak through any medium to two millions, and say, WE ARE BRETHREN. "But all this is only a form," it is sometimes said. The splendid bridge which spans the noble river near us is only a form, a dead, passive thing, yet the current of trade and travel rolls over it ceaselessly to enrich your city. What is the metal tube which carries water or light into your dwelling but a form? Yet it gladdens your home. What was the salutation with which your friend met you this morning but a form? What are all courtesies among men? What are all human usages and institutions but forms? In this sense a salutation between churches is a great form, empty in itself, but open to receive all that either side can pour into it. This form has so much value that some in our church, as in yours, cannot enter into it heartily.

DR. JAMES H. CARLISLE, 1881.

One of the saddest results of recent events is, that some in every part of our country have lost confidence in their fellowmen, their fellow-citizens, their fellow-christians. There is a loss greater than that. Some have lost the power to confide in others. This, if general, would be national bankruptcy in its most dreadful shape. There is, however, a loss even beyond that. Some have lost the wish to confide in others. They are not only reconciled to their disability, but they glory in it. These represent a class described by Arthur Helps as men who, imprisoned by their prejudices, like madmen mistake their jailers for a guard of honor. Let us hope there are not more of these in any part of our country than can be profitably used as instructive object-lessons.

It is a painful condition of things when, through lack of confidence, silver and gold are hidden away in secret places, and trade decays. It is more painful when, in a Christian land, suspicions and distrust prevail, so that any kindly impulse felt is idle and unproductive, forbidden to pass from lip to lip, in that generous commerce which is doubly gainful and blessed. There was a time when this was the case with our churches. There have always been in each church not only good men, but, what is rarer, fair-minded men, who could respect the Christian worth of those across the lines. But they were embarrassed by the painful fact that their churches, as organic bodies, held no intercourse. It may be a little thing to send or receive a messenger, but it was a great thing that for years this little thing was not done. It is not surprising that in a terrible season of war bad tempers should rise, but must they be lasting? An hour of pain may cause a spasmodic convulsion. Must it become a ghastly, life-long distortion? A great missionary tidal wave is spreading over our whole land just now. Can you imagine that as taking place and the churches still unreconciled? Think of two great communions, substantially of the same faith and order, each consumed with burning zeal for the poor heathen on the other side of the globe, and yet treating with indifference or contempt God's image in the brethren by their side! Would that be comedy or tragedy? Let

us render thanks to the bishops and leading men of both churches —the best of all being that God was with them—who have saved us from that shame. It is not a little thing that the painful silence of years has been broken, and vague impulse has taken articulate form and shape. It cannot be displeasing to Him whose name we alike bear, that we may now kneel together and say, "Our Father, thy kingdom come! Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." We may never all see alike, or think alike, or vote alike in church or state, but we have much, very much, in common. The sacred and eternal points of agreement which draw us together are stronger than the temporal and transient points which divide us in spirit. Our sympathies should be stronger than our antipathies. We agree wonderfully in our interpretation of the Bible. This fact should have far more significance than the fact that we disagree in our interpretation of some passages in the Constitution of the United States, or of some passages in recent or current history. "Religion is the only remedy for diseased States," says Vinet. Methodists share largely with sister churches a responsibility for the success or failure of Christian civilization in these lands. A careful study of the census pictures, which show graphically in colors the relative strength of the leading denominations in our country, must suggest to a thoughtful Methodist other feelings than those of complacency or pride. We ought to be felt in forming the public tone and sentiment of this great and rapidly growing people. This does not mean in deciding the political dress of the nation; but we ought to be felt in shaping the character, and through that the history and destiny of our people.

Twenty-five years ago, when England was engaged in a foreign war, a thoughtful minister expressed a hope that all the cost and suffering of the war might, as one good result, lessen or destroy two great vices in his native land. He mentioned party spirit and thirst for material wealth. What effect may have been produced on England, in either of these respects, by the Crimean war, is not now the question before us. It can scarcely be hoped that the effect of a civil war would be to lessen either of these national

evils with us. Rather, the instant effect was to intensify fearfully one or both of these gigantic evils. It has been said that perhaps there has not been for two centuries a public question in Christendom with so many complications and difficulties as gather around the civil war, its causes, and results. As one of the results, it was inevitable that church lines must largely coincide with geographical and party lines. But, if religion comes in to perpetuate and intensify party spirit, instead of curing it, the future of the country is dark indeed. If the light that is in us become darkness, how great will be that darkness! This is too great and goodly a land to be given up to the genius of discord and hate. You will let a layman declare, with all possible emphasis, that one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the common man is the fierce temper so often carried into religious quarrels, and into public quarrels by religious men. If the Christians of this land could meet all the great questions now confronting us, not as angels may be supposed to meet them, but as patient, tolerant, large-hearted, Christian and Christ-like men, this would do more for the spread of Christianity than all the volumes of evidences that this generation of scholars can write. Must we, every fourth year, pass through a strain on our whole texture of society, which makes good men everywhere serious even to sadness? Let the solemn fact be solemnly alluded to even here and now, that while our country is divided, not very unequally, into two great parties, each fairly representing the intelligence, wealth and moral worth of the land, neither party today willingly trusts the other to open a box and count the little pieces of paper in it. Surely there is solemn, earnest Christian work to be done by all American churches and all Christian men and women. When the great problem presented is to educate and Christianize the public mind and heart and conscience of our common country, "he may be unwise who is sanguine, but he is unpatriotic and unchristian who despairs."

In our immediate church relations there are seen strong reasons why we should meet this crisis like Christian men. Two great bodies, with all important points in common, each pledged to

spread holiness through these lands, ought to have a clear and full understanding. If such grave interests were not involved it would be amusing to watch the position and attitudes of our churches. Here are two stout, comely Methodist lads, not quite a century old. They have all the sanguine, complacent feelings which are natural to that early stage of historic growth. They are not afflicted with that excessive diffidence which is so painful in some young people. They are not afraid of that which is high or of large designs. A few years ago they had a most unbrotherly struggle. Since that time each has felt it a religious duty to consecrate in prose and poetry not only the heroic incidents, but the spirit and sentiment, even the moods and tempers, of his story of the fight, while he often suggests to his brother that he ought to let the past go, and never allude to this matter before company.

Each one, with the charming simplicity of youth, says openly to the whole world, "I see the way very clear for me to achieve the great mission to which I am certainly called; but, alas for me! I have a twin brother, and is he not rightly named Jacob? For he supplants me on all occasions in birthright and in blessings." Each one of these Wesley boys is in a great chronic distress about the other's eyesight. Each one is forward on all occasions, in season and out of season, to offer his whole stock of oil of vitriol, his lancet, and his tomahawk, to take the mote out of his dear brother's eye. Surely it is time to put away these childish things.

"What can war but endless wars still breed?"

Are we to be forever approaching, and never reaching, the last word? There are important questions affecting us which we cannot wisely settle in haste or passion. Sometimes a division of a small circuit has given rise to feelings and tempers which die only with the existing generation. Two great organizations, touching at so many points, and overlapping in not a few, must meet very often with questions which at best are complicated and delicate, and which through a little indiscretion on either

side may at once become irritating. We have formally agreed to seek peace. We must now pursue it, even if, at times, it seems to avoid us. There must be on each side some positive spontaneity, some generous venture, a willingness to risk something. Confidence is not a plant of rapid growth at any time, but it cannot grow at all if a cold east wind is blowing all the while, and enemies sowing tares besides. Let us place this great interest where a few ill-tempered tongues and pens on either side, or on both sides, cannot disturb it. Let all the lines be manned by watchmen who are not only vigilant but brave, and therefore generous, wise, and therefore prudent, pure-minded, and therefore peaceable. Let them be men who never can sink to become tale-bearers or gossips. If either church seriously departs from historic landmarks, in doctrine or in life, let the righteous smite. But all petty "bush-whacking" around the walls of Zion must be stopped. Let every Methodist, North and South, East and West, beware, lest while his neighbors are praising him (and men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself, thy section, or thy party) the words which win their praise may draw down upon him the solemn rebuke from the skies, "Thou slanderest thine own mother's son."

Let the simple truth be known and felt in every Methodist pulpit, office, school, home, and closet, that the right and left arms of the great Methodist body can gain nothing but sorrow and shame by tearing each other. If neither half respects the other, how can the world respect both, or either? If with us it is a little thing, on any trivial occasion, to sneer at our brother's sincerity or faith, outsiders will sneer at us both, and at all religion. Indulging in this censorious, quarrelsome disposition, we may, before we are aware of it, train up in our homes and schools a race of narrow-minded Pharisees or of open scoffers. Let him who can, decide which of these is the more to be dreaded.

In both churches we are trying some interesting experiments. Laymen have always been a problem to Methodists. One of Wesley's greatest trials was when he was forced to recognize lay preachers. Like a wise man, he tried to make the most of what

he considered a necessary evil. They have been largely instrumental in carrying his institutions around the globe. Many years ago a question was raised about admitting laymen into the church councils. Our ministers gave many unanswerable arguments to show that this could never be done. A few years after, when no one asked for it, the doors were suddenly thrown open, and we were invited in accordingly. And now a humble layman, admitted to the General Conference, has a vote—a privilege denied to our beloved bishops. You, too, have been cautiously experimenting with your laymen, taking them in on probation, admitting them into good company, once in four years. Now you think you have trained them so that an annual visit may be borne with. Our church, with a longer experience, can encourage you to trust them largely. They will not only vote intelligently and safely on all important issues, but, owing perhaps to the force of clerical example, they will even talk a little occasionally in your Conferences when they can succeed in getting the floor.

Both churches, too, are trying to keep pace with the advancing times, in the preparation of the ministry.

In this we may meet with only partial success. To refuse to try this experiment is to meet with certain failure. The full and intimate sympathy between our members and our ministry is one great source of our strength. It is also the cause of some of our weakness, as it exposes our ministry to every current of popular feeling. To give special training to the ministry without weakening its sympathy with the masses and its power over them, is a question which perhaps no church of Christendom today has fully solved. Let us hope that in this, as well as in other current questions of great importance, the churches may show to the world that the early zeal, which all accord to us, was strength which can be readily thrown into any shape required by the changing phases of the times.

Some one has attempted to calculate in dollars the value in growth of all our various crops to the whole country of one hour's common sunshine in spring. It swells up to a mighty sum. No human arithmetic can compute the worth of even a short season,

when strifes are hushed, when passion sleeps, when slumbering memories and sympathies revive, and a wearied nation is bathed in the heavenly sunshine of peace, so quiet, and yet so powerful. The proverb says that he who does not lose his reason on some occasions has none to lose. Wisely interpreted, this is a wise maxim. Who has not in the family circle had his happiest hours when abandoning himself to the current of emotions which reason did not directly produce or control? What patriot is there who has not, on some signal anniversary, the 22d of February, for example, enriched and strengthened his patriotic sentiments and impulses by a process in which logic had little power? Who that loves the stones and gates of Zion has not felt the full tide of sacred joy inspire and elevate his nature, not as a result of a toil or struggle, but of a surrender; not from active efforts, but as passively receiving all the enriching influences of some favored hour? This weary, heavy-laden land needs rest. It cannot live by bread alone. The churches, our churches, need peace and sunshine, cheap, common, blessed sunshine. "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea, Samaria and Galilee," is the simple but touching record in a verse of the historical Book of Acts. The geographical names, no doubt, had then a vivid significance, which they have now lost to us. That is a happy provision which makes it impossible for these geographical terms to cast their dark shadows indefinitely down through the generations of men.

In modern phrase it might read, "Then had the churches rest throughout all the Southern, Middle and Northern States." Blessed shall be the historian whose pen may seek relief from war's mournful chapters in that glad verse. Blessed even now is the Christian man or woman who does something to prepare the church for that happy hour. We could not have a greater curse inflicted on us than that we should be doomed, that is, should doom ourselves, to continue hateful and hating one another. Some difficulties which disturbed us have been removed. Others yet remain, and new difficulties will often appear. But all must give way if "love drives our chariot wheels."

Christian fraternity is not a magic phrase. It is a simple name

for a great Christian duty and privilege. It is not poetry, to which we can attain only on rare and elevated occasions. It is the prose which we must speak along life's common pathway. We shall try your patience hereafter. You will try ours. Supposing you to be just like ourselves, with twice our aggregate number, you may have twice as many of those who form the effective quiet workers, the valuable rank and file of the Methodist army, the men and women who try to do all the good they can, while trying to do no harm. In this army you have a possibility of good which, if right to do so, we might envy. But you are entitled to carry twice as many of those who do not only steadfastly believe the great doctrine of human depravity, but who so consistently illustrate it that it becomes impossible for others to doubt. These will be to us excellent teachers of patience. Under such tuition, we give you formal notice that we will surpass you in magnanimity, generosity and long-suffering if we can. We are willing to believe, however, that we have at last rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and have before us a wide Pacific Sea, which is vexed only by such storms as are inevitable to our earthly atmosphere.

We are certainly now in that crisis of our intercourse as sister churches where every man can see just what he wishes to see. If he is a lover of peace he will often see occasions on which, by tongue and pen, by influence, public and private, he can strengthen the bonds so auspiciously formed. If he is not at heart a lover of peace, he will, on any day, find occasion, as he will believe, to cry out the monotonous, the inevitable, and the unanswerable, "I told you so; look at your fraternity." That now, in the solemn afternoon of the nineteenth century, there are men, Christian men, to whom the phrase Christian fraternity scarcely rises to the dignity of a joke, and suggests only a pointless sneer is fresh cause of humiliation to us all.

Our last Sabbath-school lesson carried us to the mount of transfiguration. The astonished disciples came down from that sacred mountain, with its celestial visitors, to find poor human nature torn by a demon at its base. You are here to overlook many

and far-reaching interests of your vast organization. If our wishes and prayers can avail, you will find every day in the social and religious intercourse of this place an ever-fresh, enriching influence. In all the prosaic drudgery and claims of a laborious session you will find it good to be here. You may go down to common life when all these claims have been met, perhaps to find a great nation torn by the spirit of discord and strife. If we ask—and what thoughtful patriot has not asked again and again, in sorrow and surprise—"Why cannot we cast out this evil spirit?" the sad answer is at hand, "Because of our unbelief," our want of faith in God and man. We suppose our common Father to be like to one of ourselves. We cannot rise to the high conception that North and South, as we often use them, are words which he does not recognize. We unconsciously suppose that he regards, just as we do, state lines and party lines. These are very important and necessary for many purposes. But they do not, they cannot, restrain or bound his all-embracing love, blessed be his name! And we unfortunately lack faith in our fellowman. We too often judge him by the badge or regalia he wears. We do not rightly prize the immortal jewel within. With our backs on the irrevocable past, and our faces turned toward the available future, can we not gather from all the associations and inspirations of this hour some lasting impulse which will connect them with the suffering nation below?

The North and the South! These short words have gathered strange power to move the swiftest instincts of our nature. They have "turned the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame." Must they forever be the watchwords of an undying strife? Must they still represent a gulf across which no love or sympathy can reach? Is there no one high relation which can adjust and subordinate them—no one overpowering sentiment which can unite them? Will not all Christians, of all names, in all parts of this vast nation, surprised and saddened, but made humble and wise by their painful failure, carry this distracted land, the common mother of us all, to Him who can give peace and quiet? Brethren, we solemnly pledge you the sympathy and

prayers of many thousands of earnest men and faithful women, who will join you and your people in urging to heaven an appeal which may satisfy all the purest longings of patriotism and piety: "The North and the South, thou hast created them";

> "Possess them, thou who hast the right,
> As Lord and Master of the whole."

MADAME DeSTAEL.

ADDRESS MADE AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Thomas Campbell, in one of the finest passages of his prose writings, thus describes his launching of a ship of the line: "Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathize with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swings majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the storm element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and nights of danger which she had to encounter; all the ends of the earth which she had to visit; all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentment before the mind, and when the heart gave her a benediction it was like one pronounced on a living being." Those who read this passage must often have it recalled to their minds by the incidents connected with the graduation of a class. And though it might seem more immediately to suggest the entrance into life of those who are to take part in its more active scenes, yet it has been recalled to my mind while looking forward to this occasion when many hearts are pronouncing their benediction upon those who now formally enter into life. Who can be an unconcerned spectator of a scene like this? Young ladies, how happy would he be who could contribute something which would add to the interest of the occasion and be associated with your happy recollections of this crisis in your life. Those who control these exercises called for the humble contribution of one who has no special qualification for the humble task which they have been pleased to impose. He has had no experience in shaping the character or guiding the studies of young women. He is too young to speak in tones of authority or to give advice—he is too

old to run about for flowers to throw at your feet. One of your own sex must teach you. Perhaps there is no more appropriate way of spending this hour than to select some one of the distinguished women whose works and lives are the common property of the world. Let us then attempt to gather some reflections from the life and character of Madame DeStael. We do not intend to fill up the hour with historical narration or a list of incidents and dates. Neither will we attempt to give a complete and discriminating view of her character, its lights and shades. We simply propose to select a few of its salient points and draw from them the reflection which may seem appropriate to the occasion. Anne Maria Necker, afterwards the wife of Baron DeStael, only child of James Necker, the distinguished Minister of Louis XVI, was born in 1766 and died in 1817, her whole life, with the exception of twelve years, having been spent in Paris, where she was born and died. Her life embraced, as you have seen at once, the half century which is perhaps in many respects the most remarkable in modern history. It includes two events either of which would have signalized it to pass over many other pages of great though inferior interest—the American Revolution and its caricature, the Revolution in France. She was not beautiful. Nature had been so prodigal of her richer gifts to her favorite daughter we are not surprised to learn that she withheld her common ones. The first reflection we have to make is, she was pre-eminently an intellectual woman. She possessed powers of mind which would have attracted attention and singled out the fortunate possessor in any age or nation. Her parents were ambitious of literary distinction for her and themselves, and were assiduous in their endeavors to awaken her desires after intellectual culture and power. They had the gifts of fortune which would have enabled them to lead in the frivolities of Parisian society, but they aspired to move in a higher sphere of life. They drew around them the enlightened and cultivated men of the day, and to their honor it is recorded in all the disorder and confusion of those times their house was ever the resort of scholars and philosophers, the abode of refinement and of letters. Their gifted daughter

was thrown in contact, without any figure of speech we may say into collision with the greatest minds of France, indeed of Europe, and left her impress upon all—all consenting to award her the praise due to transcendent powers of mind. Abbott, in his Life of Napoleon, has drawn a graphic picture of a scene which took place in her father's brilliant saloon. She and Josephine had finished some exquisite music on the piano and harp when two strangers were announced. An old family friend appeared leading a pale young man in uniform. Abbott, of course, has many pointed remarks to quote. He tells us the aristocrats looked coldly on the young plebian stranger until a subject was started which interested the company and drew from the young soldier a striking little speech, which fortunately Mr. Abbott is able to give literally, when the young ladies thanked their friend for introducing to them so interesting a young man. Now, if all this be true, it will go to show that a friendship which begins in poetry may end in prose. That pale young soldier became Emperor of France and he and his young female acquaintance met again and elsewhere. Napoleon, who, whatever he was or was not, was certainly no mean judge of intellect and character, has left an imperishable and indisputable record of his estimate of Madame DeStael in the fact that he banished her —she being the first though, unfortunately for his memory, not the only woman sent into exile by his stern decrees. The connection between those two distinguished persons shall illustrate some of the strongest points in the character of both. It is always exciting and exhilarating to see two great bodies swiftly moving come into collision either in the physical or intellectual world. It may seem to a superficial view strange to speak of competition or rivalry between those who move in orbits so entirely distinct. Can there be competition between a warrior, a statesman, an emperor and a woman without office or authority? Will the court, the camp, the senate house compete with the saloon, the drawing room? A moment's reflection on the nature of vaulting ambition will explain it all. Ambition seeks to sweep the field and leave nothing for the humble gleaner. When the storm

sweeps over a forest it is not satisfied with conquest of the oak and pine, but makes every shrub and blade of grass to bend in obeisance. We venture to say that kingdoms have been lost and won with less mental excitement than was felt on each side when the captain of a hundred battles met the victor of a thousand drawing rooms face to face. She was accustomed to triumph when in company and looked forward with intense interest to her meeting with the Consul of France. It is amusing to read her own account of these interviews and see with what artless sympathy she tells her defeat. She admits all her powers were exerted on him in vain. She complains of a difficulty of breathing in his presence, and says in the very moment when she felt secure, he could elude her by putting on a blank expression and his whole face would look as if carved from marble. She could not stir to a ripple the deep waters of his nature. She failed. And so did he. The lordly emperor soon found that in the empire of mind there is no law. She carried a quiver full of arrows and could hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow. He saw that to leave her mistress of the social and literary life in Paris would leave an empire within an empire. He saw he must silence her tongue and pen or drive her from the country. You can imagine which of the tasks he found the easier one. The manner in which Talleyrand announced this decision to her may be worth noticing in these days when diplomacy is assuming new and strange phases. After a few courtly compliments he merrily said, "I hear, Madame, you are going to take a journey." She answered, "Oh, no, it is a mistake; I have no such intention." "Pardon me, I was informed that you were going to Switzerland." "I have no such project I assure you." "But I have been assured on the best authority that you would quit Paris in three days." She did so. But she did not leave a dejected, downcast exile, she left the stage with the air and port of an offended queen, and is said to have hurled back at him this rebuke: "You are giving me a cruel celebrity. I will occupy a line in your history." A few years afterward when Napoleon wished to secure her influence he sent a message to invite her to come and help him

to form a constitution. "Tell him," was her heroic, ladylike answer, "he has got along for ten years without either me or a constitution, and I believe he has as little regard for the one as the other." James Mackintosh, in the Edinburg "Review," at the time says with force and beauty, "The persecutions of Madame DeStael will be remembered among the distinction of female talent. It is honorable to the sex that the independent spirit of one woman of genius has disturbed the triumph of the conqueror of Europe. This almost solitary example of an independence not to be intimidated by power, nor subdued by renown, has very strikingly displayed the inferiority of Napoleon's character to his genius." Her principal writings, as is well known, are "Corinne," a historical romance; several volumes on literary society and manners of Germany, "Delphin," an elaborate essay on Literature, a shorter essay on Rosseau, one on suicide, and considerations on the French Revolution, amounting to seventeen volumes in all. Her writings are the proofs of her intellectual power. This is not the place or occasion for an extended and discriminating notice of them even if we had read them all with the care sufficient, which is not the case. But perhaps her ability was more fully displayed in her conversations than in her works even. She came as near to a female Coleridge as the world has ever seen. She met in the freedom of conversational debate all the great minds of her day and met them as equals. Pitt and Fox and Romily confessed they received valuable suggestions from her on the subjects to which their lifelong studies had been directed. Sir James Mackintosh writes in his diary while reading her well-known work, "I swallow Corinne drop by drop to prolong the pleasure." Years after when he met her in personal intercourse, he wrote this short but comprehensive verdict, "She is one of the few persons who surpass expectations." Said a distinguished lady of that day, "If I were queen I would order Madame DeStael to talk to me all the time." Quite an amusing and graphic list of opinions might be collected from the diaries and lives of her contemporaries. We avail ourselves of a few collected by a review. Lord Byron goes home after an interview in which

the nobleman had been silenced if not convinced and writes: "Her works are my delight, and so is she for half an hour. She is a woman by herself and has done more intellectually than all the rest of them together. She ought to have been a man." Schiller, the poet, "One's only grievance is the unprecedented glibness of her tongue; you make yourself all ear if you would follow her." And he says after the departure of his unfortunate visitor he felt not otherwise than if he had arisen from a severe sickness. Another great poet writes, "In company she was evermore for striking in—for instantaneously producing an effect." But let us observe she was a living, active member of society. Her sympathy with life, with her country and race were intense. Living at a time when many of the strongest men retired in despair or disgust from all plans to improve the political or moral condition of their country and gave themselves up to the physical science, she was ever ready to sympathize with any movement which promised to elevate or purify society. Richard Cecil says he often felt like shutting himself up in his study and saying to the brawling world without, "Go on, make as much noise as you please, so you let me alone." The temptation to do this is certainly strong and has overcome many who were neither weak nor corrupt. But it must be resisted. Alas for society when its purest and best members shrink from conflict and leave the enterprises of the day to the reckless and incompetent. Perhaps all the defects or weak points in her strongly marked character may be included under two general remarks. She was deficient in domestic habits and feelings—the distinguishing perfection of woman's character. We do not mean to echo the stale charge against literary women that they are necessarily masculine or unwomanly. It is said on one occasion when she met Napoleon she favored him with an eloquent harangue on the management of nations and his duty to use his power for the good of society. When she finished the ungallant emperor dryly and significantly asked, "Pray, Madame, who attends to the education of your children?" Again when "Norel Delphin" appeared it was supposed that she represented her own character in the person of her chief heroine, and that of

Talleyrand in the person of an old woman. This prince of wits, meeting her soon after, accosted her in his inimitable manner, "They tell me, Madame, that you and I figure in your late novel, both of us disguised as females." The witty Frenchman and his emperor were alike unjustly severe. We cannot object to her because she wrote and spoke on difficult subjects. She was equal to the demands of these high themes. She could rise to the height of these great arguments. Lord Brougham, in his "Statesmen of the Times of George III," gives a sketch of her life and character. Her works were quoted as authority on the floor of parliament. Surely any one, man or woman, has a right through the press to instruct the public on any subject which he or she thoroughly understands. But she indulged too far the desire which belongs not simply to woman's nature but to human nature for victory. She lived too much for effect and display. There is no repose in her character. She was ever on the wing. She was not satisfied to win and instruct, she must impress and astonish.

She and her parents avoided, it is true, the mindless excitement of fashionable life, but she led, nevertheless, a life of dissipation; intellectual, it is true, but dissipation still. She was a companion and teacher to her children, but it seems to us she did not grasp the thrilling conception of a quiet, happy home. "The lake of happiness is fed by little streams." This simple truth, this brilliant French woman never found out. It was not so much her fault as the fault of her age and country. Women were enticed abroad by the show and glitter of public scenes and lived too much in the streets, too much in the public eye. This distinguished woman, bewildered by the applause rendered to her powers, mistook the means for the end—the flowers *thrown before the triumphant races for the object of the race.* The other defect in her was a want of thorough religious principles to control her impulses and efforts. On this subject we are glad to be able to say that she was thoughtful and respectful, even serious. And this is no small praise to bestow on a distinguished character in France at that time. We have no trace of flippancy on this great subject. She did not treat the subject which it has been well said

little wits ridicule and great wits admire. The woman whose favorite reading with her children were the works of Fenelon and Thomas A'Kempis had something within her which was not shared by many of her literary contemporaries. Of course, we do not venture to sit in judgment upon the sincerity and extent of her personal belief in the distinctive doctrine of Christianity. Her writings, however, it must be confessed, do not seem to be controlled by its spirit.

It is melancholy to read in Wilberforce's diary his record after spending an evening with her. "She talked of the final cause of creation, not utility but beauty—did not like Paley, wrote about Rosseau at fifteen, thought differently at fifty. I am clear it is right for me to withdraw from the gay, irreligious, though brilliant society of Madame DeStael." It is interesting, though in some aspects a sad question. What would she have been if those high and commanding principles and motives had subdued her magnetic character? If truth, instead of playing with cold though brilliant ray around the surface of her nature, had scattered its light through every part and sanctified the whole, what a monument she would have been in the dreary waste of French literature and life in the close of the eighteenth century. The want of this element placed her work under a disadvantage when alive and her memory now that she is dead. She lived in times when the foundations of the earth were out of course, when men and nations made the plausible but disastrous experiment of taking geocentric views of human life and human obligations and duties. It seems to us that a mind like that which she possessed could almost have arrested if not reversed the current of French history. She might have built an altar in that benighted field of blood and calling down fire from heaven she might have kindled a light which the nations of Europe might have walked in in the hour of darkness. She might have left for the future historian only the task of quoting and applying to her the simple but sublime description, "She stood between the living and the dead and the plague was staid."

You may account for it as you please, either on sacred or on

secular grounds, but the tendency in reputations of this kind is to dissolution. In the garden of history weeds and flowers seem to grow promiscuously as they do in our diseased and smitten earth. The upas seems to flourish like the green bay tree. But there passes over the garden, whether irregularly we cannot tell, the dreadful simoon. The dispensers of earthly fame can neither predict its coming nor control its course. They know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, but the weeds before its breath perish sooner than flowers. Reputations which cost their owners a life of sacrifice and toil are melting away before one's eyes. A few years since the newspapers announced the death of the poet Moore. You know his history. He threw the charms of his poetry around the scenes of festivity and mirth when in health and spirits. He was caressed by those who crowd the saloons of pleasure. But when he could no longer set the table in a roar, when age had made tremulous his charming voice, what further use had the world for Tom Moore? He went to his cottage at Staperton, perhaps we cannot say the world forgetting, but may we not say by the world forgot? It was his painful destiny like that of Southey, that his mind showed decay faster than his body and in this melancholy condition how few of those whose pulses had been quickened by his presence or writings came to see him or affectionately remembered him? In this country it was observed that many who languished and sighed over his poetry could not tell whether he was alive or dead. They never cared to inquire. He must have thought of the imagery of one of his own light songs and repeated it with an emphasis of meaning which was not in his mind when he wrote it. He was in a deserted banquet hall, withered garlands and dying lamps all around him, and a fearful silence where all had once been vocal with merriment and song. At the same time another poet in England was bending beneath the infirmities of lengthened years. He had turned into melody the strains not of Anacreon, but of one who sung on the hills of Palestine. He had pictured life not as a song, a feast or holiday game, but a race, a battle or pilgrimage. He had tuned his harp not to amuse or excite the

evil spirit in his brother, but to drive it away. And were there no alleviations, no consolations on the mount near Sheffield which we may fear were not at Staperton cottage? Did not his countrymen and those who spoke his language from a distant continent visit his peaceful home and feel repaid for a toilsome journey if they received a patriarchial blessing from James Montgomery? And what will probably be the fate of their memories? The one is a merry musician for whom we send when we wish to banish not only thought and care, but perhaps conscience too. The other is a friend by whose side we feel it a privilege to walk in our better and purer moments. To be sung in the halls of mirth, to live on the lips of those who throng the enchanted ground where pleasure shades into sin is the immortality of the one. To live in the roll of those by whose songs a militant church refreshes its upward march is the immortality of the other. His name and memory will refresh all stages of human life from the cradle and nursery to the bed of languor and death. Some of his songs will be honored in being the first that children commit to memory, the simplest forms of speech that infant lips can try —others will be the last that tremble on the lips of the dying saint who "enters heaven with prayer." In the presence of such a man we recall the solemn but beautiful lines of Dryden. O that he had never forgotten them himself when he sat down with his pen!

> "When the judging God the last assize shall keep,
> For those who wake and those who sleep,
> The sacred poets first shall hear the sound
> And foremost from the tombs shall bound,
> For they are covered with the lighest ground,
> And straight with inborn vigor, on the wing
> Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing."

And does not your own sex occasionally afford an illustration of the darker side of this truth? There is still alive a woman who has powers which would have made her queen over the hearts and minds of men. She has written works which at one time promised to live. She began life with a poetical, sentimental religion, she has abandoned even that. She has climbed the

dreary steep of Atheism from which hardened men turn back in fear, and now presents a spectacle which, to the honor of your sex and the relief of ours, is seldom seen, a sceptical perhaps an Atheistic woman. The lonely dweller in a temple, from which all lovely and ministering angels have fled, she gropes among the deserted shrines, her only resource being to gather up the powers of her desecrated mind and send them hither and thither in search of dry husks of physical science! Can she write anything which the world will treasure up among its valuables? All the dews of Castalin cannot nourish or sustain an evergreen on so barren a soil. Compared with her Madame DeStael is almost an angel of light compared with many of her contemporaries around whom fortune or office threw a transient glory, she is far above the ordinary standard of worldly greatness. But she did not bring her splendid offering within the door of the temple. She did not erect her memorial in the sacred spot around which the affections of Chuendia, lawless, capricious, as they seem, ever hover and from which they never will be permanently enticed away. She is far above the great, but we feel constrained to add beneath the good how far. As it is, all her excellencies only make us the more sensible of her defects. All she was only makes us the more keenly regret what she was not. If there shall ever arise a woman, her equal in other respects, and her superior in that which will be a crown and guard to her other excellencies, she will deserve and receive a richer wreath than the world has yet been called on to award. Let us hope that our country, which affords thousands of your sex who fill with graceful ease and power the various posts which Providence assigns and the exigencies of society demand, may yet surpass them all in the person of one who will be a better, a more splendid illustration than men have yet seen of our nature in its best estate, a little lower than the angels. Let us hope the nation which has produced, besides many others, two women who will be known through time as Mary the mother and Martha the wife of George Washington, will yet produce a Christian Madame DeStael.

It is not necessary that we suggest with any minuteness of detail the lessons to be gathered from these views of her character and life. Unless we have failed entirely in our purpose the few features we have noticed carry their own application with them. There is one caution which is always needed when we study for our instruction the life of a distinguished person. We are not to wait for some great occasion before we attempt to exhibit the qualities which we see them display on great occasions. This is perhaps a common mistake with the young of both sexes. We are waiting for some great crisis. We wish to lay some splendid offering on the altar of humanity. The little and commonplace duties of our sphere seem too small and trifling for us to practice upon. It is only after many an hour of hope deferred we sink down in pain and weariness and make the humbling but instructive discovery that life is not made up of great occasions. Happily for the world and for us, many will never have an opportunity of showing how we would act on conspicuous stages. But each hour in its flight brings with it to every one of us the exactions and demands which go to make up the discipline and test of life. Few are permitted to speak words of wisdom by which a nation is saved in the crisis of its history. Who of us cannot speak hopefully, cheerfully, to some wearied brother and bid him take heart again. Few can plant or rear a cedar of Lebanon which will shelter an army beneath its shade or furnish a beam for the king's palace. Who of us cannot plant and dress a sprig of hyssop which will beautify the wall if it does not strengthen it?

Bearing this caution in mind, has the life of this dintinguished woman no instruction for us? Let us in our sphere emulate her desire after intellectual superiority and power. Let us be the companion of the wise that we may be wise. Let us share her sympathy with her country and race. We pass by on this occasion without a single remark, either grave or gay, the notorious question of the hour, Woman's Rights. There is a work in America and in the ninteenth century for woman to do. To throw the refining influence of her nature around the sterner

features of our age, to write songs and books, to prevent domestic culture and discipline from running to waste in time of peace, to prevent war from degenerating into brutal violence and wholesale murder, to nurse the virtues and patriotism of young Hedley Vicars as he goes forth to battle, to urge and guide him on the perilous path of the Christian soldier; if he returns to crown him with a wreath which is more than fame and win him back to the quiet walks of peaceful life; if he never returns to write his memoir so that he being dead may speak to thousands and be to them a landmark on the path to fame; "to supply the missing link" in the chain of sacred influences which should bind the extremes of society together; to go as an angel of mercy to homes where her sisters, clothed with unwomanly rags, are sinking beneath their portion of the weight of care; to inspire gratitude and hope in the sufferer who sees her shadow gliding over his lonely pillow which neither mother or sister's hand hath pressed. These are a few of the paths on which your sisters have entered, and standing where the fields are white unto the harvest beckon you to their assistance. A want of domestic feelings and character will be more inexcusable in us than in her. The character of a country depends almost entirely on the character of the woman of the family. This is a short train of reasons, yet it connects together indissolubly the purity and peace of a nation with the quiet and order of 10,000 unknown, unnoticed homes. We cannot enter upon this important subject, tempting as it is, but let me ask what is it a man can not do if encouraged, instructed and directed at home? When we remember the domestic history of Byron there is something touching and instructive in these lines occurring in the well-known apostrophe to Napoleon at a crisis in his wonderful career:

"And she proved Austria's mournful flower
Thy still imperial bride.
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thy thornless homicide!
If she still loves thee hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy banished diadem."

But to descend from these indefinite thoughts to a remark which will at least be more specific, the young woman who, while abroad acquiring an education acquires along with it a passion for excitement which renders burdensome the quiet routines of home, humble though it be, its daily recurring exactions on hands and mind and temper has purchased her education at too high a price. It may be better to do without an education so-called than to pay thus for it. She may come back with foundations of her moral nature surely laid, her mind may be stored with the fruits of years of study, but if she comes back with impoverished heart, bankrupt in feelings and affections, she is poor indeed! Gather assiduously, gather every accomplishment and grace which places like that with which you are now connected can furnish, but gather them all to lay them a grateful thanks-offering on the dear old hearthstone of your infancy. Run, my young friends, with all the bouyancy and alacrity of youth, range over the forest and the field in search of every rare flower, but from every such excursion come back with your trophies and dress the household gods of Home. You have committed to memory many passages describing female character from Walter Scott. Let me, at the risk of being counted prosaic or provoking a smile, remind you that the finest eulogy he ever pronounced on woman was once when the poet and novelist were forgotten and the father spoke. When one of his daughters passed through the room he pointed to her and with all a father's pride said, "The man that marries that woman brings everlasting sunshine into his house."

The want of fixed religious principles, subduing and controlling all her powers, correcting and elevating her views of life and duty, furnishing ends and motives of action, was a great defect in her character and will be in yours. That religion has done much for your sex collectively is one of the commonplace remarks of religious literature. While Christianity has been walking through the earth on her mission of beneficence and love and men have been scowling defiance at each other across her path or quarreling about the length or color of texture of her robes, woman

gliding gently and noiselessly through the crowd, has ventured near to touch the hem of her garment and the touch has exalted her sex. Yet some of my sex, while professing the utmost regard for your interest, your happiness, and feeling, sneer and scoff at that which has made you all that they admire! We will not enter upon this general view any farther, neither will we insist upon the necessity of the religious element to the perpetuity of a precious reputation, but the lesson we suggest is the necessity of religion to the development and perfection of individual female character. This theme is beyond my reach. It must not suffer in my hands. But the subject and the occasion will not let me say less than this: By whatever train of thought we approach the subject, whatever elements we admit into the calculation or reject from it, we must conclude that the treasuries of a woman's affections are too rich to be wasted on objects earthly. Gather them up, my dear friends, before the dry air and hot sun have roasted much of their fragrance, while the dew still sparkles on them, and pour them at the master's feet. The virtue of women in another point of view seems to need peculiarly the help of religious principles. Will a woman who can be thrown into terror or alarm by a strange sound or a rough voice, who would not cross the street after nightfall without a protector, will she enter into life where strong men are fainting and failing every day without a protector, without a guide?

"O what is woman—what her smile?
Her lips of love, her eye of light,
What is she if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus! Love may write
His name upon her marble brow
And linger in her curls of jet,
The light spring flowers may scarcely bow
Beneath her step and yet—and yet
Without that meekest grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity."

ADDRESS MADE AT THE FUNERAL OF D. E. CONVERSE, OCTOBER, 1899.

Perhaps my acquaintance with our deceased friend dates further back than that of any one else who speaks today. More than forty years ago, I used to meet him at the religious occasions, which he loved to encourage among his people, near his home. During the great war, I saw him in his office, where needy women and wives and widows of soldiers had learned to go for help. He was old enough to bear his share in the burden and dangers of the war. He was not too old to adjust himself to new and strange conditions when peace returned. While some of our citizens were eloquently abusing his native section, and others were sitting down in sullen despair, he threw himself, with all his energies, into needed honorable work to help in rebuilding the shattered fortunes of our people. He depended for his success only on skill, prudence, patience and integrity. We suppose it never occurred to him that money might be sought in gambling speculations. He must have been endued to an unusual degree with the rare qualities to gain wealth honorably, and the still rarer qualities to use it wisely and unselfishly. A few years ago, in this growing city, a critical opportunity occurred, to take a signal step forward in the most important field of education. The place, the time, called for the man. Thrown in early life upon the care of a widowed mother, his own fine character a tribute to her worth, and having been privileged, in her case, to rock the cradle of reposing age, our friend was well prepared to put a high estimate on female influence and character. Quietly, without pretence or show, he came forward and met the grand occasion grandly.

A man of few words, of unusual modesty, whose virtues were rather felt than seen, it almost seemed easier for him to sign a large check for the college than to take his place on the platform on commencement day, and receive the congratulations of his friends. He took all the precautions that the education imparted

to young women here should be safe, moral, religious. Perhaps no surer means could be taken by any man to embalm his money, and give it earthly continuance. The orphan stranger came among us, without means. He has given to his adopted State an offering such as very few of her sons, with ancestral wealth, have laid on her altar.

Through coming generations, successive bands of happy college girls will roam over this beautiful campus, with merry songs and laughter. There will be one spot where their laughter and song will cease. With slow and solemn step they will go to the spot, with the flowers of each returning spring, and offering the tribute of their warm and grateful young hearts, they will say, one to another, "He loved our people, and gave us this college!"

"THE PROPER LITERATURE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES."

A Sunday school library should be filled with good books, which should be well taken care of, and well read. On one most important point, the care and management of the books, I propose to say nothing, except to call attention to this emphatically, as a part of our general Sunday school work, where information and improvement are greatly needed. An article appeared lately in the "Sunday School Times" with the startling heading "Is a Library a Blessing or a Bane?" Without sympathizing entirely with the conclusion, to which the very form of the question seems to point, we can yet see how a thoughtful observer may be tempted to ask it. If by simply writing an order I could put a copy of every book which bears our imprint in the library of every Sunday school within our borders—let no one feel uneasy, I am not about to say the order would not appear—but I would put the books there, with the saddening conviction that the gift would be in a great measure useless, through general carelessness and want of system. Perhaps you may say, that if all these libraries are instrumental in the conversion, or spiritual education of one soul, that is worth all they cost. No one may sharply deny that remark, but it at once removes the entire question from the range of discussion as to economy of means and effort, while we can scarcely afford to be prodigal in either. From private conversations with members here, I feel assured that some well-conducted libraries are represented among us, and the general good of this important interest requires that all possible details be given in the discussion which it is hoped may follow.

Several other limitations, we hope, will be taken for granted in approaching this wide subject. We have not a word to say on the method or means by which a Sunday school literature is to be published, whether by help of benevolent donations, or in the way of self-supporting business enterprise.

We do not propose to speak of our periodical literature, which in extent and importance demands a distinct discussion. We hope information will be brought in from all parts of the world as to the degree in which *periodicals* are lessening the demands for *books*.

We are not to speak of the rules which might guide us in selecting from the well-filled bookstores of the city a library for a Young Men's Christian Association. We are to speak of books suited to a Sunday school library. And the inquiry is not what kind of food we will give to the thousands famishing outside of church enclosures. It is as to the fare we spread for our own household. We speak of books suitable for a Methodist Sunday school. *There are some books which* MUST *be there if the library is at all complete.* It must be well supplied with books which throw light on the Bible. This will include works on its geography, history, chronology, and works of travelers in Bible lands. Each of these topics (and these are only specimens) will open the door to the collection of a vast library. Take the first class, geography. Very few of our libraries are furnished with suitable helps here. It is true the main object of instruction in Sunday schools is not to furnish geographical knowledge. But surely, ignorance of geography is not a special preparation for *that* which is the main object of our efforts there. And there is great danger lest the pupil who is allowed to pass over the words Jordan, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, in blank ignorance, may bring the same incurious, darkened mind to the more important words, sin, faith, holiness, and salvation. Clear thoughts are gregarious and productive. And the same remark applies to the other topics mentioned above. Any book whose avowed object is to throw light on the letter or spirit of the Bible, any book, the aim and tendency of which will be to make THE BOOK more attractive, intelligible, or influential, may be suitable for a Sunday school library.

We often overlook the advantages we possess in some features of the Bible, as calculated to interest children. Take, for example, those parts of the Old Testament which are made up of strange stories, incidents, or exhibitions of character. These are wisely

adapted to feed the curiosity and desire for marvels, which are so characteristic of childhood. And in this view we can see a use, even in those parts which in our mistaken dignity we had pronounced unworthy of the book or its author. The Bible might have been written without any element of this kind. It might have been written with the abstract, peremptory style of a law book. It might have been like Butler's Analogy, or a mass of profound invulnerable logic. In that case, the mature Christian would have found noble exercise in tasking his powers to survey its bulwarks, or in gazing with exultation and pride on its massive walls, which no assailant could scale or command. And yet he could not repress a sigh when he remembered what an impassable gulf there was between the Bible of the man and the curiosity or understanding of the young. You may imagine him searching anxiously and vainly for some crevice, or salient point, or grotesque ornament even on the wall, to which he could bind the luxuriant fancies or tastes of his child. But the "foolishness of God" has been wiser than man. The book to which the statesman will yet turn, not in vain, for light on all the appalling and complicated evils of our times, is the book in which the young man may find the help he needs to cleanse his way. And the old Christian who has seen an end of all perfection, rests at last his sinking head on the very book from which his mother drew that inexhaustible fund of stories which charmed him when a child. Surely the heart of every earnest parent or teacher will feel an argument here (which his reason need not disclaim) for the divinity of that wonderful, many-sided Book, the guide of every stage of individual or national life. Let the books be multiplied, then, which break up into simple fragments for childhood the truths contained in these parts of the Old Testament, or those in the wonderful story of the Divine Child in the New.

Let the library be full in Christian biography. Let it give the pupil some adequate idea of this rich and ever-growing volume of the evidences of Christianity. Let the noble army of martyrs, and the great crowd of witnesses who have followed in their train, be there, though dead, to speak to the present and future genera-

tions. Let the pupil see and feel that the religion which demands his confidence has not lived "in a corner," but has claimed a full share of the manhood, worth and scholarship of each successive age. Here will be included lives and memoirs of the men who planted Christianity in our western wilds, the men who brought, perhaps in a homely vessel, and offered, it may be with an ungraceful gesture, the water of life to those who felled these forests and laid the foundations of your greatness. We who live in circumstances and scenes so different from those in which these pioneers lived, achieved, and suffered, may still be strengthened and instructed by the record of their lives. Let us then continue with pious care to gather up and perpetuate them. It will help us to ask how they would meet the new and increasing evils which press upon us. We may be sure they would not be abashed or appalled by all the noise and glare of a bustling and pretentious age. They would lift up the warning cry in the thoroughfares, and chief places of concourse, as well as in the highways and hedges. They would seek to lay an arresting, consecrating hand on all the activities and powers of the age. Walking, as we have done today, along the crowded aisles of the Industrial Hall in this city, which so well represent the diversified energies of modern life, they would have challenged every interest represented there, to bring its tribute to their Master's feet.

Our libraries should have books to explain whatever is peculiar or characteristic in our history or usages. Whenever a child growing up in reach or in sight of any part of our machinery is led to ask the natural question, "What meaneth this?" let there be a book in easy reach which will explain the erection of that Ebenezer.

We will try to avoid the mistake which James Hamilton warns all Christian people against, that of "mistaking our denominational lamp for a light-house." We will try to separate clearly the hairs on the badger skins from the altar and the ark. We will remember that Stephen Olin used to say if a Methodist is a bigot he is so as an amateur, from pure love of the thing, for his creed does not urge or point him in that direction. "Our

passions overpower us, we know they are our enemies, and we struggle against them. Our *prejudices* flatter while they imprison us, and like madmen we mistake our jailers for a guard of honor." We will try and give a just and subordinate importance to all that is incidental or provisional. We will furnish our children with the means to form an intelligent and healthy attachment to the usages and doctrines of their fathers.

There are books which must NOT *be in our libraries.*

No book must be there which directly or indirectly assails the vital truths of religion, such as the existence of God, his truth or wisdom, or essential attributes. The pastor or Sunday school teacher may at times feel it a professional duty to read such, but it can not find a place in our libraries for the young.

Nor must any book be there which assails or ridicules the purity of woman, the sanctity of truth, the sacredness of parental authority and power or the unrepealable distinction between right and wrong.

And as no book *assailing* any of these can be admitted, neither can any one be allowed which *defends* any of these, the common inheritance of Christian truth or any of our denominational peculiarities, in a bitter or unchristian spirit. Bishop Marvin said last night, there were Methodist Sunday schools to which he would not be willing to send his children, as every hour spent in them might be only a lesson in disorder. Sympathizing to the utmost with that remark, we add to it, that there are books written avowedly in defence of doctrines held by us, which books we should esteem it a misfortune, perhaps a life-long injury for a child to know or read. When the stern order is pressed home upon us, "Cut off the right hand," we are too often willing to propose the compromise, "Spare it, and I will consecrate it to the service of the sanctuary!" But there are tempers and passions which are not fitted to that service, NEITHER INDEED CAN BE, tempers and passions which are the natural product of just such times as those on which we are fallen.

There is another class of books which must be excluded. Perhaps the vague and undefinable word *sensational* will point them

out. They are books which turning away from the quiet, healthy, nutriment we need, seek to *excite*. Their very pictures often characterize their spirit, by ludicrous or hideous distortions of the noble form of man or woman. Your attention has no doubt been called to the startling antithesis of the inspired writer: "And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, *but* be filled with the Spirit!" This seems to intimate that our nature craves and will have some excitement or stimulus, which common daily life cannot give, and we are warned not to mistake! Drunkenness, then, is the culminating point in the misdirection or perversion of mighty impulses and aspirations! It is our weak nature demanding, and receiving, that which its tame and material surroundings are too poor to give. It is our religious instincts and thirst, rushing downward instead of upward. It is the profanation, the desecration of the chapel, the oratory of the soul. It is earthly, sensual, devilish, excitement, mimicking, caricaturing blasphemously, the holy purifying influence of the Spirit. It is Belshazzar bringing out the sacred vessels of the sanctuary and using them in profane and impure indulgences. It is Saul, turning away from the example and teaching of Samuel, flinging his piteous wail on the night-winds, "I am sore distressed, for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me and answereth me no more," and going in his extremity, to knock at the doors of the vile hag of hell for comfort and support!

If all this seems wandering from the subject, we can easily come back with a single remark. This unhealthy excitement can be found elsewhere than in the intoxicating bowl. There are attractive volumes in your bookstores, which can do the fatal work on imagination, reason, and will, as surely if not as instantly or as grossly, as the elegant saloons in which your young men are invited to give up manhood and purity for an hour's indulgence. Sunday school libraries must receive no book of this kind, at half price, or as a donation, even if interleaved with bank notes. But they must furnish materials which, both directly and indirectly, will remove the desire for this range of reading. We are afraid that in the hardness of these times many parents are failing to

supply their families with the necessary food for their intellectual and spiritual life which our church periodicals and literature can give. A little mistaken economy here may be fatal. Its full and complete results may only be bounded by the melancholy family epitaph: "Thy money perish with *thee*, and the *children*, thou hast robbed and ruined!"

A simple suggestion may be added. It may be well not to limit or keep down the books too closely within childish limits. In works of taste or imagination, a child sometimes finds profit from a book which an examining committee would gravely pronounce to be entirely beyond his years. Childhood seems often to have by instinct or appetency, the rare faculty "to read between the lines." We speak not of clear, definite knowledge now, but impulses or aspirations, which may be imparted by a book sometimes, when its average matter may be beyond the young reader's comprehension.

There are works which may or may not be in the library, as economy, or the special design, may require, as works of science, for example. The admission of these may depend on the answer you give to the question, "Are Sunday school books intended for Sunday reading exclusively?" If not, if in some places the congregation may choose through this library to feed the growing intellects of the young with healthy secular food, such as the parents may not be able or willing to give, then may works of pure science be admitted? In other words, would a volume written to show the marks of wisdom and design in every pebble in the road, and every blade of blue grass which clothes your valleys, be out of place in a Sunday school library? The only suggestion we wish to make here is, if they are admitted at all, let them be admitted generously, fearlessly. Do not stop the seeker after physical facts, and say, "You may go down or up *this* line of search, as far as you please, but you must not travel in *that*, for fear you may find something which ought not to be true." In all the works of God there is nothing true which ought not to be true. He who made this hill on which your city is built, gave "all the promises," and he did not in *them* invite

you to cast on him the burden of your full reliance, and in *that*, write an unmeaning or contradictory sentence. Let the geologist dig on, to the center of the earth if he can. He will never bring up a pebble which will really contradict the written revelation. Let the astronomer take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the universe, he will never find a cluster of stars which, rightly understood, will join in the dirge of the Atheist, "There is no God," or the cheerless wail of the infidel, "No God cares for my soul." Just across that narrow street, the workmen are now digging a few feet below the surface of the earth. The noise of their tools falls on our ears at this moment, and at intervals through the day we hear them blasting the rocks. Are you sitting here in uneasiness, lest the next explosion may shake your city from its strong foundations? You know that while each shock may for an instant delay the stream of travel, the rocky bed beneath us is in no more danger from its vibrations than from the tread of a schoolgirl on the pavement. Do feel just as confident in the security of the revelation which God has given us. Though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, "He sits on no precarious throne." If the hill on which your capitol, "beautiful for situation," so magnificently sits, should sink to the level of Cumberland River, if the coronal of hills which offers to you a fresh feast of beauty every morning should disappear, and wide monotonous level fill all your horizon, your Christian men and women, standing in the midst of all this confusion, might lift up their song of confidence and trust, "Thy Throne, O God, is forever and forever!"

Walking through our Publishing House a few days since, a friend well acquainted with its history and capacity, uttered a few words in the basement which have been ringing in my ears ever since: "That engine could do perhaps three or four times the work it is doing now." I was not sorry that you have a good engine, but that you cannot let out all its strength. In times like these, all our reserved forces should be thrown into the field. Let us hope that soon it may be strained to the utmost, as it scatters

like snowflakes over the land a healthy, attractive, and varied literature, from the picture card for the child to the strong food for the man.

And let us not shrink from the effort it will cost to more effectively use all our complicated machinery. When you, Mr. President, were a young man, your round of duties was simple and specific, with perhaps a senior colleague to tell you what to do, and when and how to do it. Do you, sometimes, when oppressed by manifold claims and cares, heave an involuntary sigh for the ease and comparative quiet of those days? You are inexcusable, sir, if you deliberately wish to recall that stage of life, as a retreat from the engagements and responsibilities which added years have brought. It is so with our church. Its whole machinery was once quite simple. Bishop Asbury could visit every society in a year. We are thankful he could not do it now in a lifetime. But this growth involves and demands diversity, complication and magnitude of interests and agencies. It is the price we pay (rather it is the perquisite we enjoy) for expansion and growth. Let us more habitually "*walk about*" our Zion. It is no hour's light promenade, but the ceaseless labor of a lifetime to survey it with intelligence and care. "Consider her palaces," not the one or two alone, within which your allotted tasks may fall, or the few adjoining ones, which may obtrude themselves on your daily round of duties. CONSIDER THEM ALL. We often lose the expanding, educating influence of connection with a great and varied interest, by shrinking from the effort it requires, to take in at once or successively its vast proportions. I confess, this hurried visit has led me to enlarge my estimate of some interests, which I had not *considered*, though passively and vaguely admitting them all the while. And some of you may not have fully *considered* the great interest which it has suddenly become my duty to bring before you. The bishop, rushing through States, and coming in professional or private intercourse with thousands; the editor, sending out his winged messengers to comfort or edify those whom he will never see; the city pastor, burdened by the ceaseless and untold exactions of his post; the "circuit rider,"

meeting a few sheep in the wilderness and leaving that which will give them life and strength until his next monthly appointment; the class leader, keeping alive the flame of piety in the hearts of his brethren; the teacher in his recitation room, trying to train his pupils and himself; all these, and more, are needed to do our great work. No one of these can say to the other, *I have no need of thee.*

And let us not too curiously, in desponding or exulting moods, pore over our religious statistics, or vex ourselves with these questions: What shall *our* church be or do a century hence? Whose pattern of a tabernacle will the temple which is to abide most closely follow? Or within whose inclosure will it stand? Gilead and Manassah are His. But He may pass by the hills of the one and the plains of the other, to choose a spot on the borderline of a very large and very small tribe, where a good man threshed his wheat in the fear of God. Our Father's House above is many-mansioned, and perhaps his earthly church must continue so for generations to come.

LECTURES BY DR. JAMES H. CARLISLE, BEFORE THE TEACHERS' SUMMER SCHOOL, SPARTANBURG, S. C. 1901.

(June 29, 1901)

THE SOUTH CAROLINA JUDGE.

May, 1842, several students of the college in Columbia walked up Main street. They reached the courthouse, which stood on the same square as the courthouse today, but it fronted on Main street. They heard that the Appeal Court was in session. There was no separate Appeal Court then, but it meant that all the law judges would be seen there in their robes of office, sitting together as an Appeal Court.

The young men went up, turned to the left side as they went in the courthouse, a large room, and saw the law judges of South Carolina, all in their robes of office. These were the judges then upon the bench, their names in the order of official seniority: Richardson, O'Neall, Evans, Earle, Butler, Wardlaw.

In a smaller room on the right-hand side of the passage were these chancellors: David Johnson, Job Johnstone, B. F. Duncan, William Harper.

Of course, those names are names only and nothing more to the most of those present. No formal biography of either of those men has ever been written. In Judge O'Neall's "Bench and Bar," and Governor Perry's two volumes of "Reminiscences," you will find all that is to be gathered about them except from traditions and local incidents. A wider acquaintance with them would assure you that the young hero-worshippers of that day were not guided by ignorant, blind State pride when they looked upon those men with respect and had a high opinion of the office of South Carolina Judge, which they kept through life.

Tonight we are not to take up any one of those judges, nor will any attempt be made to sketch an ideal judge. It is the office of judge, it is the judgeship, it is the historic, continuous institu-

tion of judge that we are to look at, as you look at some features connected with the judgeship which are either the cause or the consequence of that high regard for the office of judge which the State has always held.

The tenure of the office: It was for life during good behavior. Up to the civil war no other State in the Union put its judges on as high a plane as we did. There were some disadvantages in that. There were many advantages. It made the judge independent. He had no fear of buncombe before his eyes. Since then they are elected in all the States, their terms of office from four years to fourteen. We are looking at the judgeship as it was estimated in this State under the old law. We pay no attention whatever to any change in the tenure or any change that has been made or may be made in the office by that alteration.

Their salaries: They were liberal, perhaps, as we gauge the salaries of that day. No judge ever made a fortune by his salary. There was not a mile of railroads then above Columbia. The judges rode their circuits in their own carriages. The State allowed them nothing for expenses beyond a liberal salary. Twenty-five hundred, three thousand, thirty-five hundred, were about the limits within which the salaries ranged during the most of the last century. By a rigid law a judge must receive during the whole of his official life the salary which he received the first year. It was not to be lessened or increased during his term of office. Therefore, at times there might be seen on the bench three judges, one drawing twenty-five hundred, another three thousand, and another thirty-five hundred. Sometimes the salary was raised, from $2,500 say, to $3,000. Then a singular ceremony took place on several occasions, which showed that the judges may have had a slight sense of humor or paid some regard to filthy lucre. A salary was raised from $2,500 to $3,000. Now, this took place: The Honorable A. B., judge, gravely sends in his resignation to the legislature of South Carolina. The legislature gravely accepts it, appoints a day and hour when that vacancy is to be filled. The hour comes, the Senate goes in solemn procession to the House of Representatives to deposit their

ballots, the members of the House vote, a committee is appointed to retire into a neighboring room and count the sovereign ballots of a free people, the committee comes back and in substance reports about this: "The vacancy caused by the resignation of Honorable A. B. has been constitutionally and well filled by putting Honorable A. B. back into his own vacancy." That was a simple ceremony which did not take long, but it meant five hundred dollars a year to the Honorable A. B. He could then say to the treasurer when he went to draw his salary: "You remember some time ago the legislature raised the salary of the judges five hundred dollars. I have been elected since that change of law. Therefore, I am entitled to that." That was frequently done. There is no instance on record, I believe, where a judge who resigned for that purpose failed of re-election, though some came in with diminished majority. All did not resign. But suppose what took place again when, for instance, the legislature lowered the salary from three thousand to twenty-five hundred. I see already some of you saying with some curiosity: Did a South Carolina judge ever resign to take advantage of a lower salary? Yes, there is a case on record to show you that a South Carolina judge is equal to any fortune. Let me say a few words about Daniel Huger, who did that. He was a wealthy planter in the State, did not study any profession for several years after his marriage, lived in Charleston until, as he expressed it afterwards to his friends: "I found I had to do one of two things: I must either give up my city life and go to my plantation and associate with negroes, or I must enter the bar and associate with lawyers." He did not hesitate long. He took up the study of law and was admitted, and, being a man of rare abilities and rare elevation of character in all its noble elements, he was soon promoted to a judgeship. In the course of time in charging the juries when speaking of the expenses of the State and the extravagance of them he mentioned judges' salaries as being too high. After a time the legislature lowered the salaries. His colleagues on the bench took no action. They were not called upon to do it. They were right in holding the State to its bar-

gain made with them when the State called them from their private practice to give them a salary, but he officially and publicly had expressed the opinion that the salary was too large, and he felt bound in honor as a man to resign, which he did. The State put him back immediately. In a few years he resigned for another reason. That terrible Nullification contest came on. He was an ardent Union man. He felt that he could serve his State better on the floor of the House of Representatives than on the bench. He resigned and the people of Charleston sent him to the legislature. Years later he resigned another and even higher place. When Mr. Calhoun, in 1842, left the Senate, as he and his friends thought finally, Mr. Huger was put in his place. Before he had finished his term as senator, great complications arose in our public affairs. The Oregon question came up. There was a serious possibility of war with England. "54:40 or fight" was the mad war cry. In this extremity a great many eyes were turned towards Fort Hill. A toast given at that time at a barbecue in the middle part of the State expressed the general feeling: "John C. Calhoun: let Achilles remain in his tent no longer." Mr. Huger, with rare generosity, promptly offered to vacate the seat. Mr. Calhoun was put in it, and the Oregon question was settled.

An incident in Mr. Huger's life may be worth mentioning. In a warm debate in the House of Representatives an ardent nullifier in the course of an argument spoke offensively to Mr. Huger. Mr. Huger rose and answered his argument, and when he came to the personal remarks he simply said: "Personal questions are not to be settled here." That afternoon when the House adjourned he sent a formal challenge to the offending man to meet him at sunrise the next morning on the duelling ground. Friends interfered. It was put into a shape where next morning that offending gentleman—and it required great bravery and manhood to do what he did—rose in his place in the legislature and expressed regret for the offensive remarks, said they fell from him in a moment of heat and passion and did not express his estimate of that gentleman, and gave a warm eulogy of Mr.

Huger. That afternoon Mr. Huger met Judge O'Neall in the passage in the State house. Knowing Judge O'Neall's disapproval of duelling, he said: "I know you think me rash yesterday. My daughter and her grown brother were in the gallery, they heard the insult given to me. I knew if I did not take it up my son would and mischief would follow."

Another duelling incident is still harder to understand. Mr. Huger sent a challenge to his own brother-in-law, who, being an old army officer, had to accept. There was no question, no debate in his mind at all, but he said to the man who brought it: "I will be much obliged if you will tell me what offense I have given." The answer was: "I do not know. I have no information of that. I am only told to hand you that note." Two valuable lives were risked. Fortunately, Mr. Huger was unhurt, the other party slightly wounded for an offense that was not known, no opportunity given to explain. Surely that was chivalry carried to excess.

The age at which the judges were usually elected: Without any law on the subject, it was very rare for a judge in this State to be elected until he had reached that age which would have entitled him to a place in the United States Senate. We are startled to learn that in Europe to this very day judges are frequently elected or appointed outside of the legal profession. It is taken for granted by us at once that no man can be a judge who has not had that singular experience which can come alone from years of training at the bar. The forms of the courthouse are significant. There was no one of the old thirteen States on more intimate relations with England than South Carolina. Many of our wealthy planters were educated there and sent their sons back home, as they expressed it, for their literary and professional education. It was quite easy for those who had been familiar with Westminster forms to bring them to South Carolina, the charge to the jury, the gowns. The judges of England wore wigs and gowns and bangs. Only gowns were brought to this State. One hundred years ago the lawyers of this State were wearing gowns. Since then the custom his been restricted to judges.

A few months ago the Georgia papers had an interesting discussion about the propriety or necessity of wearing gowns. It was stated that only one Georgia judge in a certain grade of court wore a gown. That was Judge Speer. It is significant that Judge Speer was a South Carolina boy. I have no doubt when he was a boy in Abbeville he had gone to the courthouse with his father and looked with awe upon one of the men whose names I have read dressed in his gown. That gave him his ideas. The sheriff escorting the judge, the sheriff with a military hat and sword, is only a small part of the pomp and ceremony with which an English judge is greeted when he reaches the bench.

The deference paid the judge: The forms of court etiquette: It has not been my privilege to attend a court for years, I may say, but I would be surprised if I were to go and hear any lawyer say: "Judge, what do you think of this?" He must use some more highly circuitous phrase than that or he will be rebuked.

The first two days I ever spent in Spartanburg I spent at the Walker House. It was court week. I was very much struck by an incident which occurred. It appealed to me as a Carolinian. One day there was quite a crowd of country people hungry for dinner. When the bell rang there was a rush for the dining-room door. Just as they got to the head of the stairs, Judge O'Neall's door opened and he walked out quietly. As suddenly as if there had been constables there with their robes of office to hold back that crowd of hungry men, they stood respectfully until Judge O'Neall passed quietly down. Then they rushed to their places.

The fraternity between members of the bar is the foundation for a fraternity between the judges. Mr. Brice, of England, says that the bar in several countries is hardly second to the church in its illuminating and civilizing influence. He speaks of the strong yet declining spirit of the English bar. How far the American or South Carolina bar keep up their corporate spirit, their spirit of the body, is not for a layman to decide. Perhaps down in this century even scenes may take place in the courthouse which show the lawyers must have love enough for each other to stand some downright quarreling.

The venerable Judge Gantt, who, in 1841, retired at a ripe old age, having resigned from age and feebleness, when telling his friend, Judge O'Neall, what happened in his court some time before, spoke of an instance in which the lawyers seemed disposed to fight and he had told them to keep the peace. "If that thing occurs again, O'Neall," he said, "I think I will treat it differently. I think I will tell the crier to go to the front door and give public proclamation that two lawyers, Mr. A. and Mr. B, want to fight and the judge adjourns the court that all may witness the exhibition. I believe that will stop the lawyers from quarreling."

The fraternity of the bench: I think probably the circuit judges of that day had a stronger fraternal feeling than the circuit judges of today, for this reason: then they had to meet twice a year for several weeks and had daily social and professional intercourse with each other just as the Supreme Court judges now do.

Judge O'Neall, in his popular addresses frequently alluded to his colleagues on the bench. I was struck with it as a boy when listening to him. He did not say Judge Butler, or Judge Gantt, or Judge Harper. It was "my brother Gantt" or "my brother Harper." It was a true expression of the strong fraternal feeling amongst them. It happened frequently that a lawyer while in active practice and visiting another court on his circuit would be perfectly willing to accept the hospitality of a brother lawyer and would spend a week with him as his guest, but when that lawyer is elected judge and goes to that courthouse he will not do that. The judge will try no case in which he ever gave an opinion as a lawyer. He will try no case in which even a remote kinsman of his is concerned.

Judge Frost, after he retired from the bench, told Judge Perry this incident in his life. He was attending court in a neighboring State, watching the interests of the Blue Ridge Railroad, of which he was president. Judge Frost was fond of using moderately the best brandy that Charleston could furnish. He took some of it with him. He invited some lawyers to share it with

him. They said to him: "Ask the judge." His answer was: "I should be very glad to meet his Honor socially, but I have some hesitation about it. Etiquette in my State would forbid it. Neither on the bench nor at the bar have I ever known a lawyer to offer to treat a judge who had just had a case before him." "Oh," said these lawyers, "we don't think anything of that here." So, the judge was invited. These are little things unless we neglect them. A juror is often guarded by a constable for fear some one may approach him on the subject which he has under advisement. There is no need to appoint a guard for a judge in this State. He is sufficiently guarded by all the traditions and precedents of his office. The oldest lawyer would not dare, uninvited, to approach a judge about a subject then under debate. A young lawyer asked a chancellor, "When may I expect a decree to be handed down in this case?" The chancellor rebuked him and said: "If I answer that, you will want to know what the decree will be."

The judge in politics: Our State has always allowed a judge to go to the polls like a citizen and deposit his vote without question. We would be shocked to hear of a judge being president of a Democratic club or a Republican club. For several years after the Revolution the judges were not forbidden, as they are now, to hold office of profit or trust. Judge Grimke at one time held two offices which are considered the highest in South Carolina and were then. He was at the same time speaker of the house of representatives and a judge on the bench.

The partisan press for that reason respect a judge. Every decision that a judge makes disappoints some party. It is very rare in South Carolina that you find the papers attacking the opinion of a judge. The private character, the official ability of our judges, protect them.

There was an earnest debate in the legislature in 1845, and a law was passed that after the passage of that law and after it had been sanctioned by another legislature, for it was a constitutional measure, that every judge must vacate his seat at 65 years of age. There was a singular mistake made the night that law was

ratified. The Honorable Angus Patterson, president of the Senate, signed his name as Speaker of the House; the Honorable William F. Colcock, signed his name as President of the Senate. That was supposed to vitiate the whole law. The next year a series of very able articles came out in the Columbia and Charleston papers opposing the change. The articles were known to be from the pen of Edmund Bellinger, a prominent member of the Barnwell bar, the articles appearing under the head of the "Black Sluggers." Public opinion was so completely changed that no attempt was ever made after that to alter the age or tenure of the judge's office.

Two years after that a very striking scene took place in the House of Representatives. Judge Richardson, by age the president of the Court of Appeals when it met, had reached his seventy years. In some parts of the State there were rumors of physical and mental infirmity. No suggestion of official unfairness whatever. A resolution was offered in the House that his place be declared vacant by reason of physical and mental infirmities. The judge had notice of it. The venerable man looked upon it as not simply a blow at him but at the judiciary. He respectfully gave the legislature to understand that he would throw himself on his reserve rights as a man, as a judge. It was a striking scene that day. The galleries were crowded, the halls were crowded. A space was kept in one aisle for a little table with law books. There the venerable judge was seated with William C. Preston on one side and Edmund Bellinger on the other, the lawyers who asked to help him if need be. At the proper time the Honorable William F Colcock, as Speaker, in his rich blue silk robe, a fine specimen of manhood he was, rose and in very respectful terms told Judge Richardson the House was ready to hear him. Judge Richardson rose and made a very long, able speech. It settled his case. It left him undisturbed as judge for three years until death relieved him.

One incident was impressive. It might have been expected that Speaker Colcock would take his seat as soon as Judge Richardson began to speak, as the Speaker always sat down when some one

else had the floor, but the venerable man stood there, erect, eyes fixed respectfully on Judge Richardson. He stood up during the whole time, during a very long speech. At the close of it Judge Richardson gratefully acknowledged with appreciation the respect due him. It may have been easier for him. It is easy for any South Carolinian to respect the past.

I digress a moment to make a statement which may not be without interest to the Spartanburg people here. Judge Colcock, father of the Speaker, told Governor Perry an incident connected with his first visit to Spartanburg, then a little village. He said two smart Charleston lawyers came up here from Charleston, a very long, tedious journey. The first night they got here, he said, the whole space in front of the courthouse, which stood where the Duncan building stands now, was filled with fires, lightwood knots kindled into blazes, and between one and two hundred men with coats and vests off, gathered in groups, ready for miscellaneous, contemporaneous fighting all around. The Charleston lawyers must have thought they had reached beyond the bounds of civilization. The next morning they started early to the City by the Sea, leaving their legal business to take care of itself.

Has there ever been an unworthy judge in South Carolina? That question must be divided. There was a time when we were dependent on England for our judges. They appointed citizens here or imported them from England who knew nothing of law. On one occasion at least Dr. McCrady is warranted in saying: "An ignorant, vulgar, illiterate ignoramus was sent from London to be Chief Justice of the Province of South Carolina." Leave all that page of our history out of view. Since we have taken possession of it with an organized government, has there been any impeachment of judges? That question must be answered yes, with the explanation which will follow it. Two impeachments have been attempted. One failed to carry, the other succeeded. Judge Grimke was impeached in 1811, not for personal or official reasons. His integrity was not questioned as a man or as a judge. His impeachment was rather on other lines than morals. The old judge had been an officer in the Revolution, who

perhaps carried too far into peace the stern exactions and deference required in war times.

He is to some extent connected with the history of Spartanburg. He must have been struck, in driving his carriage up the Buncombe road to the mountains, with a beautiful little hill on the Buncombe road. He bought that land and called it Belmont, a name that it bears today. The judge built a summer house there. Years ago I had the pleasure of being a guest, on top of that mountain, of an excellent family. Mr. Dillard, in passing to his house, showed the very spot that had been pointed out to him as the place where Judge Grimke's house had stood. The judge leveled the top, planted a grove and prepared a home. I remember hearing the late Simpson Bobo say that when he was a small boy he was sent there on some message. The surroundings impressed him very much, being much above those to be found in this part of the State at that time. Now, you see a little weakness of Judge Grimke that made him overbearing and led to the attempted impeachment. He believed that all these people in the upper Carolina were an inferior race altogether. If any of the farmers or their wives came on business, the judge himself or the servants would meet them at the front gate or the doors. The ladies of his family could not meet the men or women of the neighborhood even to buy from them a pound of butter or a dozen eggs. That feeling explains the attempted impeachment, but it failed. The second impeachment of another judge, ended more sadly, eighteen or twenty years afterwards. He was a Revolutionary soldier, too. He was one of Marion's men. He had been on the bench twenty years. The old soldier judge could not resist the temptation, the insidious approaches of that habit which has disgraced the teacher in his chair, the professor in his recitation rooms, the lawyer in his honorable place at the bar, the judge on the bench and the minister in the pulpit. Drunkenness was the charge and the proof was easy. The Senate of South Carolina, acting as a court of trial, many senators literally with tears, it is said, voted guilty. They passed complimentary resolutions on his integrity. They voted him a year's salary beyond the vacation

of his office, but they said: The bench of South Carolina must be a sober bench. It made its mark in this State. Two or three judges since then have approached very near the danger line of that habit which strikes the two extremes of society, the intellectual, the refined, and the coarse, the gross, the selfish. In one or two cases an early death or resignation has avoided another impeachment.

Now, then, we come back to the question. No judge of South Carolina has ever been impeached for corruption in office. I believe you can go further. So far as my knowledge goes, no one has ever been suspected of selling or perverting justice. At the time that we began, the middle of the last century, the judges had a beautiful custom. They all boarded at the same house in Columbia, unless, as sometimes happened, a judge lived there. They did not board at any of the hotels. That would have been unseemly. They boarded with an excellent widow lady at the corner of Taylor and Main streets. I lived on that street for a few years and it was my privilege twice a year, May and December, very often to see on the opposite side of the street eight or ten judges and chancellors slowly taking their constitutional walk for exercise before they went on the bench. It was an object lesson to see Judge O'Neall and Judge Harper, the judges of that day.

Some lawyers could not afford to take a judgeship. They made more money and required more. James L. Petigru, by common consent at the head of the South Carolina bar, would never allow his name to go before the legislature. He said pleasantly: "I have to work too hard for my credit." I suppose his fees at any one session would be equal to several salaries of a judge. He began life a teacher. It is astonishing how many men began in the school room and they either get below it or above it afterwards. Mr. Petigru ran for an office in the Beaufort High Schools. He failed to get it. If he had succeeded it might have turned the current of his life. He said afterwards in that pleasant tone of humorous satire of which he was master: "I perhaps made a mistake. It might have been more pleasant for

me to spend my life teaching young men literature than trying to teach some judges law."

During the civil war there were months, years, in which there was no court in South Carolina. The courthouses were closed. Plaintiff, defendant, witnesses, lawyers, jurors, were elsewhere. Our society was then in a very strange, I might almost say an unnatural, condition. Our society was pervaded and held together by a strong, swift, contagious enthusiasm in one great object, but with all that those who were old enough then to notice felt appreciably a letting down of society. There was a giving way of the protection, the underguard of society. Oh, it was almost as if we should feel the ozone and the oxygen disappearing from the pure air that we had to breathe. May those who are teaching never know that experience in your day. You cannot measure the educating, restraining influence of fine courthouse buildings like we have, regular court sessions, competent judges, intelligent, active lawyers, the whole machinery of justice going on regularly. It cannot be measured. You noticed our fine courthouse? Did you notice the surroundings? A fine jail in the rear, a fine school house next door, a combination most striking. You furnish material for the juries, the judges, the intelligent witnesses, for the prisoner's dock and the jail. They come from your school.

One or two incidents. There was a young lawyer in a county of this State in the early part of the last century. He fell out with his brother. They would not speak to each other. The lawyer moved to another part of the State, became a judge. It was his duty to go back after twelve years and hold court in his old district, and by a singular coincidence his brother was foreman of one of the juries. Those two men were within a few feet of each other every day that week, recognized each other politely and officially as judge and foreman, but in no other way. That two men who as children had said their prayers around one mother's knee and gone to bed in one little trundle bed could behave that way, showed a tremendous but fiendish power of will, and a mastering, a repression, a crucifixion of the proudest

impulses of the heart that make it a hideous object lesson. I do not present that as a trait of the South Carolina judge to be imitated or admired.

Take an earlier incident in his life which will show you another side of his strong character. In early professional life he was irregular in his habits. He spent many hours with boon companions which should have been spent at his home or his office. One day late in the evening before return day a client brought fifty-four notes to be put in suit. The lawyer was neither to be found at his home or his office. His intelligent wife very often helped him with clerical work and was familiar with legal forms. Night came. She went to the office and struck a light and shut the door and sat down to her work. Hour after hour passed. Very early the next morning, the lawyer from his revels was passing home. Seeing a light in his office he went to examine it. When he looked in he saw that which sobered him. His faithful wife, broken down by physical toil, mental anguish, disappointed hopes and the humiliation and mortification that a wife alone can know, had gone to sleep, her head on the table. She was aroused by his coming in and pointed to her work, fifty processes and writs all prepared in regular form ready for return day. He met the crisis. He fell on his knees at her feet. He pledged her the honor of a man, the honor of a husband that no longer should strong drink crush out the undying womanly instincts for a happy home. It is pleasant to note that a pledge made under those circumstances was kept to the end. Looking back to that hour afterwards he said: "From that hour everything I touched turned to gold." Political dissension drove him from this State as it drove very many at that time. He went West. His abilities came to the front. His old schoolmate, President Andrew Jackson, they had been to school together in York County, offered him a seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States, which he declined.

I remember hearing Judge Longstreet say that he was the first Georgia judge that opened his meetings with prayer. He was not a minister. He was not a member of any church, but the first time he took his seat as judge he said to his lawyers: "If anybody needs divine help, we need it. We are the officers of justice

in the temple of justice. If you don't object, I will open each session of our court with a short invocation," which he did. Our courts have had nothing of that kind. In some parts of the State there is a singular and a solemn usage. On the day of execution a poor criminal was taken from the jail and on his way to the scaffold was taken to the courthouse and a sermon was delivered by some preacher invited for the occasion. Our legislature before the war never had chaplains nor any religious services. It is pleasant to know that the Federal judges who have been appointed from the South Carolina bar have been worthy of their high position.

Last year the members of the bar in several counties passed complimentary resolutions in memory of three of the distinguished ex-judges, their names in alphabetical order as well as the order in which they died, being T. B. Fraser, W H. Wallace, I. D. Witherspoon. From some knowledge of each of those men, more or less intimate and extending in each case over half a century, I am prepared to say that South Carolina has not lost the breed of noble blooded or of good judges. When Edward VII dies it will be proclaimed through the streets of London: "The King is dead, long live the King," the meaning being, George may die, Victoria may die, Edward may die, the sovereign of England, the sovereignty of England never dies, knows no lapse or pause. We as citizens of this State may all join in the fervent aspiration: let this judge or that resign or die, "long live the South Carolina judge."

(July 4, 1901.)

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

Mr. Francis Preston, of Virginia, was a member of Congress in Washington's administration. Taking his family with him to Philadelphia, then the capital, his son, William Campbell Preston, was born there in 1794. He died in Columbia in 1860.

There were two little points connecting Mr. William Preston with George Washington which he used to speak of to his friends. He said George Washington and Mrs. Washington called on him when he was only a few days old. His parents being great friends of Mr. and Mrs. Washington, they took the earliest opportunity to bring congratulations to the happy parents, and took up the little fellow in their arms and give him their blessing. The other was, Mr. Preston said, when he reached his full growth he was just as tall as George Washington, six feet, three inches. It may be said just here that he had not George Washington's fine personal bearing, however. Mr. Preston's figure when at rest was rather awkward and careless, a little stooping in the shoulders. His face when at rest was not attractive, his eyes lustreless unless aroused. Then they flashed, but when engaged in speaking he was another man entirely. He straightened up and was a very striking looking man. Yet, you could scarcely pass him in the street without turning around for a second look at him. You felt that there is a man that nature has put a stamp on.

He graduated in 1812, Judge O'Neall taking second honor in the class, and Mr. Preston the first appointment, as we would call it in later years. The subject for his graduating speech was the "Character of Thomas Jefferson." Soon after graduating he and some other boys were in the company of the eccentric John Randolph. Randolph's tongue was loosed that day as usual. He got to speaking about education, a very easy subject to talk upon and to find fault with. He said, severely looking around upon the group of young men: "There has never been a young man thoroughly educated north of the Potomac river." Preston said he began to put on airs, to feel his triumph, he was the only boy from a Southern college in the group. His triumph was short-lived, for the cynic after a moment's pause continued, "Nor south of it either."

Mr. Preston was able, through the liberality of his father, to take an extended tour in Europe which did him a great deal of good. He carried letters which gave him access to men whose acquaintance it was a privilege and an education to make.

Thomas Campbell, the poet, for instance, gave him a letter to Walter Scott. Walter Scott was quite struck with the young American and predicted his future career. He met there his countryman, Washington Irving, and a friendship began between them which lasted for life. Mr. Preston said that one day in the streets of London he noticed a whitehaired man walking along and a group of persons following him. It was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a crowd following him just to listen to the music of the old man's voice as he would discourse on different themes of metaphysics and psychology.

Returning, he studied law with William Wirt, came to this State to practice, entered upon a very good practice and entered the legislature in 1828. The nullification question was then coming to the front. He threw himself among the nullifiers. I had the privilege of spending an hour with Judge David L. Wardlaw a few years before his death. Knowing that he had led a very prominent life for years, I ventured to say to him: "Judge, can you now instantly recall what you consider the highest strain of oratory you ever heard?" Without a moment's hesitation, he said: "President Jackson's force bill reached Columbia by the stage late Sunday night, early in December, 1832. The next day was Monday, on which the legislature usually adjourned to attend the commencement of the South Carolina College. It was felt they could not give the day that direction. They met as usual. As soon as the House was organized, the Speaker laid the force bill before the House. "Then," said Mr. Wardlaw, "Colonel William C. Preston, a member of the House of Representatives from Richland District, sprang to his feet and got the floor. He instantly reached and for fifteen or twenty minutes retained the highest strain of effective eloquence that I ever remember to have heard." But for lack of good reporters that day, all that has perished.

There was a case in court that gave Mr. Preston a great reputation. He was then reaching the prime of his magnificent career as a jury lawyer. It perhaps may interest you just for a few minutes. A young man in Columbia was about to graduate in

college. He asked a few of his friends to go and take supper with him. After that they proposed to go to a circus which showed that night. The construction of the canal and buildings at that time had brought a large crowd of foreign mechanics to the city, and there had been some friction between some of that class of people and the students. This young man and his guests went under the circus tent. How the difficulty arose was never clearly shown, but during the night's performance there was a general melee, students and mechanics. Pistols fortunately were not common then, but blows were exchanged and knives drawn and it got to be a general public disturbance. This young man, the student, found himself on the floor, a crowd over him and on him and a strong Irishman beating him. He managed to draw either a knife of a small dirk, I can't say now positively which, and make one desperate effort in self-defense. It was fatal. As soon as that was known, of course, it added to the terror of the exciting scene. The wild animals in their cages at the sight and scent of blood became furious and the crowd was more like wild animals than men. The young man was hurried to his home, almost his reason dethroned. He was not a drinking young man, not a man to be found in such a crowd as that except just under those circumstances. His friends, among them, Honorable Preston S. Brooks, sat up the whole night with him. He was taken out on bail, of course. Some friends advised his father to send him out West, then a new unknown continent almost, where he might escape capture. They said to his father: "You are well able to pay the bondsmen for any forfeit that they may incur." "No," said his Scotch-complected father, "my unfortunate boy must appeal to the protection of the laws of his country, nothing else." The day of the trial began. The family of the defendant being large, there was a great crowd, many ladies in the crowded courthouse, and Mr. Preston, a friend of the family, had more than a professional interest in the scenes before him. Two salient points of that speech long lingered in tradition. In one of his flights, making a peculiar gesture, he struck off his large brown wig which he wore for years, a very conspicuous part of his dress. It

fell on the table before him. He snatched it up, threw it down, swept on with his tide of oratory, did not lose control of his audience for a moment, hardly a little boy in the crowded gallery had a chance to see the ludicrous part of it, he kept complete control of that whole house. A little later in his appeal, keeping his eye on the jury no doubt and watching them, man by man, to see how far he had control of them, he went up at last to the prisoner's dock, threw his arms around the young prisoner and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, won't you spare the boy?" Sobs were heard and tears were seen in the jury box that told that anxious crowd the boy was saved. "Not guilty" was very easily and rightly the verdict.

After that triumph of Mr. Preston there was no doubt, if there had been any before, that he was the first jury lawyer in the State.

About that time he went to the Senate to take the place of ex-Governor Miller. He spent nearly six years, resigning the last few months of his term. There is no great measure of statesmanship connected with his name in the Senate, yet he never spoke five minutes on the most ordinary, trivial routine, that he did not say something that sparkled, something that struck in the memory of intelligent listeners. Unfortunately, he and Mr. Calhoun were not on cordial terms. It reached a stage at last when they did not even recognize the ordinary civilities of life to each other. Andrew Jackson had repelled all the Democrats of the State, and it was easy for some of them to stay repelled, and falling under the magnetism of Henry Clay, some more or less decidedly became Whigs. Yet Mr. Preston could always acknowledge and appreciate Mr. Calhoun's ability. In 1839 the question of our northeastern boundary came up with England, a very perplexing question. The treaty came before the Senate. Mr. Calhoun met it as he met every other crisis. Mr. Preston could not go with the others to congratulate him, but he rushed out of the Senate chamber, hurried to the House of Representatives, sought out his South Carolina delegate and said, "I must give vent to my feelings. Mr. Calhoun has settled that northeastern boundary. He

has covered himself with glory. The senators are all crowding around to congratulate him."

1840 being a presidential year was perhaps the greatest year of Mr. Preston's life or his public political effort. The fight then was Martin Van Buren, Democrat, William Henry Harrison, Whig. I have heard Dr. Warren DuPre often speak with admiration of an effort he heard from Mr. Preston in Baltimore. The Young Men's Whig Club of Baltimore invited Henry Clay and William C. Preston to address them. It was an immense crowd. It was asserted to be a fact at that day that Martin Van Buren was two-sided in his politics, that he had prepared two addresses, one for circulation in the North, the other for the South. When Mr. Preston came to speak, he said that those standing in front of him were startled in a moment. He distinctly split his face into two separate hemispheres of expression. There was a patronizing quiet look for the South and a wicked leer and a twinkle for the North. The crowd saw it and forced him by applause to continue it for a moment. He passed down into Virginia and the old people say that not since the days of his great kinsman, Patrick Henry, had there been anything like the enthusiasm that followed William C. Preston.

It must have been about that time that a Carolinian who was in Savannah was listening with a very large crowd that had gone to hear William C. Preston. The South Carolinian noticed a gentleman sitting by him, gazing intently at the speaker, at times convulsed with laughter, at times his eyes swimming with tears. This man turned to the South Carolinian and says: "Who is that?" He said, "William C. Preston." "Who?" "William C. Preston." "Who?" and he had to squall into his ear, "It is William C. Preston, of South Carolina." "Well, stranger, I am as deaf as a post. I don't hear a word he says, but don't he go through the motion splendid?"

In 1842 he resigned the last few months of his senatorial career. He came to South Carolina an unpopular man. South Carolina did not have much toleration for the Whigs. There was a bust of William C. Preston in his old society, the Euphradian. In

closely looking at it, you would find the cut of a knife across his face. It was as if some fiery young Democrat had gone there and gone through the motion, "Yes, I would cut your throat if I could." That showed the feeling with some. Mr. Preston explained some of his changes of vote by the different circumstances of the times, that a change of circumstances might involve a change in some opinions of statecraft. The opposite party took hold of that, and said the "C" in Mr. Preston's name meant William "Circumstances" Preston, the "C" in Mr. Calhoun's name meant John "Constant" Calhoun.

However, in 1843 the city council of Charleston were sensible enough to let politics take care of itself and asked Mr. Preston to deliver an eulogy on his late friend, Hugh S. Legare, which he did. It is one of the few finished productions from Mr. Preston's pen. Unfortunately, he did not write more. It is worth careful reading. There is one passage in it that struck me when I read it. He said: "It is the cant of criticism to oppose all rhetoric, all eloquence to logic, as if they were opposed. They are not so. Logic ascertains the weight of an object, rhetoric gives it momentum. The difference is between the vis inertia of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth." It was certainly a very fine expression.

There was another sentence that I want to call attention to. He was speaking about Mr. Legare's studies. It was when he was in Europe and said he sat twenty-four hours abstractedly engaged in some subject that was before him. A few years after that I was a young teacher and wanted to impress my boys with the advantage of abstraction or concentration, and I mentioned that incident. I recall distinctly the face of a little boy in the class, a poor fellow neither then nor ever after to know what concentration meant nor abstraction nor even study, but this was too much for him and he broke right out: "I know, Mr. Carlisle. That man was asleep." I do not know that that lessens the difficulty much to think of a 24-hour sleep in the same position. A few years ago a legal friend of mine in another part of the State with a desire to verify quotations, which is a very fine thing in a

boy and a very good thing for a layman, wrote me: "Did you ever quote a saying like that: Mr. Legare twenty-four hours absorbed in study?" So, now, to settle the matter, I will give you an exact quotation as I copied it this day from the printed page, and you can make what you please out of it, speaking of Mr. Legare: "On one occasion he found himself at breakfast Sunday morning on the same spot where he had breakfasted the day before, having remained in it four and twenty hours." Is it worth while for you to watch some of your fellow teachers to see if they remain too long at the breakfast table?

Judge O'Neall said: "I have heard the most distinguished lawyers of South Carolina. I am sure I have heard as good, logical, legal arguments from Mr. Preston as I have ever heard from any one else," and yet there were lawyers that would try to break the force of his rhetoric by sneers. A lawyer of Columbia, famous for his plain style, no poetry or sentiment about it, following Mr. Preston, once said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard rhetoric. I will give you some law." The only difference between Mr. Preston and many of those lawyers was this: he could frame as logical and close an argument as they could. He could hurl it from the cannon's mouth, which they could not do.

In December, 1843, his old society, the Euphradian, asked him to deliver the literary address, which he did. When asked, as usual, to publish it, he very properly declined, saying, "I spoke from scanty notes." It was oratory, but its publication, stripped of its delivery, would not have added to his reputation. I recall one salient sentence. Let me say first that Patrick Henry's famous speech about Independence had been so worn out that no student for years had dared to speak it as a piece of declamation. What a pity college boys will wear out good things. I can give you an incident to show how thoroughly worn it was. When the boys were going to the mess hall, some young fellow in an oratorical mood would cry out: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me coffee or give me tea." That will show you where that quotation stood. Mr. Preston was

speaking of the advantage of oratory. He was telling us it was no contemptible gift. It had been considered no contemptible gift when Patrick Henry aroused the people, and then after a sentence or two, getting ready for it, he came over the same quotation. The whole body wanted to break out into long applause. They had never heard that quotation said that way before. They never had seen the depth, the height, the richness, the fullness of meaning that he threw into it.

In 1844 Mr. Clay visited Columbia as the guest of Mr. Preston. It was understood that he wished no public reception. Mr. Preston was then living in his own house one square north of the college. I remember seeing Mr. Preston and Mr. Clay riding in Mr. Preston's open carriage around the campus grove. If a South Carolina boy lifted up the window and hollered "Hurrah for Calhoun" just then, it did not surprise anybody, and did not disturb either of those men any more than it disturbed their driver or his horse, and the boy had his fun. That night Mr. Preston gave a little reception, just a social feature. Among the students invited was one of the handsomest, most intellectual men of our class. There was at that time in Columbia a very attractive young lady, Miss Lucy ————. She died only a year or two ago after a long and beautiful life. Very many were fond of paying her attention. During that evening this student was glad to pay her all possible attention. Late in the evening Colonel Preston was throwing himself about with all his ease and grace as host. The parties were paired off in the piazza and the front yard. He met this student with Miss Lucy on his arm, and said he: "Mr. Parker, I meet you frequently but *nun quam sine luce.*"

That year was also a presidential year, and there was a little presidential campaign in Columbia. There were not Whigs enough to make it interesting. A few years later when a Democrat was asked whether he could pledge the State for Polk he said there were not enough Whigs in South Carolina to act as mile posts on the public roads. There were a few Whigs, however, and they invited Colonel Preston to speak to them. A student whose father had been a classmate of Preston's spoke a

little about getting some of the boys and going up there and hissing Preston down, but wiser counsels prevailed. No such attempt was made. Some of us students did go to hear him, glad to hear him on any occasion. There wasn't any great crowd. As he came in leaning on his arm was his venerable mother, the last time probably she ever heard her distinguished son speak. I only recall one figure. He still remembered his friend Van Buren. He pictured the ship of state, with sails spread, colors flying, everything in magnificent order. Now, Henry Clay was the man that they were trying to stand upon her deck and move her on the people's tack. Van Buren was a garfish, following in the waves for any offal that might be thrown out. In the first part of the speech when he had occasion to use Mr. Martin Van Buren's name he spoke it. Then a little later he would make a painful expression of face as if the words Martin Van Buren really hurt him. This expression of face got a little more and more painful and at last he got so that when he came to where Martin Van Buren's name ought to be, he would just pause a moment, make a fearful twist of the face in silence and pass on, could not mention the name.

In 1845 he was elected president of the college under peculiar circumstances. It was not my privilege to be under him as a student. Our class graduated only a few months before he was elected. I heard his inaugural. Anything like oratorical display then would have been out of order. He read it calmly, quietly, evidently with some emotion, just expressing the feelings with which he came into close contact with a body of young men, literary students. A single salient quotation is all that I can give. He was speaking about the endlessness of knowledge, that we cannot know everything, and used this beautiful figure: As you enlarge the circle of light you only enlarge the surrounding circle of darkness, a very beautiful figure to express what has been expressed in different ways. Coming to a forest, the larger the clearing you make, the more trees on the outside of it. We purchase every increase of knowledge with an increase of our ignorance. Every new thing that we know only implies the

things that we do not know. All those different forms of expression have been used to express the same thought, which is well worth quoting and being emphasized by a convention of teachers.

There were troubles in his day between town boys and students. It is not certain that any one else could have managed then better than he did. It is said that on one occasion he had some reason to fear that some of the boys might go out into town that night, not intending particularly to raise a row, but certainly not particularly intending to avoid a difficulty. He called the boys together under the elm trees and made them a fine speech. In substance, stripped of all his oratory, it would be about this: "Boys, this campus is yours. This soil is sacred, every foot of it. No profane invader shall be tolerated on this campus. I hand it over to you. Take care of it." The boys unanimously and vociferously resolved they would stand by that campus and they defied the whole police, the militia of Columbia and the United States army to drive them out of their campus. The wily president went to his house that night satisfied that all would be quiet on the Congaree that night. He knew they never would invade the campus, but he had a little fear that Columbia might be invaded by a few hot-headed and rash young fellows, but as they had positively declared they would stay inside the fort and protect it, he slept quietly that night, I have no doubt.

Very early in his president's career, he surprised the students and the town by coming out without his wig, a large reddish-brown wig that was so conspicuous, and strange to say he came out, an unusual thing I think at his age, with a very good crop of white hair. He never wore his wig after that. One of the impudent wits of the campus said that the president's head had been wool gathering during that season. Once in the college library he met some students and said to them pleasantly: "I must find out whether Homer refers to the man on Scio's (Skio's) rocky isle, or Sio's rocky isle. A rich man can afford to go without change in his pocket. A poor fellow cannot. Dr. Henry is a scholar. He could trip in the pronunciation of a word and survive it. A poor fellow like me has got to be on his dignity. I must look into that word."

I remember a few years after that I heard him say in a private conversation: "Oh, it don't take much scholarship for the president of a college," and then added in a peculiar way, "as I have very good reason to know."

Daniel Webster visited him in the year 1847. The boys serenaded Daniel Webster in the president's house and some of the visitors there thought Webster hardly showed common respect to the boys. They expected a big Bunker Hill speech I suppose, they couldn't realize that it was a small matter in Daniel Webster's life to be serenaded and called out. Instead of a long, fine speech his voice just rolled over the campus saying: "I am very much obliged to the students of the South Carolina College for their courtesy. I most respectfully bid you good-night." Next day, however, he was to speak in the chapel. The students elected James Farrow, of the junior class, of Laurens, to greet Mr. Webster. He did it with very fine taste. The boys said he beat Mr. Webster. One fine quotation was used. He reminded Mr. Webster that his fame was not bounded by State lines, a very happy quotation from Webster's answer to Hayne. Webster seemed to have taken his secretary along with him and kept all those speeches. I met once a large edition of Webster's works in four or five large volumes. I turned with interest to that occasion and I found that a careless printer by adding a single letter has turned that neat sentence of Mr. Farrow into nonsense. He made him say to Webster: "Your fame is not bounded by stateliness."

The Palmetto Regiment was in Mexico that year. It was known that they would do their duty. Governor David Johnson followed them to the middle of the bridge at Augusta. That was the last South Carolina line. The venerable man just got off and with his gray hair streaming in the wind and his eyes with tears, gave them his blessing as they passed out from South Carolina, told them what the State expected. General Shields had been put in command of a brigade including the Palmetto Regiment. Before the approaches that led into the city of Mexico, he was making some inquiry about the regiment, spoke

to Colonel Butler, ex-Governor P. N. Butler, of South Carolina. Butler knew his men. Said he: "General Shields, every man in the Palmetto Regiment will follow you to the death." They were tried and they kept up to his prediction, though he did not live to share the shout of triumph. When the news came there was no telegraph then to Columbia. The news came a little slowly. There was a general uprising. There must be a public meeting called. We will have a procession. We will march to the court-house. We will call on the governor and distinguished men for speeches. The patriotism, the pride of the State must have outlet. Colonel Preston was called upon. I don't think he spoke more than five or six minutes. One sentence is all that I can recall sufficiently. He was gratified that the officers knew that they could depend on the South Carolina boys, and Colonel Preston expressed it in about these words: "How did General Scott know that these luxurious boys from the sunny South could march all night in a drenching rain over rocks and sand and at sunrise rush to the feast of victory as fresh as if they had just stepped from carpets or leaped from downy beds?"

Mr. Calhoun's sons came to the college. That was a gratifying incident. He and Mr. Preston might differ on questions of statecraft. When it came to education they were one. Mr. Calhoun visited the chapel. He was too weak to allow a public reception, but the students had the pleasure of seeing him and shaking his hand.

The Germans had a procession one night. 1848 was the year of the great democratic uprising in Europe. Thrones were tumbled down. The London "Punch" said that it might be true that a cat might look at a king. It was becoming a question whether a cat in Europe could find a king to look at. The German population caught the enthusiasm, and had a procession with transparencies, called on Dr. Lieber, their countryman, then went up to Colonel Preston's house. He took up only a few minutes, the framework of his remarks being like this: "You Germans invented printing; you have the right to take your own types and spread the literature of freedom. You Germans invented gun-

powder; you have the right to take your own gunpowder and shoot down tyrants and oppressors," and so he alluded to several of the discoveries of Germany in a very handsome way that pleased the Germans and met the occasion fully.

He resigned in a year or two. His resignation was reluctantly accepted. His health was failing. He was partially paralyzed. He needed a crutch. He gave his library of three thousand carefully selected volumes to the city for a lyceum. Dr. Lieber read the opening address. It opened with the greatest prospects of usefulness for the city. It was not long before it was in ashes.

Mrs. Preston was the aunt of Prof. R. Means Davis. She was a most intellectual lady who for six years had graced the most refined circles that Washington society could offer. Her death not long after he resigned left him a lonely man. He came to Musgrove to dwell under the roof of his younger brother, General John Preston. His brother John was very wealthy. One of his large sugar houses with all its stores was burned, the loss being perhaps thirty thousand dollars. William Preston, instead of coming with any commonplace platitudes of sympathy, said, "Why, John, you are a lucky fellow to be able to lose $30,000. I never had such good fortune in my life."

One day the question came up whether a certain gentleman known by a party was fitted for a particular duty. Some of them expressed doubts. Mr. Preston said he believed he was well qualified. They asked him his reason. He mentioned this homely incident without note or comment. You can see the bearing. Said he: "A negro man brought to a white man a dog and gave such a description of the dog as being an excellent coon dog that the white man paid him a very good price for it. In a few days he sent for the negro, stating to him, 'You told me this was a good coon dog. It knows nothing about it. Why did you do it?' The negro said: 'It's just this way, Master; I tried that dog for possums, he's no account. I tried him for squirrels, and he couldn't do anything. I tried him for rabbits and he couldn't do anything. Now, Master, you know that dog must be good for something. I thought sure he must be a coon dog.' "

About that time there was a compliment paid Mr. Preston. I was much struck with it. A plain man from the sand hills, seeing an old gentleman walking on a crutch, says: "Who is that?" "William C. Preston." "Is it that man that used to talk like a mocking bird?" Considering the source of it, I thought that a remarkable compliment.

In 1857 there was started and carried out most successfully the largest gathering of the kind that had ever been held in the South at that time, a gathering at King's Mountain on the anniversary of the great battle. Mr. Bancroft and other men of national reputation were there. Gen. John S. Preston, a grandson of William Campbell, one of the heroes of that fight, was the main speaker. The older brother, who admired him very much—there was a beautiful friendship between the two brothers—went to hear him speak. After the main speech was over the crowd, of course, called out for one man after another, and, of course, the crowd must call out William C. Preston. He arose, not without difficulty nor without help, supported by a crutch, and said in substance, very briefly, with a tender, subdued voice: "There was a day in my life when this spot, the associations, this crowd, might have aroused me to some effort and emotion, but the day of my strength is gone." That was about the substance, and lifting up his crutch with one hand and putting the other on his white hair, he sat down solemnly. Very few heard what he said with that failing voice, but it was soon flashed into the minds of the thousands of beholders the melancholy discovery: That is all that is left us of South Carolina's matchless orator. At that moment tears fell from eyes unused to weep and Preston's public life was over.

He lived three years after that. He did not lack for admirers and friends, but in the few words with which he described his condition you will see pathos: "I am a wifeless, childless, homeless old man."

McDuffie and Preston ran their race very near together. They were separated only by a year in college. Separated by nine years in death, Mr. McDuffie was six years older, and they died

nearly at the same age. There are some points of resemblance and contrast between them. One was born in poverty and obscurity, the other in a family where there had been wealth and social position for generations. The poor boy became a wealthy landowner and slaveholder. Mr. Preston had every opportunity to make wealth by his splendid gifts, but was a poorer man the day he died than the day he entered public life. One of these men was reserved to a great degree, the other social, fond of the current of daily life. They began life in the same school of politics. They diverged and differed greatly. Each had an only child, a daughter. Mr. Preston's daughter died when just blooming into young womanhood. Mr. McDuffie's little child was left motherless when too young to know her loss. She lived and became Mrs. Wade Hampton, leaving a son to unite the honored names of her father and her husband.

A singular fact: each of these men has been heard distinctly to say that the other was the greatest orator he ever heard. South Carolina gave birth to neither of them. She honored and trusted both, even when in the mist and storms and strife of political dissensions they had ceased to honor and trust each other. When William C. Preston left the Senate chamber, South Carolina called Mr. McDuffie from his plantation and told him to go and take the vacant chair. Each died in a crisis, one in 1851, the other in 1860.

In a country like ours, popular eloquence gives one rapid and widespread reputation. It is apt to be exaggerated and short-lived. There were no reporters in that day such as we have now, but the most expert reporter can only tell what a man says. He cannot tell how the man said it, above all, he cannot tell how the man looked when he said it. All those enter into eloquence.

Mr. Preston heard Governor Hayne's inaugural address in 1832. The man, the occasion, made it a historic hour. Mr. Preston was very much impressed. Speaking of it later he said: "The speech is published, but I have never read it. I was not willing to have my image of it confused." If he had read it, he would have lain it down with disappointment, and said, "I know

Mr. Hayne said more than that. If he said only that, it would not have affected me or others, like it did."

There are only a few gray-haired men through the State that can recollect hearing Preston. Let one of those men hear the best that your generation can put forth in the legislative hall, at the bar, or on the platform. He will not be slow to give a generous recognition of a splendid intellectual effort, but he would probably add: "Oh, that is very good. You should have heard William C. Preston in his prime."

(July 11, 1901.)

JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.

John Belton O'Neall was born a few miles from Newberry in 1793, and died in 1863, having lived only a few months beyond his three-score years and ten. He came of good Irish Quaker stock. His parents kept their Quaker faith consistent to the last. A younger sister of the judge is believed to be the last person in that part of the State, and perhaps in the State, who kept up her connection with the Society of Friends.

Young O'Neall graduated at the South Carolina College in 1812, with William C. Preston as a classmate. He was admitted to the bar in 1814. There was one rule then which shows that even wise judges may attach too much importance to red tape. It happened that all of the judges were not in Columbia to sign the diplomas of the two young law students, O'Neall and McDuffie. By a rigid law they were compelled to go first to Camden, and then to Charleston—and traveling was not then what it is now—to get the other signatures, McDuffie being very poor, and O'Neall says money was very scarce with him.

There were three inviting fields before the aspiring young men of that day in this State: the militia, emphasized by the war of 1812, the legislature and the bar. Young O'Neall entered all three, and his promotion in each was rapid. In the militia he was

captain at 21, colonel at 24, brigadier-general at 30, major-general at 32. As major-general his division included Spartanburg District. There must be some here now whose grandparents could tell of being reviewed by Major-General O'Neall and his staff. As brigadier-general he had the brigade which was ordered by the first Governor Manning to meet at Columbia and welcome LaFayette. That must have been a sight for Columbians—the long brigade line forming from Main street out towards the Camden road; and Brigadier-General O'Neall with his clear voice would send an order from one end of the line to the other.

Perhaps a little digression just here may interest a few. On Governor Manning's staff was young Colonel John P. Richardson. Fifteen years later, as Governor John P. Richardson, he ordered a large assembly of military men almost equal to the LaFayette occasion. In his staff on that occasion there was a man older than the others. There was something in his soldierly bearing, something in the almost imperial air with which he mounted and managed his horse, that attracted the attention of expert observers. There are some today who believe that the strange aide was none other than Marshal Ney, of Napoleon's Old Guard, "the bravest of the brave."

The legislature was the second field. Young O'Neall entered the legislature at 23 years of age, and served in it eight years in all, the latter four of which he was speaker of the house without opposition. He was left out after his first term. He voted to increase the salary of the judges from $1,800 to $2,500. The economical voters of Newberry thought that was a piece of extravagance which they must condemn, so they left O'Neall at home for four years. He afterwards alluded to that pleasantly as his four years of quarantine, which did him a great deal of good he said, giving him time to study. In his four years of service as speaker, it was noticed that only on one occasion was there any appeal from his decision. In that case the house sustained the chair.

In law, he was a lawyer at 21, a judge on the bench at 35, and in two years was promoted from the circuit bench to the appeal

bench. The Newberry voters must have felt a little strange. They left O'Neall out a second time, after he had been speaker for four years. They dropped him because, though he did not vote as speaker, he was known to favor some appropriation of money. It was singular, but the legislature to which he was not elected put him on the bench for life, while the Newberry economical voters were not willing to trust him in the legislative hall a few weeks in each year for two years. It is a singular coincidence that he was elected judge to fill the place of Judge Waites, who had presided thirty-nine years. Judge O'Neall's service almost reached that, the two being among the longest judicial services in the history of the State.

Judge O'Neall was a well-rounded, many-sided man. Take one or two points at which he touched society apart from his judgeship. The first railroad reached Columbia from Charleston in 1842. A few years afterwards there was a great interest felt to extend roads into the upcountry. The road from Columbia to Greenville was the longest planned. If you will look at that railroad on a map, you will see that several sections had to be conciliated. It was a work of great difficulty. O'Neall, with all his energy and power, was considered the man to make president. In May, 1852, before the road was finished, there was a freshet more disastrous than the one of last May. Nearly all the roadbed from Alston to Columbia was either entirely washed away or very much injured, and in many other places the freshet was disastrous. O'Neall and two or three of his friends at one time pledged their private fortune in behalf of the road to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars.

An attempt was made about that time to correct the extravagant and wasteful agriculture which belonged to the state of slavery. Newberry was one of the first to form a district society. Judge O'Neall was put at its head and served it with great efficiency for many years.

He was also at the head of the district Bible society. Early in his official life, he became a member of the Baptist church and continued a consistent and devoted member through life. He

had his full share of all the honors and burdens which a church can put on its laymen. His legal skill, his money, his time, his energy were at the command of his brethren whenever they wished it. He several times presided over their conventions and associations. Those familiar with the judge's private life knew that at his Springfield home the sacred custom of morning and evening prayer was kept up, upon which his household servants were expected to attend.

About the year 1832 his sister's husband showed signs of falling into the demon habit of intemperance. The judge, like other gentlemen of that day, had been in the habit of very moderate use of ardent spirits. He proposed to his brother-in-law that they should both quit and abstain entirely. He was moved to do this by his interest to save a fellowman and kinsman. It was not Judge O'Neall's custom, it was not his temperament, to go into things by halves. He plunged into that temperance reformation with all his might and power. Judge Gantt, who resigned in 1841, had set an example of abstinence on the bench. It was something unusual though for a judge to throw himself into popular discussions of the subject as Judge O'Neall did. As a boy of 12 or 13 I have listened to him from an hour and a half to two hours in a temperance speech without becoming tired of the speaker or the subject. It was impossible to get tired when he was speaking. About 1840 a remarkable temperance wave swept over the country. A few drinking men of Baltimore, going home after a night revel—passing the Baltimore Washington monument, they were sober enough to look the matter in the face. They agreed then and there, and pledged their faith and joined their hands on it, to become temperance men and start out as temperance orators. They did so, and several of them really became men of popular eloquence of a simple, natural and earnest kind, from telling their own wonderful experiences. Judge O'Neall became the head of what was called the Washington movement in this State. In every little town and village there was a Washington Society formed. The tide reached the South Carolina College. Judge O'Neall, as a trustee, and Professor

Thornwell made addresses to the students in the chapel in 1842. At the close there was a table with a blank book and the proposition was made that any student who was willing, for the good of the college and for his own good, to pledge himself to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage during his college course, should come and sign his name. I recall distinctly the first man that went up—not one we would have thought would be among the first. Others followed after that. A large body of the students enrolled themselves. There was one tenement I remember in the college which had never been famous for the quiet or hard study which prevailed in those rooms. You may know that college students have a very free way of using grave words and phrases. That tenement was known as "Paradise Lost." Some of them joined in this temperance movement. I remember visiting a friend there soon after, and seeing on the mantelpiece an inscription, "Paradise regained by cold water."

For years there was a large annual convention held in some part of the State to which the South Carolina College Temperance Society sent delegates. In 1842 there was one at Greenville. There were no railroads then, but people went by hundreds to such gatherings. In 1843 it was at Spartanburg, then a little village. Between where the railroad crosses Main street and the old Thomson lot there was a beautiful grove, and the older people tell us that the convention was held there. Among the delegates sent to that convention was a senior in the South Carolina College. He was sent as a delegate to represent the South Carolina College. You have become familiar with his name in a much higher relation—W D. Simpson. Soon after that came the "Sons of Temperance," which had additional features to the "Washingtonians." A great many joined them. Judge O'Neall became the head of this State organization, then the head of the United States, then Canada was swept in, and Judge O'Neall was the head of the North American Sons of Temperance Association. He attended several annual meetings, in Richmond, Chicago and other places. I think every vacation he ever took outside of the State was on duty of that kind. I will pause a moment to make

this point: That great temperance wave achieved a lasting result, in that it gave the young man of that day a chance to enter life with advantage. A wise New Englander says: "It is a great thing for a young man as early as possible to commit himself publicly to some unpopular cause." Without stressing that point unduly, it is a great thing for a young man to link himself with some public cause, and some cause not so likely to be as narrow as a political party, but something that comes home to the business and bosoms of his fellowmen; something on which the good citizens can unite in their opinions. This movement was a great success in that direction, and it trained up incidentally a generation of young speakers.

But when we speak of Judge O'Neall, of course we think of him upon the bench. I may not presume to speak of Judge O'Neall's work critically, as to its amount or its quality. He himself alludes to the great work that Judge David Johnson did on one occasion. The three men constituting the appeal court were summoned to a six weeks' session in Charleston. Chancellor Harper was not able to attend. The whole work fell on Judges David Johnson and John Belton O'Neall. In six weeks, he says, Judge David Johnson handed down forty-one written opinions. That is more than one written opinion a day on some important legal subject. Judge O'Neal does not say what *he* did. We may take for granted he did his full share, for even on that remarkable bench he attracted attention by the rapidity with which he thought, spoke and wrote. It was a remark of some lawyers that if a weak or corrupt judge had ventured to speak from the bench about the cases before him, or had given his opinion, as he did, his life might not have been safe on the circuit. But the lawyers bore with it in the case of Judge O'Neall. They knew it was very probable he was right in his opinion, and it was certain he was honest. There is a tradition that in the twenty-five years in which Judge O'Neall was on the bench and a member of the appeal court he never changed his opinion but once between his circuit decree on the subject and the appeal view, and then a majority of his brethren decided he was right before he changed.

His charges and sentences were eloquent and impressive. They were sermons to some men that never heard a sermon. On one occasion there was before him a case which he thought might be a moral to the boys. He stopped proceedings for a moment, told the sheriff to go and bring those boys in and scatter them all around his bench, where they could get good seats and be benefited by the case going on before them.

Judge O'Neall felt great interest in the condition of his country. It is a sad state of things when a good citizen is tempted to say, "I take no interest in politics." It shows something most unfortunately wrong in the condition of the country which warrants such a statement, or something weak and wrong in the man who utters that sentiment. Politics means the condition, the healthful state of the nation. How can a man be indifferent to that? Judge O'Neall was not indifferent, though by law he was forbidden to be a member of the legislature. Ministers then were not allowed to be members of the legislature, but in every convention that was held, every convention that has ever been held in South Carolina, there have been judges and ministers. The feeling then is, duty to their State is imperative. It must call on its ablest and wisest and best men, without regard to official position.

Judge O'Neall was a member of several conventions. I may say incidentally, that this county was Union to a large extent, and when a Union convention was needed, they sent Judge O'Neall, Judge Richardson and Alfred Huger, though not one of them lived in the county. In sending delegates to a convention you were not restricted to citiezns of your own county. Spartanburg could not have selected a stronger delegation in the State.

We come for a moment to a very striking point in our history, which was alluded to the other night incidentally, the Nullification page. Bring before your mind rapidly that occasion. Ladies wore cockades in their bonnets and as breatspins, heated discussions going on, Nullifiers and Union men hating each other. The Nullifiers, having a majority, passed a law that no man should take his place in a civil or military office without taking

a test oath, the peculiarity of the oath being that he was to swear sole allegiance to the State of South Carolina—not a word said about the United States. That brought up sharply and clearly the great issue. The Union men objected to it. Mr. Legare was in Europe. He wrote to a friend that he hoped "the Union men will resist that, with the sword if necessary." The question came up, "How is it to be met?" The majority had approved that oath. Fortunately there was an appeal court in South Carolina of three men. I want you to think as clearly and definitely as you can, with the very slight help that I am able to give you in this rapid talk, of the State being so painfully, and not very unequally, divided, the Nullifiers resolving to arm themselves and carry out their views, or fight. Three men are to meet in the courthouse in Columbia and settle that question. Here are the three men: Judge David Johnson, then 54 years of age; Judge Harper, 44; Judge O'Neall, 41. Those three men, in a small room in Columbia, are met to take up that question on which so much depended. They had the wisest lawyers the State could give on both sides. The arguments of those lawyers for and against the test oath filled over two hundred pages. The judges heard them patiently, then the lawyers retired, and those three men gathered around a little table with law books to settle that question. It is no reflection on any of those men under all the circumstances to say that question was already settled. Two of them had been in the Union convention, and had looked over the question judicially even then. The third had been in the Nullifiers' convention. It is not at all surprising, when they came to a vote, Johnson and O'Neall pronounced the test oath unconstitutional, therefore invalid. William Harper dissented. I want you to think for a moment—if all three of those men had been of one mind, it would have been rather a sublime spectacle; but they were not—*two to one.* If you choose to go into an analysis you might say that Judge O'Neall's vote cancelled Chancellor Harper's vote and that Judge David Johnson alone settled that question. Suppose one of those judges had voted with Harper, and thrown the weight of the court with him; would the next

page of South Carolina history have been written in blood? Some of the younger readers of history may ask, "What *was* the result?" If there are twenty thousand ardent, bold, determined Nullifiers who have made up their minds either to go upward or downward on the narrow side of a precipice, will they be stopped by three? Can three men, armed only with their gowns as judges and their law books, stop twenty thousand men with arms in their hands? They did it. I want you to be impressed with that for a moment. There are many things about that worth studying. It was a terrible disappointment to the Nullifiers. It was a great victory for the Union men. The judges became very unpopular. Judge Johnson afterwards said that a tornado of public abuse broke loose from the press on the judges. They were put under social ban for a while; but that is not the point I want to stress. The wildest Nullifier never dreamed of proposing in a convention, in the legislature, at a mass meeting, or anonymously in the newspaper, anything like this: "We are in a majority, let us go and enforce that test oath, no matter what those three men in their gowns may say." Not one of them attempted to do so. Those three men gave a solemn order to twenty thousand men, "HALT"; and they did it. Well, they were not only Nullifiers. They were very good specimens of human beings. They reasoned about this way: "We cannot nullify that decision. Can't we nullify the court itself?" Yes, and that is exactly what they did. In one year they abolished that appeal court. They wiped it out, but its decision had to stand. That is a point to be proud of in the history of our State. It is not worth while now to ask how much would have been gained if our people had always learned, in all parts of our great country, with all its manifold interests, to submit to courts. Supreme courts are not always infallible. Courts of arbitration are not always infallible. Yet it is a great thing to have a peaceful tribunal of last resort. That decision of those three men, or two rather, wiped out that court, and it stood wiped out for twenty-five years. We South Carolinians do some foolish things, but I come to a point where we are proud of South Carolina. They wiped out that court, and

foolish men talked a little about the judges, but they kept those three men on the bench. They put two of them on the chancery bench, and put Judge O'Neall on the law bench—and the storm was over.

Teachers, teach your children the supremacy, the sacredness of law. Teach the boys of your school to grow up self-respecting, law-respecting men. Teach them, whether alone or on excursion or on a "strike," that obedience to just authority is honorable. Oh, indeed, it would be a calamity for the world to weep over if, after all that South Carolina is pouring out to educate her boys, there should go forth from her schools and colleges hordes of lawless men, men of ready material to crystalize into mobs.

Judge O'Neall was very active with his pen. About the middle of the last century the boys and young men were always glad to get a number of the "South Carolina Temperance Advocate," a weekly paper in Columbia. They were sure to find an article by Judge O'Neall, "The Drunkard's Looking Glass," which he kept up for a year. He was one of the first to write up the history, or rather the annals of Newberry county, or, as the judge, I remember, preferred to pronounce it, *New*berry, with the accent on the first syllable. I think that was the first county that had anything like a history. A half dozen or more have followed. By a singular coincidence, our county has been fortunate in having its history well written by one bearing the honored name of John Belton O'Neall Landrum, who has lately passed away. Before your generation passes let us hope that every county in the State will have either its annalist or its historian. His greatest work was his "Bench and Bar," in two volumes, in which he pours out his ardent tributes to those judges and lawyers whom he knew. One question is appropriate just here: Is it creditable to the bar of South Carolina that forty years have passed without a second edition of that great book, with additions such as time would warrant?

Twenty-five years passed and the State created a separate appeal court. In the year 1859 the appeal court was reorganized. Judge O'Neall was the only one of the old court left. The State

could think of doing nothing else than putting him on the bench, giving him as colleagues Job Johnstone and Francis Wardlaw. Judge O'Neall would have been president of that court of appeals by seniority, as he had been president of the court of appeals and the court of errors. But the legislature did a very handsome thing. They went further to pay an additional compliment to the venerable old man, and it must have been gratifying to him. They revived an office which had been vacant for more than sixty years. Judge O'Neall was the first judge in the last century authorized to put after his official signature the two honorable letters "C. J.", CHIEF JUSTICE. They restored that office which had been obsolete for sixty years. It has been kept up until today, and so has the Appeal or Supreme Court, though it has been added to in numbers. The personnel of that court was remarkable in some respects. A half century before or nearly, two young lawyers, John Belton O'Neall and Job Johnstone, began life as law partners in a small wooden building in the little town of Newberry, and now they are closing their honored lives, side by side in the highest judicial tribunal of the State. Their colleague was Francis Wardlaw. That name suggests a history in the judicial life of our State. In the first quarter of the last century Abbeville County had a very efficient clerk of the court, the venerable Mr. Wardlaw. That officer was not then elected. He was appointed during good behavior. He kept it until age required him to resign. He had several very promising boys, whom he sent to the South Carolina College. David graduated in 1816, Francis in 1818, each taking first honor in his class. They both studied law. David remained in his native town. Francis went to the neighboring courthouse in Edgefield. They both rose in their profession rapidly. David passed from the chair of the speaker of the house of representatives to the law bench in 1841. His younger brother, Francis, in a few years was put on the chancery bench. Both of them were members of the Secession Convention. When the appeal court was reorganized, both of them were placed on it, but not at the same time. Francis was put on it when it was reorganized, and David was put on it

in 1865. When the cyclone of Reconstruction swept the judges out of their places, then was found, what has been found since, and will be found again, that a burst of partisan rage, an insane outbreak of party spirit, may take from a man his office and his authority. It cannot take from him his character or that influence which character alone can give, and which character always gives. David Wardlaw and his colleagues were swept out of office. They were not humbled or degraded.

Now, doesn't it almost read like the rapid notes of a funeral dirge? That court was organized in December, 1859. They did not begin their work until 1860. Listen to the melancholy record. Judge Francis Wardlaw died in 1861, Judge Job Johnstone in 1862, their chief, John Belton O'Neall, in 1863. In those sad years, when young men were falling rapidly at the front, old men, "broken with the storms of state," were falling rapidly at home. Judge O'Neall was 67 when placed on the Supreme bench. The war, of course, interfered with the courts. You will find one volume will contain all the law reports of the four or five war years, instead of one good volume a year. Laws are silent in the midst of arms, but it was touching to think of the State willing to trust Judge O'Neall in his failing strength to hold the scales of justice securely, feeling satisfied that any strange question that might arise—and some were arising—would be met by him and his colleagues wisely.

About that time I remember Mr. Petigru closed a legal argument with words like these, which were touching to those who knew the man, his age and all: "With this, may it please your honors, I lay this offering of age on the altar of justice of my country and have done."

It may be said just now, as well as a little later, when I speak of Judge O'Neall's death, he never had any hope in the attempted revolution. He believed from the first that his native State would find "neither strength in her arm nor mercy in her woe." He died at about the darkest hour, when those who had been brave were beginning to despair. He could not be called a dis-

appointed man. He predicted very much the results as they came.

I think it was in May, 1862, happening to be in Columbia and passing along Taylor street, I was touched to see the venerable judge walking on the very pavement where he had walked every day for thirty years and more, but then he was alone. No brother judge was by his side. I had not seen him for several years, and was touched to see that care, and years and thought and anxiety were bringing the strong man down. I said to a friend by my side: "That is our last look upon that good man." He was spared any long decay of physical or mental powers. On Wednesday, the 23d of December, 1863, he left Columbia, as usual, to go home to Newberry; feeble, of course, but nothing at all to cause anxiety on the part of his friends. On the following Sunday, the 27th, "he gave his honors to the world again, his better part to heaven, and slept in peace." I have seen the death of a third-rate lawyer produce a greater sensation in the State than the death of that venerable chief justice. The hearts of the people were full of other cares. I can recall distinctly that no experience gave me a more touching, a more pathetic view of war than to see that venerable man drop unnoticed into the grave. The bar had not time to collect and pass resolutions. Many of the lawyers were elsewhere. Dr. LaBorde, following a noble impulse, prepared a memorial lecture to be delivered throughout the State, intending to get some money to send to the Soldiers' Home in Richmond; but there was no encouragement to carry out the plan.

Fifteen years after the judge's death the late Mrs. Chapin visited Newberry in the interest of temperance organizations. It was my privilege to be present at a very interesting occasion. She led a long procession of Newberry boys and girls from the Baptist church to where the judge was buried, in rather a private burying ground in the southern part of the town, and they covered his honored grave with flowers. A few years after that the casket with his remains was removed to the public cemetery on a hill overlooking the town which he loved and served so well.

It is impossible to measure the influence of such a man, of such a life. If each brother judge, in addition to official integrity, had brought private worth and true purity of life and character, like his, the condition of South Carolina would be different today. May we hope that from your schools, men like that will rise up in the middle part of this century? Happy is the State, whose quiver is full of such men! The town of Belton is called after him. The workshops at Newberry when they were there were called Helena, after his excellent wife. The judge had a summer house in Greenville County. One of the townships is named after him, and there is a beautiful memorial window in one of the Furman University buildings for him. All these he deserved, and deserved every honor the State gave him. She gave him everything in her power in his chosen profession.

A friend who knew him well says he was five feet, ten inches high and weighed 180 pounds—clear blue eyes, fine Roman nose. Add to that a fine florid complexion. His hair he wore to the end of his life, as he did in his young manhood, rather long, parting and keeping it carefully. A voice that was remarkable, ringing clear, and in his physical stature even nature had put her seal on him as a man.

Teachers of South Carolina: From time to time you will call over in your school room the names of some who have helped to make this dear old commonwealth worthy of the loyalty and love of those who are to come after you. Do not forget the man, on whose tombstone there might be written an epitaph like this: "FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS HE WORE WITHOUT REPROACH OR STAIN THE ERMINE OF HIS NATIVE STATE; A JUST JUDGE, WHO FEARED GOD AND LOVED HIS FELLOWMAN."

(July 2, 1901.)

GEORGE McDUFFIE.

George McDuffie was born in 1788 and died in 1851. He was elected governor in December, 1834.

At that time it was the custom of the governor to hold big camp musters occasionally. All the officers in the brigade, including several counties, were called together for a week's drill and inspection. The last two or three days of the week all the soldiers of two or three regiments were called together and it ended with a grand military display on Saturday, review by the governor and his aides. Governor McDuffie, the first year of his term, held such a muster on the main road between Winnsboro and Chester, about halfway between the two towns. On Saturday evening the great display closed. The governor and his party, passing down the road Sunday morning towards Columbia, came to what is now Whiteoak, on the railroad, where he passed a little humble country church where there was service appointed for that day. He and his party stopped and attended the service. At the close he was open to introductions. The congregation was small. It was in order for men, women and children to be introduced to the governor. One little boy there with big eyes looking with wonder and reverence at a live governor, the first he had ever seen, was allowed to go up and let the governor shake his hand. That was an era in his life.

About fifteen years after that I was standing in the Main street of Columbia, talking with a friend. Pointing at a carriage going slowly by he said: "There is a melancholy spectacle, George McDuffie, a physical and mental wreck." His striking face was there, the clear-cut profile was there, but those eyes which had flashed with the light of intellect and even of genius had lost their luster. He was in the care of a faithful servant who was driving his carriage. Those were the only two occasions that I had the privilege of looking at Mr. McDuffie. Twenty-five years later I was spending a day or two in Wedgefield, Sumter County. Knowing that his grave was near I inquired and found a friend

willing to drive me there. We passed a fine avenue of trees leading to a pile of ruins that marked the old Singleton homestead where he died. Going a little further into the deep solemn forest of tall long-leaf pines, we came to the Singleton burying ground fenced in with stone fence and an iron gate. There were several tombs there, but the most attractive was a tall shaft with medallion life-size profile of McDuffie, a few figures and dates and the names of the offices that he had held and this inscription: "The history of his country is his epitaph."

George McDuffie was a typical American boy, born in obscurity and poverty and working his way up to the high places of the land. Indeed, his family was so obscure, it was doubtful for a time when and where he was born. At one time it was thought South Carolina might claim him. He certainly belonged to the Scotch-Irish colony which stopped a while at Waxhaw and which gave birth to Andrew Jackson. It was a little disappointing to South Carolinians. At one time you thought you could claim Andrew Jackson and George McDuffie, and you had to surrender both, one to North Carolina and the other to Georgia.

George McDuffie showed his ability very early. A brother of John C. Calhoun was attracted to him, spoke to another brother, who offered to board him while he went to the celebrated school of Dr. Waddle. It is said that many years afterwards an object of curiosity was an old blue wooden trunk, box rather, without a lock, fastened by a leather strap, which carried all of George McDuffie's worldly possessions when he left Augusta as a clerk in a store and went to that school. He was older than most of the students, but he had the advantage of a mighty intellect. It is said when they struck Virgil, they read the twenty or thirty lines, and scholars then as now were very superstitious in observing the end of the lesson, and the rest of the scholars said: "That is the end of the lesson." George said, "I can read more." "Well," said Dr. Waddle, "read on." He read on I think into the two hundred or maybe three hundred lines. He and the Virgil class parted company that day. They never met again. He went on and the striking statement is made that he prepared for the junior

class of the South Carolina College in one year. The standard then was not as high. It was more common to enter the junior class than now, but that was remarkable. He was very poor in college, not only taught in vacation but I think even the faculty let him go for a month or two during the session to teach school to raise funds. He graduated with the first honor of his class. His speech was on the Permanence of the Union. It was published by the students, a very rare compliment. If a stray copy of that speech could be found it would be read with interest.

Between December and May, in less than six months, he read all that was required for admission to the bar in both law and equity and was admitted in May, 1814, with a young man named John Belton O'Neall, afterwards chief justice of the State, who had graduated a year before him in the college.

He went to Pendleton, made a mistake which a good many bright young men make, ran for an office a little too soon, was defeated, failed completely in Pendleton. Judge O'Neall says he literally did nothing, moved to Edgefield and started upon the wonderful career of brilliancy at law and soon in the legislature. He entered the legislature in 1818.

There was no great question then before the country. He took up the question of giving the election of presidential electors to the people. You all know that South Carolina prided itself on a point of principle there. When all the other States gave the election of presidential electors to the people South Carolina restricted it to the legislature, and even when Congress passed a law that the election for electors should take place the same day all over the Union, and that day was one on which our legislature was not in session, our people preferred to call an extra session of the legislature for one day rather than yield that point. But the war came on and the point was yielded. It was on subjects like that that Mr. McDuffie first attracted attention. After a speech of his on that subject the question of appropriation to the State College came up. Some were raising objections. Judge Huger made a remark that has often been quoted, if the South Carolina College had never done anything else but send out that

one man, George McDuffie, all that the State has ever given it would have been a good investment.

He soon reached Congress. He did not marry early in life. He was a single man when he reached Congress. It was known by some friends that he was very attentive to a very wealthy, attractive young lady of this State, who became his wife. In visiting Washington she frequently would go to the gallery of the house of representatives. When she was seen there, his friends would whisper about among each other: "The South Carolina orator will be at his best today." And there were some brilliant displays of his eloquence about that time. Just about the time he went to Congress, perhaps a year later, came an incident that marred his life, the duel with Colonel Cumming, a lawyer of Georgia. There were three duels between those two men at intervals of months. Colonel Cumming was never touched. Mr. McDuffie was wounded the first time. I read lately with interest a letter of Mr. Calhoun only recently published, dated 18th of June, 1822, in which he says: "The mail today relieved Washington city of a great anxiety. We have reason to believe that our friend McDuffie is not only alive but safe, so a letter received from him today four hours after the affair says. The ball entered the small of his back obliquely."

That ball did its work just as effectually, though not as rapidly, as if it had passed through his brain. In involved thirty years of suffering, ending in a total eclipse of intellect. It does not relieve matters, to read that those duels were considered unnecessary even by duelling men. Indiscretion of friends brought them on. Fifteen years afterwards, John L. Wilson wrote the "Code of Honor," giving as one reason for writing it that most of the duels, I think he said nine out of ten, were caused by the ignorance and inexperience of seconds and friends.

Years ago I had the privilege of an interview with a venerable lady in the eastern part of the State. She was a widow of an ex-member of Congress. She said, that at one time her husband's room and Mr. McDuffie's room at the hotel were adjoining. She has known Mr. McDuffie to pace the floor of his room all night

long in sleepless agony. Suppose now, next day in Congress, some question came up deeply touching the honor and the welfare of his State or section. Is it surprising to us if he should throw himself into that debate with a heat and an energy and a passion which seemed to be, and was, overbearing, irritating and even insulting? In Congress there were three subjects that drew out all of Mr. McDuffie's efforts, and no one of those three subjects has lost its interest today. The first was the tariff, to which he gave a great deal of attention. It is still important. In Mr. McDuffie's day the total expenses of the government were about twenty millions. Last year they were five hundred millions. To raise an amount of money like that fairly, justly and equally dividing the burdens and benefits of taxation, is not a simple problem. It requires the deepest statesmanship, guided by the most unselfish patriotism. The first protective tariff passed by Congress was sanctioned by Lowndes and Calhoun of South Carolina. Even in Nullification times, some of the planters in South Carolina sent out some of their interests, and bought a sugar plantation. The South Carolina cotton planter was in favor of free trade. The South Carolina sugar planter in Louisiana was fond of protection. Since the war, we have seen the rice planters of this State send to Congress and ask for relief. Among Mr. McDuffie's last votes in Congress were votes for the tariff of 1846. He was honest in all this. If Mr. McDuffie said that of every hundred bales of cotton the South Carolina planter raises, forty of them go to enrich the Northern manufacturer, he was honest in his political economy, even if mistaken. He was honest in picturing the depressed condition of South Carolina and its meagre prospects. He was honest, when he quoted the sad lines: "To mute and to material things, new life returning summer brings, but oh, my country's wintry state, what second spring can renovate?" He was not playing a part. He was sincere and honest.

The second subject that he threw great interest in: he dreaded the power of the president. The president's salary then was $25,000, now it is $50,000. The patronage has increased in more than that proportion. It is said now, counting all the offices of

all grades within the gift of the president, that they amount to 170,000. Mr. McDuffie came in contact with Jackson, who was at all times assuming responsibility. In a very famous passage, Mr. McDuffie alluded to the old mythology. He said: "Why, even Jupiter"—I am not giving his words literally—"shared his dominion and might with Neptune and Mars, but the president of this country takes his trident from Neptune, his dart from Mars, the thunderbolt from Jupiter, and claims them all as his right."

The third subject that Mr. McDuffie studied, was corruption in public life. He said: "People ask where is corruption? I do not see it. How can you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the pestilence that walks in darkness embodied in visible shape." And he added this extravagant burst: "Eve fell in the garden of Eden with less temptation than now besets a man in public life." That question is still important. The charge of corruption is very often made by writers and speakers in all parts of the country. That is a fact, and one other fact must exist. Those charges must be true, or there must be a great deal of corruption outside of the writers and speakers. If that part of the country is not corrupt, then the writers and speakers must be corrupt, in throwing such charges about.

Mr. McDuffie's style was remarkable. It is an old story that Demosthenes, when asked for the first, second and third elements of oratory, said, "Action, action, action." Some Greek scholar suggested that exactly what Demosthenes meant might be expressed more completely by the word "Energy, energy, energy." That certainly comes nearer expressing Mr. McDuffie's power, ENERGY. His style was vehement, even violent. I remember hearing a professed elocutionist, who had spent some time in Washington, imitating leading orators, giving extracts from their speeches and impersonating them in a very instructive way. When he was describing McDuffie and imitating him, he would strike the table in front of him with his fist and the palm of his hand. He would lift up the little table and dash it down on the floor. All that was thought not extravagant, in imitating Mr. McDuffie.

An intelligent young lady from New England was in the gallery of the house, and seeing Mr. McDuffie there throwing his arms about, she said to her friends: "Are you not afraid of that man throwing his fists about so wildly? Won't they fly off and hit somebody?" That was her pleasant way of expressing his violence of manner. I have heard those familiar with him, speak of a very singular feature of his style. Sometimes in the very midst of an ambitious sentence there would be a startling pause of some appreciable time, his eyes and face expressing intense energy, his mouth open, his tongue vibrating rapidly so as to remind the onlooker sometimes, if he was in the midst of a terrible burst of invective or indignation, as was often the case, of the tongue of an adder or viper, but after the momentary painful pause the words would come out with tremendous explosive force. A single sentence, which I just repeat literally, I have heard quoted by persons as having a wonderful effect. He was in Augusta. There was a convention of the Carolinas and Georgia. He was speaking of the intimate relation between the States, and he just uttered this short sentence with his tremendous energy: "Let Georgia once sound the tocsin of alarm and the clans of Carolina will rally to her rescue." As he was born in one State and got his honor in the other, he was a suitable man to represent the intimate connection of the two States.

The Nullification campaign was in its climax when he was governor. That is a long and painful story to tell, and shall not be attempted here. The issue was a very simple one. Congress had passed a law that certain articles coming into Charleston harbor should pay certain duties. One party in South Carolina wanted the legislature to say that those articles should come into Charleston harbor and not pay those duties. It was a simple question, whether one State could cancel, erase, abolish, nullify the act of Congress. There are not many now living who remember to have seen a cockade on a Nullifier's hat. If young ladies will think of a rosette made up of blue ribbon, the rosette as large nearly as a silver dollar; now, on the middle of that, fasten a gilt palmetto button. That was the Nullifier's cockade, that was his

flag, that was his creed. The men of that day wore beaver hats. That cockade put on the left side of the hat was the Nullifier's flag flying. The absence of that usually meant a Union man. The very cockade was almost an invitation to a fight, it was like a chip which a young fellow puts on his shoulder and goes about with, challenging the opposition, the State of South Carolina and the universe to knock it off. The cockade was about like that, and not many salesdays or court weeks passed without a fight. It drove the dividing line through the State. A father would be on one side, a Union man, and his son a Nullifier. Of two boys, one would put on a cockade, the other would not. The subject came up at the dinner table, and everywhere. Some of the best citizens left the State in disgust and despair, trying to find in other States the harmony and peace which South Carolina did not give them. This county was largely Union, but there were some Nullifiers in old Spartanburg. Years ago, in looking over old papers, I found a handbill, signed by a committee of Nullifiers in Spartanburg, warning their friends not to go into the courthouse on the Fourth of July, that the Union men were to meet there. The two parties could not meet together in an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, to rejoice over English tyranny being abolished. No, they were Nullifiers and Unionists. About that time some early risers in the little village of Spartanburg were surprised to find an effigy of Calhoun hanging from the limb of a tree very near where the Morgan monument now stands. John C. Calhoun was then understood to mean John Cataline Calhoun, when the opposing party desired to translate his middle initial. Party spirit entered the pulpit. In some places preachers were demanded to show their colors, if not to wear a cockade, at least to let it crop out in some way or somewhere whether he was a Union man or a Nullifier. Dr. Bachman, a celebrated Lutheran preacher in Charleston, knew he would be closely watched for some indication on a Sunday when it was understood the city preachers would be expected to say something. He determined that his people should hear a good sermon on that day, with neither tariff nor free trade, Nullifier nor Union

in it. After opening his services as usual, he took the Gospel of Matthew and read the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters without note or comment, and dismissed the congregation, giving them the Sermon on the Mount. Can you think now of a sensible man declining to eat Irish potatoes because they came from the North? Can you think of a sensible lawyer saying that rather than ride his circuit around the country on a Kentucky horse and eat Kentucky bacon, he would walk from one courthouse to another and eat snow-birds? Can you think of George McDuffie himself giving his broadcloth coat to one of his negroes, saying it was only fit to be the livery of a slave, and he dressing in home-spun, home-made clothing? Governor Perry gives all those instances as actually occurring.

At a public meeting an ardent Nullifier went so far as to say something like this, "I don't believe any man here loves the Union. I defy any man to rise and put his hand on his heart and say he loves this Union." Old Colonel Samuel Warren rose on a wooden leg with a crutch under his arm and said, "I fought for the Union. I can say I love it." May we not, while looking back on those men with respect, even with due reverence, learn some lessons about the extravagance, the ungodliness of zeal, the tyranny of partisan public spirit, the danger of elevating every preference to a principle, the danger of taking a theory or maxim of political economy and ranking it among the ten commandments? Are there no lessons for us there?

Look at it from this point of view. The population of South Carolina was a little over half a million, black and white, 56 per cent. being black. Here, now, you have a white population of not more than a quarter of a million of both sexes and all ages. If every young man old enough to vote and to fight had been an ardent Nullifier it looks like it would have been rather a solemn, grave position for that one State to defy the Union. That was not the case. The white fighting population of South Carolina was very painfully and not unequally divided. When the test came (many even in crises will stay away from the polls, from discretion, from indifference, from doubt,) the vote stood in

round numbers, 20,000 Nullifiers, 15,000 Union men. Now, doesn't it look tragic, pathetic—I do not care to apply other adjectives to it just now—to see a small State, painfully divided, not very unequally, with two parties, each hating the other only less than both hated the section which they thought was impoverishing the State—to see a little State, so divided, flinging defiance at the other twenty-three States? Look at it calmly in the perspective of history. Yet Mr. McDuffie drew up a very strong paper, with all his eloquence and energy. He said at the close that he did not believe the Union would attempt, by force, to collect those taxes, but said he, "If it does, we pledge ourselves we will not submit as long as there is a man to oppose it," and then added in his characteristic way: "Far better that South Carolina be the cemetery of freemen than the habitation of slaves." And one ardent man, excited by the situation and speaking of a possible collision, rose into poetry for a time almost. Said he: "The man that gets upon the field before me will have to rise before the break of day and sharpen his sabre by the light of the morning star." I remember, a very modest little boy, looking up with admiration at a young Irishman who had come to the country fifteen or twenty years before, who was speaking of the subject of taxes, and used these words: "I would wade knee deep in blood to kill Andrew Jackson." I looked with wonder, reverence, awe, admiration, at a man that would wade in blood. I never did that as a boy. I had tried some little experiments in wading in shallow, muddy water, but that was wading in blood. Here is a man that is willing to do that, and push his way through blood that is above his boots, up to his knees, and for what? To get a chance to kill somebody or something. If I had been asked who Andrew Jackson was then, I think I should have drawn his picture with horns and hoofs. He must have been a fiend surely, but that was the spirit that boys heard. South Carolinians, you that are now surrounded by advantages and benefits that our fathers did not know then, will scarcely read without a blush the statement which history cannot conceal: both Nullifiers and Union men poured out their money freely to carry that election. In one

part of the State one of the parties made a distinction that perhaps would not occur to you now. They said about this: "Oh, we would not think of trying to bribe a white man for his vote, offering him money for his vote. Of course, we would not, but we will supply every poor white man liberally with money so that if the other party is mean enough to try and bribe him we will put him above the reach of temptation." Twenty years later that scene was repeated. There was another political election, almost as bitter as that of Nullification. Col. William C. Preston was noticed on the train coming at an unusual time from Washington, where he was a member of Congress. He was asked what was the matter. He said, pleasantly: "I understand a vote is worth fifty dollars in South Carolina. I thought it was a good time to come home."

About that time two popular, wealthy men ran for the office of senator in one of the middle counties. The defeated candidate said afterwards to a friend: "I spent ten thousand dollars on the campaign. My opponent spent fifty thousand. I found it would break me. I gave it up." One of those men was reported as saying that the vote of a man was as really his property as his bale of cotton or a mule, and it was his right and privilege to take that vote into the market.

McDuffie was governor of the State in 1834. The governor's office then was a light one compared to its responsibilities now. It was one of great dignity but very little responsibility except in one direction. He was not required to live in Columbia even. He could live at his own plantation, except the month of December he must be in Columbia. He had no veto power. There was no penitentiary, or imprisonment for life. Still he had the pardoning power, which was about the only responsibility resting on the governor that day. When David Johnson was governor a lawyer went to him with a petition, very anxious to secure a pardon for a client. When he went back home some one said, "Did you get your pardon?" "No," said he, "but I have seen a sublime thing that touched me. I have seen a governor of South Carolina refuse a pardon with tears in his eyes."

Governor McDuffie did two things in his governorship, of different value, but both worth mentioning briefly. About that time one of the punishments for a grade of murder was to brand a man. A bar of iron with a raised letter "m" at one end of it was made red hot, and pressed against the cheek or brow of the murderer, "m" for murder. If a thief a letter "t" was branded on his hand. The tradition, I don't suppose that was the law, was that it should stay there long enough for him to repeat three times, "God save the State." You can imagine there was some pretty rapid pronunciation about that time. A physician was usually near with his chemicals to erase the mark. There was a case came up from Fairfield, I think, calling for branding. The governor properly looked upon it as an old relic of barbarism, called the attention of the legislature and they abolished the law.

Another thing that he did of far more importance, he reorganized the South Carolina College. The historian of that college says at the end of 1834, "the college was certainly in a deplorable condition, students fifty or less, perhaps twenty at the end of the year." That was exactly the state of affairs when Mr. McDuffie took charge of his office as president of the board of trustees. The college was reorganized and put on its feet. This fact will show you. In 1835, just before his influence had time to be of effect, there were twelve graduated in one class. In 1837 there were more than forty, the largest class, with perhaps one exception, that had ever been graduated. So, he put the college not only on its former plane of usefulness, but on a still higher career.

After his governorship was over he retired to his plantation in the flatwoods of Abbeville, on the Savannah River, a very successful cotton planter. In 1840 he was called on once or twice. The death of ex-Governor Hayne had startled the State. The city council of Charleston asked him to deliver a eulogy, which he did with great ability. Later in the year he delivered an Agricultural Address in Columbia. That being the year of the presidential campaign, he threw himself into that. The debate was between Whigs and Democrats. Some young teachers of more than ordinary intelligence cannot now tell the difference between

a Whig and a Democrat, so easily are these lines rubbed out. There was a scene, continued for several nights in succession, that was handed down by tradition among the students and the people who lived in Columbia. There were two very large buildings near the Catholic church, the old Circus and the old Theatre. On one night Mr. Preston would speak to the Whigs, on the next night Mr. McDuffie would address the Democrats. That was kept up for two or three nights in succession. It was a war of the giants. Tradition long kept up the close of Mr. McDuffie's final speech. After pouring out all his vials of wrath on William C. Preston—they had been in college together just a year apart—after describing him as the strolling orator, the vagrant politician, the mountebank statesman, he closed with a passage from Addison's Cato, with all his wonderful energy, applying it to Preston: "O Portius, is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the vault of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man that owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

In 1842 he was sent to the Senate of the United States. He stayed there only four years. His health was failing. He took part in the great questions of Oregon and Texas, but perhaps added nothing to his previous high reputation.

For two or three years before his death in 1851, the State was shaken by a political storm only less bitter than that of Nullification. It did not disturb him in the least. As a critical test one day, to see if any of his intelligence was left, a friend read him his fine passage about Mars and Neptune and Jupiter. The dull eye made no response. That splendid intellect had become a blank.

"The history of his country is his epitaph." That was only the expression of partial friendship. There are very few persons of which that could be written with historic accuracy and truth. I have looked into several histories of this State written since then, and you will find his name among the list of governors, perhaps a quarter of a page. That is all. You may look into some general histories of the United States written since then. You may find

his name in a footnote. You may find a page or a half page in an encyclopedia. Years ago I was at a commencement in another State. A South Carolina boy was delivering a speech, and, as some South Carolina boys would do, he spread himself on South Carolina's great men, and among them he came out impressively with "McDuff." Will, thought I, the very pronunciation of the man's name be forgotten?

Judge O'Neall had met George McDuffie in debate, in the Clariosophic society in college. Their intimacy was kept up through life, though their politics were as wide apart as the poles. A few months after George McDuffie died, Judge O'Neall, when called upon by the students of Davidson College, gave them an address. He took "Oratory and Eloquence," and sketched some of the great men that he had known. He gave a characterization of McDuffie in a few sentences. Afterwards when Judge O'Neall in his "Bench and Bar" referred to McDuffie, he said he would close with what he had said at Davidson College, as he did not know that he could describe him better than in those words. You may take them as the estimate of one who knew McDuffie well: "With a thousand times more honesty, McDuffie has surpassed the most brilliant efforts of France's greatest orator, Mirabeau. McDuffie with a head as clear as a sunbeam, with a heart as pure as honesty itself, and with a purpose as firm as a rock, never spoke unaccompanied with a passionate conviction of right, which made his arguments as irrisistible as the rushing flood of his own Savannah."

(July 13, 1901.)

THE REGRETS OF AN OLD TEACHER.

You have all seen and admired, I hope, the spirited little statue of Daniel Morgan that overlooks our public square. There is an incident connected with the artist that has a moral value. He keeps in his studio a model of every piece of work that he has ever sent out. An intelligent visitor was once watching them and

spent considerable time in looking at all the models arranged by scores and hundreds. At last he ventured to ask the artist a question: "Mr. Ward, what is your best piece of work?" "My next," was his sudden answer to the surprised visitor, who expected him to point to some work already finished, but the artist felt that he had in him an ideal that had never yet been reached.

In a few days you will leave this place, I will not say dissatisfied, but unsatisfied, with all the schools you ever taught, especially with the teachers of all the schools you ever taught; so, that if you are asked by a friend what is your best year's work in the schoolroom the modest, earnest, hopeful answer will be, "My next year's."

Now, let me turn prophet a moment, and predict what will take place next fall, some time in October. The schools have all opened. They have gone on a few weeks perhaps. At play time some day the boys and girls get together and one of the big boys speaks out: "Look here, fellows, there is one thing that has been surprising me, that old history is not the same as it used to be. The teacher is just the same, but everything appears much nicer than it used to be. The truth is I almost like to go to school, and am sorry when Saturday comes. I don't understand it." The other boys say, "Yes, we have noticed that, too." There is one little lady, just coming into her teens, very wise, who says, "Boys, I have been studying at that hard question for several days and I have got the answer at last. I will tell you what it is. It is that Spartanburg summer school. Don't you remember that during the summer we read a good deal about a summer school. I don't know what that means. I don't see why teachers have to go to school. I thought all the teachers knew everything before, but there is something in a summer school that makes a good teacher better," and right then and there they pass unanimous resolutions that their teachers must go to the Spartanburg summer school every year as long as they teach.

Now, an old teacher may well look back with some regret. He will find that he has made mistakes. He has expected too much

from his pupils often, he has made too little allowance for childhood and youth, he has forgotten the bodily activities of the boy needed rest, he has not respected the boy nature. I believe there is less danger now that you will make that mistake than there was years ago, with better accommodation, good, comfortable seats, regular hours for recess and all that, but still there is a danger there. Now, long before any of you entered the school room this incident took place which you have often read of. Suddenly the schoolroom was startled by a loud, shrill whistle. It shocked everybody. The whole machinery of the school had stopped. The teacher with switch in hand had to go all around the schoolroom to locate it. It was located at last. When a little boy was questioned, he answered most positively and from his standpoint most truthfully: "I did not mean to whistle, it just whistled itself." You have forgotten sometimes the amount of energy, vital power, nervous power, electricity, dynamite, whistling propensity, there is crowded into the ordinary body of the average healthy boy. Now, if you try to bind all that down with your red tape there will be an explosion as every teacher has found to his sorrow. The same thing with regard to his mental capacities, his mental activities. You at times select your time to do your best work. You expect your pupils to be ready whenever the clock strikes for lessons. Now, all lessons are not equally interesting, all teachers are not equally interesting, the same teacher is not equally interesting at all times, but you expect that boy to be interested whether you are interesting or not. You do not allow rest and change for the mental activities of the boy. There are no two safes in Spartanburg with the same combination of characters perhaps. It is so with a boy or girl, each separated in a curious combination. Many years ago I read a sentence which struck me as a young teacher and did me good. It is more than a play on words. It is this. Young teachers complain that boys and girls are inattentive. You are mistaken. A boy or girl is never inattentive. You take a boy or girl with a good mind, above imbecility or an idiotic state, that mind is never wholly inattentive. The reason the boy or

girl is not attentive to what you are telling is, it is too busy attending to something else. That is all. The attention is there. You have a lesson or a problem for him and you want to have the whole water power of the stream turned upon that complicated and strange piece of machinery. He happens just then to have a little flutter-wheel of his own private manufacture, and it is far more beautiful with the stream turned on that.

Henry Ward Beecher was once lecturing to young preachers. One of them asked him what was to be done if some of the audience are listless, inattentive. Mr. Beecher answered with characteristic promptness and did what a hundred teachers must do sometimes. He took refuge in an extravagant but significant statement. His answer was about this: "Oh, that is well understood at Plymouth church. At Plymouth church if any of the audience are seen to be sleepy, inattentive, listless, the sexton knows at once his duty. He knows that it is his duty to go at once to the pulpit and wake the preacher up." Let the janitors and sextons of graded schools and colleges learn their duty. It is just the same.

We have often paid too little attention to the moral activities of the boy and girl. We expect too much of them. Take for instance, the question of truth, and truth especially as arising from exaggeration. The boy or girl has very feeble ideas of time and measure and distance, yet the teacher or parent is frequently startled and discouraged by the downright lying of children. They do not mean it in that direction. It is a mental rather than a moral fault, and following that, the teacher has reason to regret that because of not making allowance he has punished too quickly. I remember the late Dr. Thornwell mentioned an incident that occurred when he was a small boy at school. It was the first day of school and there was a new teacher. A big boy nearly grown walked up to the teacher in a patronizing way and asked him for a chew of tobacco. He did not get that, but he got a whipping instead. Now, the teacher just jumped to the conclusion that the boy meant a deliberate insult. That is not necessary. What he may have meant was that he wanted the new teacher to feel per-

fectly at home and to introduce him into some of the civilities of common life. Anything like a deliberate insult in the school room is as uncommon, as has been said, as a cash transaction. And it may be met not necessarily with the lash. There are other ways of treating the case. Dr. Busby, an old college teacher, valued whipping too highly to waste it on reprobates and incorrigibles. He would not do it. A father asked Dr. Busby how his boy, newly entered, was getting along. "Finely, sir; I began whipping him last week," which was a sign of hopefulness. If now you can get a state of things in which whipping is considered too good a thing for a bad boy and too coarse and bad a thing for a good boy, I think you will be in sight of an ideal educational millennium.

I remember hearing Judge Longstreet give rather an amusing account—it was amusing as he told it—of an incident in his early life. It was not amusing when it occurred, but when he thought of it afterwards. He said he had just begun to write. He had made straight marks and the next exercise was the letter "a." He said he made a line of "a's" that he thought irresistible. He went up expecting a little praise. He got a sharp slap. "Make your 'a's' more oval, sir." "Oval, oval, oval? What does that mean? It means I didn't bear hard enough with my pen." So, he took his old goose-quill pen and he pushed it down on the paper and he swung it around and he made "a's" that could be readily seen with the naked eye. He went and showed them. Another slap. "More oval. Didn't I tell you?" "Oh, yes, I see. I bore too hard." Then he took his goose quill and just touched lightly with the nub and made a very fine row of "a's." Still the slap. "Make it more oval, sir." "Well, now, I know what it means. I make my 'a's' too straight up. I must make them slanting a little." So, he made a row of "a's" leaning at graceful angles. The inevitable slap again, and one or two steps further I think he carried it.

The late Phillip Brooks, as soon as he graduated, was sent to take a section in a graded school of Boston. He failed completely as a teacher. This explanation should be made, however. He was

given a very hard, bad class that had driven off several teachers and threatened publicly beforehand to drive him off. He had no intimation of that. Teachers are treated very unfairly that way sometimes. At last the superintendent very politely told him that his resignation would be accepted, and added this for his comfort, that he had never known a man that failed in teaching that succeeded in anything else, a very schoolmaster-like deliverance surely. Phillips Brooks, in the course of the few months that he taught, had whipped a boy and it rather was on his conscience. He was not sure that it was the best thing to do then, not that the boy did not deserve it. Years passed and the boy grew to be a man. He and Dr. Brooks met. Dr. Brooks with great frankness and candor brought up the subject, hoping that the old pupil would relieve his mind and assure him he had not whipped an innocent boy. With equal frankness the old pupil said: "No, Dr. Brooks, you whipped the wrong boy that time, but I have escaped so many whippings that I did deserve, I am rather thankful for one whipping that I did not deserve."

The teacher may well regret not only quick punishment, but severe punishment. Now, I speak of that rather as a historical fossil. There is very little danger now, but are you surprised to hear of two instances which occurred in this State about a hundred years ago? Dr. Laborde in his early life went to school in Edgefield. He went to school to a man whose treatment he says was barbarous. He has known him to give one hundred lashes with a tough hickory. He has seen blood trickle down from the legs of the suffering boy on the floor. The boys learned to go prepared for it by extra padding of clothing, two or three suits. He says he has seen him ruin six switches in one whipping. That is a warning not likely to be repeated.

Not far from the same time in Charleston a boy thirteen years of age came up to say his Latin lesson. He did not know it. The teacher said to him: "Now, I will read you fifty lines of Latin, and if you don't sit down right there at that table and give me a good translation of those fifty lines, I will whip you." That was a most unreasonable, unrighteous test to a boy of thirteen years

of age, but William Lowndes was not an ordinary boy. He sat down right then and there and gave him a good translation of the fifty lines that he had selected from a satire of Horace—pretty strong meat for a boy of thirteen.

If parents are sometimes too severe with all their parental instinct to check them, what security is there that a stranger who has just associated with children for a few months, will not go to severity? If the schoolmaster who has no parental or kinship feeling, whose intercourse is professional, and that often means cold, is the judge, jury, sheriff, executioner, jailer, hangman, all in one, and court sits five hours a day and five days a week and seven months in the year, what physical, mental or moral law ensures it, that the teacher will stop just at the exact moment when he has vindicated the offense? May it not happen that the whipping, however it began, is continued not because the teacher feels solemnly there is an evil spirit in this child that I must dislodge at any cost, but the whipping continues because the teacher is in a passion? There is some danger there. Arthur Helps makes a singular remark. He knows very few men whom he would trust with a switch in their hands if he, Arthur Helps, was a dog. A stranger can hardly show greater confidence in a teacher than to put in his care his children and give to him the right to punish them. Surely that confidence calls for a sacred response, that that last resort should be resorted to only rarely, calmly, wisely. We forget in holding children to responsibility in what a little world a boy or girl does move. We forget how narrow their horizon is. We forget how limited their vocabulary is, how short the list of words that they really and clearly understand. We forget another thing. We speak of the child being thoughtless and we insensibly, perhaps, convey into the word "thoughtless" a positive meaning as if all the child thought was deliberately turned in an evil direction. It means rather an unthoughtfulness. It is inexperience rather than deliberate thoughtlessness.

I think any teacher in after years will regret some tasks that he has set his pupils. Many years ago an old grammar had a long

list of more than a hundred verbs, irregulars they were then called, and some teachers required their pupils to get those lists of verbs by heart. They must not only learn an irregular verb when they saw it, but they must know all the irregular verbs in the language: "abide, abode, abode; arise, arose, arisen." There was a habit of requiring them in that day to give not only the rule for everything in parsing, but the number of that rule and perhaps the page of the book in which that rule is found.

Dr. Harris, the able head, as you know, of the National Bureau, gives a statement of his early life. He was required to commit to memory a long definition of a city, about like this: "A city is a town with many inhabitants, incorporated with peculiar privileges, governed by mayor, aldermen and other officers." Now, Dr. Harris said, "I had never been within thirty miles of a city. I didn't know one. There was no explanation given us. We were just required to get that by heart." The whole class failed one day. The whole class had to stay in. Harris says he repressed his feelings. How afflicted he was with the punishment, but they kept him there until he could repeat after the teacher all that definition and then he was let go. Now, if the object was, and it must have been that, to improve the memory of those boys at the expense of their temper and patience, why didn't the teacher make them begin at the end of that definition and repeat it backwards, or why did he not do what some teachers have done, make them get their lesson holding the book upside down? In my time I met some older men of a preceding generation who had gone to school in northern Ireland in the first of the last century. They described a usage that may strike you as a little singular. They said in their reading lesson if they came to a word, say of three syllables or more, too hard a word for the pupil to manage, and they had found out that even the schoolmaster did not like to be embarrassed with hard words, it was perfectly in order for them in their reading lesson when they came to such a word just to say "skip over" and go right on, leaving the word there. For instance, now, let us take the Declaration of Independence. The first sentence would contain two words "Declaration" and "Indepen-

dence" which would be skipped over. Now, we will begin it: "When in the course of human events it becomes—skip over—for one nation to—skip over—the—skip over—bands—." That does have rather a ludicrous air about it. Now, tell me seriously, what is the great difference between the Irish schoolmaster of the last century and the American schoolmaster of this century that makes the child repeat long words without any explanation whatever? He would make the boy repeat "declaration of independence" when he might as well have him repeat "independence of declaration," just as much sense and clear thought in one as in the other.

Not wishing to draw a moral to anybody in an unseemly way, I do feel like saying to the younger teachers here, not as teachers but as learners in the school of life, reviewing the hard book that Providence puts before his children: you will find some very hard words, some very mysterious sentences, some difficult problems; may it not be well at last for you just quietly and humbly to whisper "skip over," and leave it unexplained in your words, as to worry over it and think you have to analyze it and give it some big name from philosophy or theology? Try the experiment.

In the "Sunday School Times," an excellent paper of very large circulation, lately the editor was called upon to ask this question. I think you can see how he would have answered it himself: "Is unintelligent memorizing a help or a hindrance to knowledge?" Certainly later in life the great defect, the cardinal defect, the critical defect, is using words without meaning or with a wrong meaning. Is it best, therefore, in early life to require and encourage a habit which will tax the pupil all his later years to destroy or correct?" I know that is rather a wide subject. I will dismiss it with this remark, which I make confidently: whatever your present opinion may be on that question of requiring definitions in memory without much explanation, I venture this prediction, whatever your opinion now is, if you keep on, as I hope you will, a growing teacher, you will modify that opinion one way or the other in five years.

Another point that gives regret is the injustice that may have

been done pupils by marking their lessons closely. I know I touch a subject with two sides to it. I touch it very briefly. A living graduate of Harvard College, looking back to his school days, says it was a pitiful thing to see so intellectual a man as the president of Harvard College listening to a recitation, sitting with his pencil in his hand, with a thoughtful expression on his face, troubled to know whether he was to mark this boy's hurried recitation 7 or 8. There are some young teachers now that would say: "Well, I am sorry for that man. I haven't as much sense as the president of Harvard, but I don't ever have a serious thought. I just unconsciously, instinctively, suddenly and infallibly write 5, 6, 7, 8, 9."

There is a report told of a female college, not in this State. Years ago there were two competitors for an honor. I believe they were sisters. At the close of a long, faithful, studious, industrious college life, that honor depended on those lines of figures, how they would sum up. Well, the figures on the whole number side of the decimal point agreed. When they crossed the decimal point, the tenths agreed, the hundredths agreed. When they came to the thousandths there was a difference, and that was to decide the intellectual work, the intellectual worth of years of faithful study. Is that comedy or is it a tragedy?

And, of course, a teacher looking back as far as some of you, may feel regret that he has spent so many of his recitation hours in getting near the two extremes of recitations. It is easier to describe an extreme than it is to describe a golden mean. Here is a teacher. When his class comes before him he has about this feeling, if it is put in words: In the old days of slavery sometimes in the cotton picking time about sundown this scene would take place in front of the cotton house. There are the stilliards, or the scales, and here come the men, women and children from the cotton patch. Their baskets are put upon the scales and if they do not come up to the notch required the overseer who stands near is ready to punish those who failed in their tasks. Now this man says: "That is my idea of a teacher. I have not a cowhide in my hand, but I am here to govern. I am a fault marker,

not a fault mender. I am here to find out how deficient these boys are. I want to catch every fellow that does not show a full preparation of his lesson. As soon as I do that, and mark them, I will dismiss them. I have no more use for them. I am not summoned to supply their deficiency nor correct their mistakes. I am taking a census of the weaknesses and defects and mistakes of these boys and girls. That is my only object during this hour. As soon as that is done the class is dismissed." If he had a perfectly good lesson, he would hardly know what to do, his occupation would be gone.

Now, the other is this: the teacher sees his class filing into his room, and he says to himself: "If you have wasted your time to prepare for this hour, I will try and not waste my part of it. Whatever you may know at the beginning of the hour, I am determined you shall know something before the hour is closed if I can get it into your minds. If the textbook and the lesson of the day will serve as a medium between you and me I will use it. If I find that is a nonconductor, that it puts you or me to sleep, I will throw that book down, and try some other access to your minds if that will suit you better, and if that fails I will throw all the books down, and if necessary I will get down on the floor with you and play a game of William Tremble toe with you. I had rather do that than to spend the recitation hour with mummies and fossils propped up in these recitation chairs with me. I will have some life."

These are the two extremes. Between those two there is a golden line, a golden zone. I know it is there. I have been there often. I am sure of it. I will tell you why. I have spent too many hours—it does not give me pleasure to think of them—away on this extreme and then suddenly away on that extreme, and, of course, in going from one extreme to the other, I have crossed that line. Don't you see now that I am a familiar visitor on that line? But as to finding that zone or keeping it, I have had no success, young teachers, worth reporting. You must be careful not to do your pupil's work, and don't ask him to do yours.

I have given you a few items under the general head of teacher expecting too much of his pupils. The second general point is this. He regrets that he has done so little for them. He has shown so little sympathy for them. Take the surroundings of the child. There is not a school in this State, I venture to say, where there are not some children, some boy or girl, whose inner, domestic, home life, if known to you, would make you uncover your head before that child. It has not only an unintellectual home; it is perhaps a cold home. The domestic, loving atmosphere is chilled, or the family name may be soiled, and those sensitive children entering life feel it in the streets, that they are entering life with a shadow over them. Oh, there is not a boy or girl that can call for greater sympathy! And he has had too little sympathy with the intellect of the child. In every school the teacher may expect to find pupils brighter than he was at their age. That is the general rule. There are also some duller than you were. You may not be able to put yourself in their positions. It is fortunate for the country that there are only a few mathematical geniuses in every generation. A few years ago, at the national convention of teachers, I had the pleasure of meeting certainly, I think, the greatest mathematical genius in many respects now living. He told me that it was not until his own children struck a certain part of mathematics that he found how unreasonable he had been in his requirements of boys. He was remarkable himself. What an ordinary boy looked upon as a hard problem was an axiom to him. It is not easy for men and women with good eyes to put themselves in the place of their short-sighted, dim-eyed friends.

The teacher may well regret that he has felt too little interest in his school either generally or individually. I do not say that a teacher should regret that he has not felt parental interest in each child. You need not fret yourself about trying to do that. You cannot feel a parental interest in every child that you have under your care, but you can feel more than a mere professional interest. I believe, in looking back through years, I can now think of one or two pupils, boys, in whom at the time I could not see a single

redeeming, attractive feature, everything repulsive, countenance, air, tone, manners, morals, as far as I knew. Now, looking back, I see that was my defect. I was blind and narrow or I ought to have seen something there. But suppose the worst true, suppose for a moment, a human being entering life in that sad condition. Providence has stamped on him the bodily characteristics which do not appeal to the kindly regards of any one. Does any human being deserve sympathy more than that poor child? Yet you will not find him such if you look closely and charitably. Our Carolina poet says, "There is no unimpressive spot on earth." Rightly understood, that is true. Surely, then, we can say there is no unimpressive human being. There is no human being fearfully and wonderfully made, with God's image stamped upon it, that is absolutely unimpressive, hideous, revolting, unattractive, not deserving sympathy or consideration. Coleridge, I think it is who says: "Every human face that we meet is either a history or a prophecy which if we could read aright would soften, touch us, instruct us." The faces of children are mainly prophecies rather than histories, but even there you may see where early suffering has done its work.

But there is another regret. Not only has the teacher felt too little interest. He has not shown all he felt. Red tape of the schoolhouse, pedagogical dignity has kept him from it. He is afraid that he might lower himself while the children around him are hungering and thirsting for an unprofessional touch or word of kindness. He may regret, too, that he has not made as few rules as possible for the school, and those few rules as wise as possible, and stood ready to change them for wiser rules as soon as that is possible. Teachers sometimes have to be reminded of this very commonplace truth: Children were not made and sent to school just to keep your rules. Your rules were made to help children. There are times, rarely the case, but there are times, when the best way to keep the spirit of a rule is to break the letter of it and make a better rule. How far the teacher should give help to pupils is a very delicate question, but even a teacher may regret, if he has withheld help from a child, not

because he thought it best for the child to struggle with the problem alone, as is often the case, but because he was too ignorant or too indolent just then to help it. I believe I will risk telling you teachers a professional secret. I think you ought to know it before long. If you will put your ear close to the ground of your schoolroom and listen you will hear a little tremulous vibration, not distinctly in a rumor yet, but it is approaching this state of things: Anxious mothers will say, "We poor mothers have to give so many hours in the evening to teach these lessons that you bring home. We are the teachers. Those men and women at the schoolroom just hear the lessons. We intend to propose before long to change places. If they will spend five hours in the schoolroom and teach their lessons to the children, we will try and find time to hear them." That is a professional secret looking to the future, remember.

A few months ago a teacher, I think connected with Clark University, sent out more than a thousand circulars to boys and girls, young men and young women rather. He was wanting to find light on several questions. First, what is the feeling of children towards their own teachers? Which are the more grateful, men or women? What is the most impressible age of a boy and what of a girl? That is, they asked each one: At what age do you think the deepest impressions were made on you? I have not seen the full reports, only a little abstract of it, but it was very striking. I am glad to say, ladies, that the general majority said there was more cause of gratitude to women teachers than to men teachers. Indeed, with regard to the men, there was a very sad and startling revelation made. Figures never lie. A very large per cent. instead of any gratitude to their teachers expressed hatred, and put this expression—it is quoted, so I suppose a good many of them used it—"We hate them for that malevolence which injured us." I confess that startled me. With some knowledge of a good many teachers, I have been at a loss to point out more than one of them, if that many, that I consider malevolent teachers, and yet it occurred to me: suppose we divide teachers into two classes: malevolent, benevolent. How many of us are benevolent teachers?

It is found that at the age of sixteen years, by common consent of all those boys, they were most impressible. Girls reached it earlier, fourteen. Remember those ages, critical ages. The wheel turns fast, mould soft material as well as you can.

Now, that suggests the regret that a teacher has done so little to deserve the gratitude of pupils. I have copied two experiences of distinguished men. Edward Everett Hale, looking back to his school and college life, says, "There are teachers to whom I am profoundly and eternally indebted, but not my college teachers who made me hate the languages." President E. G. Robinson says: "To the teachers into whose hands I fell during the first sixteen years of my life I find it impossible to be grateful. Of those whom I have subsequently met, for the good offices of some I am profoundly thankful, while for the services of others my grateful emotions have not always been irrespressible." A teacher may well regret that he has done too little even in the way of tuition. If you will take up a good dictionary and look for the word "tuition," you may be surprised. Teaching, imparting information, is not the chief original idea of that word tuition. It is protection, guarding, and the teacher often forgets that the lesson is only a means to guard by. As some one has said: "It is one thing to decline the noun 'virtus,' and another thing to practise virtue." That is to say, a pupil may in the grammatical sense of the word decline virtus or virtue, and in the truer and deeper sense of the word, decline all virtues.

Edward Everett Hale was fortunate enough to be in college when Longfellow began his splendid career as a professor. Looking back over sixty years, Dr. Hale says, "Poor teachers always let the textbook come in between them and their pupils. Great teachers never do." Longfellow never did.

Nearly two centuries ago a teacher in Europe said: "The chief thing is not to inform our pupils but to form them." That means it is not information but it is formation. Now, I want to propose one or two very serious questions to you teachers: After State and church and private wealth have done all they can do to furnish colleges, schools, endowments, is it possible that after all

the result may only be streams of well-informed but badly formed or unformed young people? The late version of the New Testament gives one of Paul's rich sentences in these words: "Knowledge builds up conceit, love builds up character." The knowledge you give your pupils may build up conceit; love, the proper direction and training of the moral motives, gives character. Is it possible, then, that when State and church and private wealth have poured out their wealth like water, the result is streams and hordes of conceited, characterless people? In the old version these words are used: "Knowledge puffeth up, charity buildeth up." Is it possible, then, that all the colleges and graded schools may fill the land with graduates puffed up and not built up? It is possible. You hear the whistle of the factories. The factory man can predict so many looms, so many wheels, so many operatives, so many hours a day, so many weeks or months, how many yards of cloth of a certain grade they can turn out, and do this with accuracy. How is it in your work? So many graded schools, so many teachers, so many thousand dollars endowment, can you say you will turn out so many well trained boys and girls? At Niagara for untold millenniums a mass of water has been falling, idly, noisily, uselessly, as we take it, over the precipice. Lately science has found a key. Now, that water that was useless, so long unutilized, floods the city of Buffalo thirty miles away with a light that is almost equal to the light of the sun at noonday. A falling stream and an electric light. There must be a medium. Well-endowed schoolhouses and good teachers: now, what is the result? There is a missing link in the golden chain there. There is an unknown quantity that you cannot predict. Cowper said: "God made the country, man made the town." There is a half truth there. There is a whole truth in this statement: God made the parental relation, man made the relation of the teacher. Your relation is artificial. It is evidently a product of society, but it is a very deep and responsible one nevertheless.

That great teacher, the prophet Moses, that looked in the lives of the people, called out to them in this startling appeal, after telling them what God had done to teach them and discipline

them: "And yet ye are come up in your Father's stead an increase of sinful men to augment yet more the fierce anger of the Lord towards Israel." That is a terrific phrase "an increase of sinful men." Teachers, it is well for you to remember that of every fault, vice, weakness in your life and character, an indefinite number of copies may be taken. Your pupils are taking snapshots at your character, and inserting them into their own.

Now, I want to get a little closer to you still, and leave the third and second persons and use the first. I should say in all sincerity and with regret, looking back through all the crises and collisions of a teacher's life, I have been wrong about as often as my pupils have been. I have spoken improperly to them, I believe, as often as they have spoken improperly to me. I have not the slightest regret for taking too much interest in any human being. That is never to be regretted. The regret is deep on the other side. Horace Mann says somewhere, with extravagance and yet with meaning: "A teacher talk of getting tired in his work? Why, an angel himself that has just opened the golden gate of heaven and let a mortal in might as well talk of feeling tired in his blessed ministry."

Now, with what little explanation I can give you, I will state as the closing sentence, the regret of my life. Horace Bushnell a half century ago wrote a sermon the reading of which will be an era in your life if it ever comes into your hands. It is on "Unconscious Influence." It is founded on the simple little incident of that memorable Sunday morning in the world's history when the two apostles, the older and the younger men, started running to the tomb. The younger man, John, reached there first, and John-like, stopped outside and looked reverently in. Peter comes rushing up and Peter-like started in to see for himself. "Then went in also that other disciple." Those were the words, the text of Bushnell's sermon, the idea being this: John was not distinctly conscious of following Peter. Peter did not intend to draw John after him. That is an unconscious influence, an influence not deliberate, not intentional, and yet for it we are held responsible justly, because unconscious influence follows my character. Influ-

ence follows character as certainly as shadow follows a body in the sunlight. I think probably that remarkable sermon suggested to Professor Huntington, now Bishop Huntington, a remarkable lecture to the Teachers' Convention, "Unconscious Tuition." He takes the same thought and applies it rather secularly as Bushnell did religiously.

Now, my dear young friends, teachers, it will be my regret through the few years that may be granted me that the influence, conscious and unconscious, the tuition, conscious and unconscious, that have gone out from me as a teacher have not been higher, nobler, purer.

NOTE: See "Some of the Mistakes Which a Young Teacher May Make."

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRADUATING CLASS, WOFFORD COLLEGE, SPARTANBURG, S. C., JUNE 5, 1904.

Subject: Mark xv 1-15.

Millions of readers have had the words of this Sunday school lesson to pass through their minds today. It is touching to read the story, as told in parts by the four gospels. The efforts of the unhappy judge to avoid the desperate step which he did take at last, are pathetic. Four times at different stages in the trial the prisoner was pronounced innocent. Pilate sent him to Herod, hoping that officer might finally decide the case. Failing in this, he agreed to scourge the friendless one, if that would satisfy their thirst for his blood. He then offered to the crowd the choice between the innocent sufferer and a notorious robber and murderer. After that, he publicly washed his hands, to show by a striking act that he wished to be free from blood. Then, calling the prisoner with the crown of thorns on his head, when the merciless Roman scourgers had done their work, to stand by his side, he asked the maddened crowd to look at the man, hoping the sight might move them to pity. At last, he made the men clamoring for their victim say that the blood might rest on them and on their children. It is painfully clear that Pilate did not wish Jesus put to death. He really wished to release Him. Yet the record reads, "And so, Pilate willing to content the people, released Barabas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him, to be crucified." The word willing here may mislead the reader. It has undergone an unfortunate change of meaning. "I will to do that." These words, with emphasis on the first verb, have an energy of purpose in them. But we put the two verbs together, sinking the first into a helper to the other, throwing the act into the future. "I will do that," and softening that into "I'll do that." John says "Pilate sought to release Jesus." A few weeks later, Peter told the murderers to their faces, "Ye denied Him in the presence of Pilate, when he was

determined to let Him go." Pilate sought to release Him, determined to let Him go, with a condition. If this could be done without loss or risk to the judge, it would have been done gladly. The record really means more than that Pilate was passively willing to please the people. He willed to please them, he made up his mind to please them, he determined, in any event, to make it all right with the people—this being the real meaning of the words. Perhaps this incident may furnish some thoughts, to fill up the last Sunday hour in the college life, of the young people now before us, under circumstances of peculiar interest. The chief moral of the incident for us lies on the surface. It is dangerous to let lower motives have place where great issues are involved. Second and third rate appeals should not be considered when first rate questions are discussed.

Several questions usually meet young people as they leave college. Students often ask each other, in lighter or more serious words, "Well, what do you expect to do when you leave here?" Or, with that directness, that they use when in earnest, the question may be, "What do you expect to be?" Even the young know that being is more than doing, and must go before it. And yet to others, it is only by doing that we can show our being. What we are is known by what we do, conduct shows character. What then is to be your calling, your business, your life work? That question can not be put off any longer. It is possible that the friends of education in their zeal have sometimes struck a false or exaggerated note in their warnings against a money standard of life. We are told that it is better to make a life than to make a living. This is a valuable half-truth, like most maxims, if it is not torn from its other half. In many cases, it is not possible for a young man to make a worthy life, unless he is making a living. The late Dr. Joseph Cook was thirty-five years of age before he had to think of the money side of his life. His good father was able and willing to relieve him entirely of this charge. He could go through his academic, college, seminary courses here, and then spend several years in the old world, making a noble life which was to ennoble other lives later, while his father met all his wants.

Perhaps it is well that most young men have to meet the prosaic question of making a living, at an earlier age than thirty-five. Unless the demands of shelter, food, clothing, books, and the conveniences of life, are met for you, in a way that you can accept with self-respect, you must meet them at once. You will not be so weak, so unwise, as to neglect them, leaving board bills unpaid, "taking up goods without the probability of paying for them," yet all the while flattering yourself that you are making a life. The occupations open to young men and young women are multiplying rapidly. You have a wide circle from which to make a choice. Let the one selected touch directly some of the wants and interests of your fellowmen. Let it involve some round of daily duties, which will help to build up your own character, and to express that character to others. Do not let it be a mask to hide, or a casket to bury, your inner, real self. Never consent to be only a business man, or only a professional man. The man is more than the tradesman. The called is more than the calling. Paul was more than the tent-maker, as Luke was more than the physician. Victoria, the Christian wife and mother, was more than the queen. Robert E. Lee parted with none of his greatness when he laid aside the starred uniform of a general. To succeed in any calling is only a means to a higher end. That end is to upbuild, to enlarge, to enrich, a pure, strong character. In these days every business has its weak and dangerous points. The keen competition, the restless spirit, the brilliant prizes that seem in reach of the daring, and unscrupulous, try the souls of those in the current of strenuous life. Walk in your integrity, in the numerical, as well as in the moral sense of that word. Do not be contented to be a part of a man, even a brilliant fraction, a sparkling fragment of a man. Walk erect in your integrity, in all the full sweep and scope of a complete manhood. Coleridge says there are two Bibles in reach of every man, the written volume, and his own daily work. "The trivial round, the common task," of your calling, may be to you a fresh volume every day.

Another question closely connected with that of your life work is, "Where shall I pursue my chosen calling?" That question has

far-reaching results. You will be influenced by your surroundings. And the community will be influenced by you. You will be a stronger or a weaker man, because you live in a place, and that place will be richer or poorer, in several meanings of these words, because your home is there. If you choose a city life, you must become used to care-encumbered men passing you on the pavement, with as little recognition or sympathy, as is shown by the heavily laden dray horses, as they pass each other in the streets. Town life, village life, country life, all have their own peculiar features of helps and hindrances. In any case, you will be affected by your environments. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere." These words of the sacred historian, taken in connection with the after-history of Lot's family, have been the text of many a warning against the hasty choice of a home because of some alluring features.

Your place being chosen, you will find yourself surrounded by many circles of different sizes, beginning with a small one of special friends, wider ones, for other friends, well-wishers, acquaintances, strangers, and the great world around. In every complete life there is in the center a very small circle, consisting of two persons, holding for life the tenderest, the most sacred, the most influential relation, which two human beings can possibly hold from choice. This subject is too often referred to in the spirit of jesting and banter. In no such mood is it approached tonight. The decision of that question will be a distinct crisis in your life. It will be more than that. It will be a crisis in the lives of two persons, and of two families. A happy selection here may outweigh some mistakes in settling other questions. But, if through haste, ignorance, or folly, you err at this point, no possible success in other fields can give you the happy home for which you long. Tupper, in his "Proverbial Philosophy," has these lines worth quoting:

> "If thou art to have a wife of thy youth,
> She is now living on the earth;
> Therefore, think of her, and pray for her weal,
> Yea, though thou hast not seen her."

This is not cant or barren sentiment. It is sober, religious common sense and wisdom. Let one appeal be made with all possible emphasis. She has a right to demand from you the same uprightness, honor, integrity of character and life that you expect to find in her. Let no inferior motives enter into your decision of any one of these three pressing questions. A great American preacher has a sermon on "Help from the Hills," from the text, "I will look to the hills whence cometh my help." You may think this rather a poetical or picturesque treatment of the verse, but it is reverent and suggestive. Draw your motives, comforts and helps of all kinds, from the highest sources. Keep all the upper windows open to let in the purer light. The lower motives, like the lower appetites, are clamorous, but they must be kept in their right places. These may be divided into two classes, the one craving wealth, and the other fame. The difficuty here is that neither of these spring from a feeling that is wrong or sinful in itself. To wish for a competency is not a weakness or a fault. It is a healthy feature, in any good man or woman. The great danger lies in the abuse of this proper feeling. Here we may find in our New Testament another instance of the wrong use of the word. Paul speaks of those "who will be rich." He does not mean those who may come to be rich hereafter. He means those now willing to be rich, planning, resolving, determining to be rich, believing their lives will be failures if they do not become rich. Paul says, these men "fall into temptations, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." As you go through life, with ears and eyes open, reading the newspapers, you will find Paul's terrible prophecy amply fulfilled. Drowning men are today struggling and sinking in "the loud stunning tide of human care and crime," that is deluging this money-loving land of ours. Long ago, the wise men said, "He that hasteth to be rich, hath an evil eye." Today, there are scores of private citizens who are richer than any of the Cæsars ever were. And there are millions of tempted men today who need Paul's warning, as much as did any of the dwellers in Corinth or Rome. An old father is quoted as

saying, there are two things with which a man should be chary and tender, his conscience and his credit.

A like danger threatens the man who hasteth to be popular, or is greedy for fame. The men, unhappy if the newspapers do not keep their names and deeds before the public, and if they cannot continually "beat their names on the drum of the world's ear"—these men have fallen into Paul's snare and temptations. Here again it is the abuse of a natural feeling that is dangerous. Inspired men praise a good name, but not a great name. The confidence of those immediately around you is not to be despised. It is to be highly esteemed. Many a worthy man is known only in a small circle. His name may never be in print, until, perhaps, the country newspaper may give him a few lines in an obituary. But he has a good name, better than great riches. Our language seems to make little provision for such men. We speak of some men as famous. There should be a word for all others, but the word in-famous becomes infamous, as if all men must be famous in a good or bad sense. It is well that few of our race earn either of these adjectives.

We turn at once to the sacred pages for examples of character. Let us see how Paul touched these two strong impulses of our nature, love of money, and of fame. He could say, "I know both, how to be abased, and I know how to abound, everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." As to popularity, we know from his history, that he might have said, "I know what it is to be cheered, and to be hissed. I know what it is to be popular and unpopular. I have been welcomed into a town, and I have been driven out of the town, as a wild beast. I have had admirers to crowd around me, fawning on me, ready to worship me as a superior being, and in a few hours I was left for dead on the ground, with a shower of stones all around me." At one time, where the highest ranges of duty in perilous times were involved, Paul could boldly declare, "But with me, it is a very small thing, that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment." Yet again, when the question of reporting a collection, with which he

had been entrusted, came up, he takes care "That no man should blame us in this abundance which is administered by us." And again he writes, "I rejoice that I have confidence in you in all things." He valued a good name more than fame. Let no unworthy motive urge you to covet the public ear or eye. The best way to gain confidence or consideration is to deserve it. This you can do. This you must do, or your character and life are failures. Take great care of character. Reputation will then take care of itself. There are rare times in which reputation must be endangered, or given up entirely, to save character. Character is never to be given up to save reputation, or even life itself. The duties of life are higher than life, is a good maxim. Both of these clamorous desires for wealth and fame come from one source, the pride of life, which the Apostle John dreaded. Or, using the speech of common life, we may say that both come from selfishness. In our own language, there are more than four hundred compound words, each beginning with self. You may recall Faber's fine lines:

> "O, I could go through all life's troubles singing,
> Turning earth's night into day,
> If self was not so fast around me, clinging,
> To all I do or say."

Depend only on the highest motives, when you contend against selfishness. Let not self "shake the wavering balance" in a critical moment, and any common moment may be critical. In all deliberative bodies, there are some questions that must be decided without argument. It is so in the life of every deliberative person. Often in common life there may suddenly spring up from within, or from without, suggestions that must be laid on the table without debate. Many have read the popular story, in which a Scotch physician is called to see a patient, when a dreaded disease is striking at his vitals. "He has not sinned against nature, and she will stand by him now in his hour of distress," were the brave and hopeful words with which the good doctor began his weary, anxious, successful night watch with the

sufferer. He who has not abused his nature will come with great advantage to a stern crisis in his life.

There is another question, still more important, where unworthy motives are dangerous. In a few days you will receive your diploma. The date which it bears will place you in proper connection with our Lord's birth. Whenever you write, however hurriedly, the figures 1904, you take your distinct relation to Him, in the strange world of time, the ceaseless flow of minutes, and centuries. You link your life with His earthly life. At the moment when that diploma is handed to you, your attitude towards Him, in your affections, heart and will, places you in your true relation to Him, in the stranger world of character. You link your moral being with Him, or you are arrayed against Him. No human being we suppose can ever hold exactly the same relation which the unhappy Roman officer bore to our Lord. But every intelligent being must hold a critical position in this respect. In this supreme question of fidelity to Him, let no smaller motives have any place. Ignorant men misrepresent the great interest of religion. Unfair men treat it very unfairly. Narrow men dwarf and distort it. Even sincere believers do not always embody it worthily, or atttractively, in their characters and lives. Let none of these painful facts as they meet you in life, turn you away from the greatest subject that can claim your attention. To accept the offer of Infinite love, for the purification and perfection of our nature—this is the great end of life to be kept in view. Let that decide your creed, your church relations, your standards of daily living. Enter into no church membership from unworthy motives. Let no unworthy motives keep you without.

Pilate had no prejudice against Jesus. He knew that for envy the Jews had arrested him. He was anxious to rescue Him, if it could be done with safety to his own office and salary. His feelings really were, "I will dismiss the prisoner at once, if you will let me." Think of a judge in our day, with a question fairly within his discretion, where the rights, even the life of an innocent one are involved. Instead of consulting his law books and

his conscience, he leaves it to the votes of the crowd gathered around the courthouse at an exciting trial!

To add to the tragedy of this trial, a person who knew far more of the prisoner than the judge did, took a shameful part. The heathen judge timidly said, "I find no cause of death in Him, I will therefore chastise Him and let Him go." A few hours before, a Jew, one of the inner circle of his family, went to his enemies who were at a loss for the means to secure their victim quietly, and safely, and surprised them by his bold offer, "What will you give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" Here was the greater sin. Renan, the brillant French skeptic, remembering that Judas was the treasurer of the band, says, "The treasurer must have slain the Apostle." Such slaying, such assassination, may take place in every age, in every country, and in every church. The danger is greater, as the churches grow in numbers, wealth, in array of offices, perquisites and plants. The official slays the Apostle, the minister, the Christian. In secular life, the same deterioration and degradation of character may follow. The money drawer, the bank account, may slay the upright merchant, the fair-minded lawyer, the skillful physician, the brilliant statesman. See to it that your calling, whether sacred or secular, does not slay the Christian or the man.

Pilate was afraid of the crowd more than he was of doing wrong to an innocent man in his power. And he was afraid of a man, as well as of men. "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend!" This was one of the closing appeals that decided him. If he must give up one, Cæsar or Jesus, he could not hesitate, or rather, he made a wrong decision, after painful hesitation. He seemed to come so near to reaching one of the highest points in human history, and yet, he fell so far below it. Perhaps myriads of higher intelligences were looking on the scene. Certainly, through all the ages since, men have been looking back to it, with painful interest. Yet he failed. He let lower motives rule the hour. He made the great refusal to do right. If he had given way to the highest motives, as the worst that could possibly have followed, he might have been the first

Christian martyr, anticipating Stephen's crown. Let all possible alleviations be given to Pilate's conduct. Compared with Herod, he deserves some praise. That vain official led the way, in the shameful treatment of the prisoner, by the savage attendants on his court. No charge of that kind is laid against Pilate. Compare Pilate with one of his successors a few years later. Felix left his innocent prisoner Paul in bonds for two years, hoping that a bribe would be offered for his release. Pilate never stooped to that low plane. He did not say to the eager crowd, "Pay me my price, and I will sign the death warrant at once." On the other hand, he did not say, "I will pay you liberally, if you will let me release the prisoner." Motives not of the most ignoble kind may be unworthy. They may show a weak character, and, when indulged, may make that character still weaker.

History tells us that Pilate lost Cæsar's favor in a few years. We do not know his end, the accounts varying between the death of a lonely exile, and that of a wretched suicide. A touching incident, not connected with our main current of thought, may be mentioned. There is no record of a harsh word ever spoken to Jesus by any woman. A few hours before this trial, as He was led along His sorrowful way, through the darkened streets, some Jewish women, meeting Him, gave Him the tribute of their tears. And the anxious, hesitating judge must have been startled when a servant from the palace hurried into the courtroom, with the abrupt message from his wife, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day, in a dream, because of Him." Mothers and wives spend many lonely hours, in palaces and cottages, with busy hands and burdened hearts, suffering many things in dreams, by day and by night, because of the loved ones out in the perilous walks of life. How many household tragedies might be avoided if husbands and sons would listen to their tender and timely appeals! As we look back, knowing the two chief parties in this trial as we do, it startles us to hear Pilate say to Jesus, "Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not, that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?" The test of character is not in the

possession of power, but in its use. A great mystery of life, perhaps we may say the great recurring mystery of human life, is that power is so often lodged in unsafe hands, as we reckon them. Are we surprised, that in the troubled times of Roman history, a court officer had power to utter these strange words? Look at something stranger still today. A private man, standing in the blaze of Christian civilization, when two thousand years have done homage to our Lord, can say with fearful emphasis by his daily life, "I have power to defy Thee openly before men, to take Thy holiest names and attributes and scatter them through my common talk. I can challenge Thee every hour in the day, to show Thy might, by crushing me. I can, for my amusement, crucify Thee afresh and put Thee to an open shame. And this strange power, I will use to the utmost, wherever I wish." This painful feature of the trial may be repeated in the lives of thoughtless men. We may feel like repeating a question, which Pilate asked, when he saw the strange, causeless rage, against the blameless one, "Why, what evil hath he done?" Profane men, young and old! What has the Divine Son, or the Divine Father, done, to receive such treatment at your hands?

You have perhaps seen a young man give up one safeguard of character after another, to please the little college crowd. It was as if you could hear him say to his associates, "I bring from my home some respect for the Bible, the Sabbath, and the church. What will you give me to deliver them up to you? I think you ought to pay me well, for it costs me something to do this. I must crush all the impulses and instincts of my better nature, and it will pain my good parents, if you let them know the bargain we make. What will you pay me, by your votes and your applause, to give up all these ties, and come down to your level?" Have you ever known that young man to gain the respect and confidence of the men that bought him? No, you have not. You have sometimes known a young man to give the substance of Nehemiah's manly answer, "I am doing a great work, and cannot come down to you." Have you ever known that young man to lose the full confidence and respect of the men who could not

buy him? You never have. You will not readily find a community where solid, consistent character is more respected than on a college campus. Yet, young men there are sometimes weak and make sad mistakes. A student once said frankly, "I thought I could let the Christian side of my character go down without injury to the other part, but I now see my mistake."

This fear of men, of crowds, works in different directions, keeping men from following their higher impulses and again from following their lower. The shrewd men who were sent to meet Jesus were afraid to say that John's baptism was of men, "We fear the people, for all hold John a prophet." At one time the chief rulers were impressed, and felt like following Jesus, "but they loved the praise of men, more than the praise of God." The parents of the man born blind, were afraid of being put out of synagogue, if they said much about the wonderful healer. His enemies were afraid to seize their victim openly on the feast day, for fear of an uproar among the people.

Pilate's difficulty recurs in the life of a man today. "I will enter the church circle, if my companions will let me. I do want to be a Christian, but I want, still more, to be popular with those who are not Christians." To please them, the double minded, unstable man, goes his devious, downward way, unsatisfactory to both parties, and more unsatisfactory to himself. The word Pilatism has been used to represent that exact type of man. He never reaches the point where he can say, "My heart is fixed." Some Cæsar is his master, his tyrant. He lives in fear of the threat, "If you do this, or do not that, thou art not our Cæsar's friend."

There is a great clamor, wise or unwise, just now, about education. Public and private beneficence, church and State, are pouring out their treasures in its behalf. At such a time, those young people who have had special privileges should be object lessons, arguments incarnate, for education. It will be unfortunate if now the schools and colleges send out streams of young people who "transgress their education," proving it to be useless, perhaps even hurtful. They should show that their training has

freed them from the rule of lower motives, and lifted them up into the higher liberty of being the bondsmen of duty for life. They escape from the occasional, incidental, "you must" of children and pupils, to come under the ceaseless, ever-present, "you ought," of intelligent, responsible beings.

Those now passing from the stage, look with interest on the young who are girding themselves for the work of active life. A young man passes through his academic and college life with a fixed purpose. His means have been limited. He has had to stop for a year, at intervals, to raise supplies. At last, he graduates, with a debt over him, which is to be paid from his first earnings. With his eye on other fields to be won, he pursues his studies and his work, making a living while making his life broader and higher. With noble self-repression, he denies himself many social outlets which he would enjoy, and pushes his way onward and upward to his desired end. On such a young man, older men look, not with interest only, but with admiration. When the student, neither over-rating nor under-rating his abilities, with humble trust, throws himself for the future confidently on the beneficent laws that guard society in its best estate, believing that some appropriate harvest will follow this prolonged, faithful sowing—this is a heroic type of character and faith. Let him throw himself more confidently, farther into the future, relying on the sure laws that prevail in the higher realms. Will not his character take on a still nobler, higher, purer type?

The bodies of Cæsar and Pilate are turned to common dust. Their names are used chiefly to point a moral. The prisoner at Pilate's bar died, and rose again, to die no more. Of His kingdom there shall be no end. His name is most honored in the best nations, and by the best men and women living today. He rules the world on a plan far beyond our knowledge or our thought. He will guide the young man or woman, entering life, and asking for guidance and light. It often happens that graduates who have finished their course, without surrendering to the highest demands of duty, take that critical step in a few years after leaving college. The shock, when they strike the hard problems

of manly life, sobers them, humbles them, strengthens them, and they become as little children. Their proper education, in the highest sense, then begins, as they go humbly yet hopefully, to meet the great unending future.

A thousand years before Pilate, a saintly, though not a faultless man, in a meditative mood, dared to express a great hope, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Yet he seems to be startled at the thought of connecting perfection with his felt wants and limitations. He then recalled a ground for great thanksgiving, "Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever." Nothing less than forever enduring mercy could meet his forever enduring needs. He was on the border of a great conception, which human language cannot try to express without the words breaking down in contradictions; a finite creature forever approaching the forever unapproachable Father of spirits, and lover of souls. His baffled and anxious heart found outlet in a great prayer, "Forsake not the work of thine own hands." We may think of the good man as saying, "I can not bear to think of being left forever a useless, unfinished piece of Divine workmanship, with the Divine signature becoming fainter; or, to be thrown aside in the rubbish of the universe, a forsaken work of His own hands."

Pilate asked, "What is truth," and would not wait for an answer. Let us learn the lessons of his fall. His mysterious prisoner was, and is, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Young friends of the graduating class: To recall this hour in your lives, and to move your thoughts to hope, to thanksgiving, and to prayer, take with you, to be repeated frequently, daily, if you will, these inspiring words of David in the last verse of the 138th Psalm:

> The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me,
> Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever;
> Forsake not the work of thine own hands.

THE END.